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A TORY'S ACCOUNT OF TORYISM,* WHIGGISM, AND RADICALISM.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN BENGAL.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

NEVER yet did a great country more plainly stand in the circumstances of a crisis—vast, rapid, and decisive—than the England of 1835. So much is evident to you in India, as to us on the spot.

"England," you say, in one of your last letters, "stands, or seems to stand, on the threshold of great changes; nay—were it not that such a word is full of sorrow, and is, in a Roman sense, *abominable*—of great revolutions." And you ask, "Are the people of England aware of this?" Imperfectly, I believe, they are. In a spirit of hope, or of fear, according to their several positions, all men are now looking with intense interest upon the great political forces which are gathering and getting into motion amongst us; and with a certain anticipation of some portentous births in which they are to issue. There is no slackness of interest amongst us: but, to some of us, it seems that this interest is not of the right quality; that it is too much an interest of curiosity, and as if attached to mere scenical changes. You remember the case of that Frenchman who, at an early stage of the French Revolution, wished earnestly for a prolongation of his life, on no higher interest than that of a novel reader—in order, viz., to know "*how it would end.*" The novel had then advanced no farther than the second or third chapter: even the hero was doubtful; or, perhaps, he had not yet been introduced. We who live now are aware that, in fact, he had *not*. We have read the novel to its *denouement;* and we know that the true hero of the French Revolution did not, in a proper sense, come forward until the year 1796. We have seen his rising, his culmination, and his setting: and the singular effect to us, from the utter abolition of the whole system which he created, and the perfect obliteration of its whole *personal* memorials, is—a sense of unreality, of phantom life, as if all had been no more than a gay pageantry in the clouds. This by the way.——But, returning to the Frenchman, *his* feeling was a natural one; yet surely unworthy of a patriotic heart, and below the dignity of the occasion. Ours is somewhat more mixed. We do not all look upon our prospects from this station of neutral curiosity: some of us have an interest of fear the profoundest; but it is the fear of fascination. The rattlesnake has his eye upon us, and has mastered our volitions. The times to us seem already pregnant with great events, which must, by a natural necessity, travel onward to the birth, whether the throes of labour be severe or light, and spite of all that *we* can offer of hindrances from without. Hence it is that we are all passive and acquiescent—not in a spirit of sympathy or toleration, but of utter despondency and of hopeless abhorrence. There is but one powerful will amongst us, one indomitable will: Mr O'Connell, only, represents the absolute and the unconditional;—all others are temporisers, waiters upon occasion and opportunity, compromisers, oscillators. And, according to all human appearances, this one quality of demoniac energy, and a Titan strength of purpose, imperturbable and remorseless, will prevail—will triumph finally over all opposition from mere talents, though they should be a thousand times superior; and over all interests, the plainest and the largest, that are not equally cemented into unity. In saying this, I judge upon a large basis of observation; and, more especially, I think myself entitled to draw an indication of the future from the sort of support lately given to Sir Robert Peel. Do I

* The Tories are continually complaining that their principles are misrepresented in the Liberal magazines and newspapers. So little has that great national party into which the Whigs and Radicals are gradually melting down, to fear from the freest and most sifting discussion, that we rejoice in affording an opportunity to one of the most able and eloquent of the Tory adherents, of defining the political tenets, and unfolding the principles of action by which the Tories have been guided since they first arose as a distinct party in the state. When Mr De Quincey has finished his pleading and closed his case, we shall claim for ourselves the same latitude he has assumed in giving our "Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism." But, even in the progress of the discussion, we must be allowed to enter a *protest* occasionally, and to indicate *dissent*, either where we consider that our opponent mistakes in matters of historical fact, or draws unfair conclusions.

subscribe, then, to the partisan statements—that the addresses to that minister were *hole-and-corner* addresses? Far from it. Seven or eight hundred addresses, bearing on an average 1200 signatures, (which I have reason to think a moderate assumption,) will represent the feelings of nearly a million male adults, or perhaps of eight hundred thousand families; deducting, therefore, four millions of the British population from the opponents of Sir Robert Peel's policy—whilst, on the scale of respectability, whether tried by property or education, these four millions may stand over against all the rest of the nation, as an adequate and countervailing balance.* But be that as it may—whether less or more numerically, whether less or more in significance and value—the support was not what it should have been. The earthly is ill-matched against the demoniac; neither can the blows of fanaticism be parried by weapons tempered in the armories of fear or of prudential caution. Therefore—if the past were at all to be relied upon as representative of the future—therefore, I should say, Despair! to all who partake my views. Hope there is none under such tactics, opposed to such an enemy.

But I come now to the business of my letter. You demand of me that I should give an account of my creed and profession as a Tory; that I should explain, as fully as possible, what *is* Toryism; what it has been generally understood to mean in past times, and what it means now; what are its relations to Whiggism; what are their joint relations to the new creed of Radicalism; and what are the several powers, pretensions, and prospects of all three, as governing principles of action amongst the people of England, and in the national councils.

The questions you have here proposed teem with confusions; many more have been artificially nursed or propagated by the press. On that subject, one word beforehand.

The newspapers, and other political journals of this country, are conducted with extraordinary talent; with more, in fact, than was ever before applied in any nation to the same function of public teaching. Indeed, without talent of a high order, and without a variety of talent, it would be a mere impossibility that an English journal should sustain its existence. Perhaps it would be impossible to shew any exception to the rule; unless in the rare case where a provincial newspaper has inherited, from a past generation, a sort of monopoly, or privilege of precedency, as a depositary of advertisements. Advertisers go where they have been used to go, on a certain knowledge that readers interested in advertisements will, by a reciprocal necessity, go where advertisements are most sure to be found; and, therefore, a monopoly of this nature is most secure where it is most intense. But, allowing for this single exception, the political press of England has so much more than its fair proportion of natural talent, that, for thirty years and upwards, it has even acted injuriously upon the literature of the country, by impressing too exclusive direction upon the marketable talent of the young and the aspiring. Other modes of intellectual exercise have been starved or impoverished, that this might flourish exorbitantly; and the result is, that never amongst men has there been an exhibition of so much energy, vigilance, sagacity, perseverance, as we of this day behold in our political press. This is our Briareus—this is our sole Briareus. But their qualities of honour and good feeling do not keep pace with their ability. An American spirit of violence and brutality is gaining ground in our public press; and that is a spirit which soon diffuses itself. Even in private disputes, where one party is violent, personal, overbearing, rapid, and visibly on the fret to interrupt at every moment, the wisest and the coolest feel it difficult to resist the contagion of the case. My party, therefore, if it does not already, very soon *will* adopt the tone of its antagonists.* At present, it seems to me that the violence which I complain of, the rancorous hatred, and the utter abolition of candour, are chiefly conspicuous amongst our opponents: and not without adequate motives. The Tories are exposed to the combined attacks of Whigs and Radicals; whereas either of these parties has but a single enemy to face. Moreover, the Tories are the sole obstacle in the path of the Radicals. The Whigs are the objects of their contempt; the Whigs are in their grasp; that party cannot move a step, neither win nor retain office, nor carry any one great public measure, without the support of the Radicals—or, in many cases, without the forbearance of the Tories. This is known on both sides: the tone of mortification and internal despondency is visible in every act of the Whigs—the drooping tone of men trading confessedly upon other people's funds and other people's credit: whilst the Radicals wear the erect and cheerful air of men confident in their own resources; borrowing nothing, owing nothing; having no exposures to fear, no ultimate defeats to face; the sole question for them being, as to the particular point at which their victories will stop. Meantime, the Whigs wreak their embittered feelings upon us. For it cannot be denied that the Tories were they, who, by excluding the Whigs from office for half a century, drove them into the necessity of an alliance with the Radicals. The price paid down, was the Reform Bill; and there

* Against this adjustment of the national balance, it is scarcely worth while to *protest*. Mr De Quincey is too candid for a Tory advocate. He should have claimed the whole population; save the ruffian £10 voters of the manufacturing towns—the keepers of beer-shops and worse places. This is the uniform practice of the Tory popular writers.

* We dissent and *protest* here. Are the *John Bull* and the *Blackwood* things of yesterday? Whether was *Cobbett* less or more scurrilous when a Tory party writer, than when he became a Reformer? The Tory abuse, vulgarity, and gross personality of *The Times*, fairly eclipse the same qualities displayed by that print while Liberal—with the addition of the most brazen-faced impudence. The Tories themselves confess that their press is the most happy in scurrility; but they christen its impudence, wit; and its reckless profligacy, the sprightly humour necessary to catch and tickle the multitude.

the Whigs hoped to have stopped. But the Radicals have made them sensible, that this is no more than a means; and, as a means, even not yet effectual without further amendments and collateral aids. These, and the whole train of ends to which the improved means will be applied, now open upon the gaze of the Whig party, like the never-ending line of Banquo. Their cooperation will be exacted in the warfare at hand, upon these great questions, down to the final battle. The Radicals know their allies: suspect them they do not; for the treachery, which is in their hearts, has been put on record by many overt acts in and out of Parliament, and is, besides, involved in their very circumstances as a part of the aristocracy. But, if they venture to act upon their secret wishes, to falter, or hang back—then the Radicals know their power, and the instantaneousness of that absolute redress which they can apply. This existence for a party so properly *precarious*, hanging upon entreaty and sufferance, is humiliating.* It is natural that this humiliation should revenge itself upon those who were indirectly the authors of it. As against the Whigs, therefore, I see no reason that the Tories should much complain of the scurrilities pointed at their name and party. But in the Radicals this tone has surprised me. Take, for instance, *The Examiner* newspaper. Two things I used to admire in that journal—its extraordinary talent, and its integrity. This latter quality I am now compelled to doubt—or, at least, I see that it is capable of descending to political tricks, and to what is commonly felt to be a mode of intriguing—when I find him affecting a confidence in Whigs, and an exultation in their restoration to power, which his whole public existence proves that he cannot really entertain. It is convenient to dissemble at this moment; and he does so. But, formerly, I gave himself and his party credit for as little choosing as, in fact, they needed to dissemble. To him, I know that the difference between Whigs and Tories is as the difference between aristocratic anti-reformers, who disguise their principles, and who do not disguise them. And, besides this general charge against *The Examiner*, as irreconcilable with that high-minded candour and frankness which conscious strength enables his party to maintain, I complain of two other offences against that spirit of honour which he *might* profess:—1st, The adoption of that practice so common and excusable in lower journals, of ascribing to the Tory party, as principles, many rules of action which they would themselves universally disavow;* 2dly, The habit of stating great public questions as lying between a party and the nation, when it is notorious that they lie between the nation and itself, as divided upon different principles, and in proportions which no man of sense would undertake to compute.

Now, addressing myself to this large question you have proposed, of Toryism, its nature and grounds, its several aspects, and its future fortunes, according to all present and apparent probabilities—I shall begin by affirming that Toryism, in its widest sense, stands in three capital relations, perfectly distinct and independant: one permanent, which dates from its origin, and is coessential with itself; one accidental, dating from the French Revolution; and one of recent birth, not accidental, but derivative, and arising in the way of inference from its own distinguishing principles. The first relation is, that which Toryism bears to the British constitution; and which is otherwise expressed by its relation to Whiggism considered as a body of political principles. The second is, that which Toryism bears to Whiggism, as a mode of partisanship or party policy; the modern aspects of which point chiefly to the French Revolution, and to the great foreign questions arising out of that event. The third relation of Toryism is, that which it bears to the new doctrines of Radical Reformers, or of that section amongst political men denominated the *Movement* party; and this relation is in no respect capricious, or matter of accident; inasmuch as it grows inevitably, and by way of logical deduction, from the differential principles of its own peculiar creed.

Great confusion, the very greatest, has arisen, from neglecting to draw the line sharply between these several aspects of Toryism; and, were it only for the sake of accurate thinking, I might be excused for dwelling a little on these primary distinctions, and pointing your attention to the consequences which attend them in our practical judgments, whether upon things or persons. But,

* We will not complain of want of candour in this representation of the prostrate condition of the Whig party; though Mr De Quincey has, for once, adopted the tactics of those unfair party writers of whom he is no type. He has represented, as completely disunited, those two great parties (the Whigs and the Radicals) which are daily becoming more intimately connected, by their leading principles, and their immediate policy; and the Radicals as making an ungenerous and unfair use of their acquired power; while, in a subsequent place, he asserts, that "Tories and Whigs must co-exist with the British Constitution; while that lasts, those parties must last, because they are the mere abstractions or representative names of the two antagonist forces, balanced against each other in that political *scheme*." But, if the Whig party be so utterly and hopelessly extinguished, as is alleged above, and if "the British Constitution co-exists only with a Whig party," whereabouts is the Constitution? The glaring truth, that the Constitutional Whig party, by making such rapid strides in approximating to the principles of the Movement party, has become tenfold more powerful since the retirement of Earl Grey, is one which is hateful to Tories of every shade. It is to them the handwriting on the wall.

* Joseph Surface claimed to act from the highest principles of morality; Moliere's Tartuffe was a saint; and Sir Robert Peel calls himself, or lately called himself, a Reformer, willing to go all reasonable and proper lengths. If we take the Tories at their own estimate, and upon their own professions, we certainly are candid; but there is a surer rule by which to judge them, viz., their conduct. But are not the Tories in the habit of stating the great public questions to lie between the nation and a party; they themselves leading the nation, and the *party* being the scum of the poverty, filth, and profligacy of the great towns? Is not this the habitual language of their journals?

for the particular task which I have undertaken —the task of unfolding, and also of valuing, the true meaning and tendencies of Toryism—this preliminary attempt to clear the ground is a *conditio sine quâ non* towards any possible success. Many things are true of Toryism—or have a meaning, at least, when said of Toryism—in one phasis, which are false or inconsistent, or without a plausible sense, when said of it in another. Political rancour, indeed, and the blindness of partisanship in moments of strong excitement, are daily betraying men into a use of the term *Tory*, which defeats itself by the very enormity of its latitude. Nothing in human thought or action that happens to be odious to the writer of the moment, but is described as being traditionally "Tory"—"Tory" by its essence—"Tory" by tendency or by prescription. And this license of use, which at length leaves the word without any distinct meaning at all, is carried into such ludicrous extremities, that I have lately read in a London newspaper some alleged pre-occupation of horses and carriages by the party opposed to Lord John Russell in South Devon, (baseless in all probability even as a fact,) described as "an old Tory trick."* The ingenious writer, it is very possible, looks upon ale and brandy, together with the suspicious art of drinking, as originally among the devices of Tory corruption. But graver abuses are practised upon this party term, and by more thoughtful writers. And the same sort of abuses, though not perhaps to the same extent, is practised upon the correlatives, *Whig* and *Radical:* all which abuses are chiefly facilitated by the shifting relations in which they stand; and best evaded by a chronological deduction of the words Whig and Tory from their earliest origin. It has been remarked, by a profound scholar, that the investigation of religious controversies is best pursued through a regular study of ecclesiastical history; and the same thing holds good of this political investigation. Its clearest historical deduction is the best logical account of its true genesis and its philosophic interpretation.

The British constitution, which had been unfolding and maturing itself for centuries, obtained its final expansion and its settlement in the 17th century. People are apt to forget that a *constitution*—by which I mean the equilibrium of forces in a political system, as recognised and fixed by distinct public acts—cannot advance faster than civilization: each is bound to the motions of the other; for the political forces cannot be adjusted to each other until those forces are finally developed. Now, what great change was silently going on in this country throughout the Tudor reigns? What civil forces were then gradually evolving? These in particular: a new distribution of landed wealth, and a gentry. Upon the basis of two great changes—1st, The breaking down of the feudal aristocracy, by Henry VII.; 2d, The breaking down of the church aristocracy by his son—that mighty revolution* was effected for England in particular, which Harrington has propounded in his "Oceana" as

* It would have been more correct in language to have said, a Tory *electioneering* trick; but there is no reason to doubt the fact.

* And, by the way, *another* revolution was then silently prepared, upon the cause of which there has been much disputing without result; simply because one cause only was assigned, when in fact there were two. Mr Bulwer, of late, ["England and the English,"] Lord Auckland many years ago, and numbers beside, have ridiculed those who deduce English pauperism from the suppression of the monasteries. *Early* in the reign of Henry VIII., says Mr Bulwer, and therefore *before* the dissolution of these religious houses, there are, in express laws and elsewhere, indications of pauperism. Certainly, pauperism, as a national disease, *began* in the previous reign. Latimer alone, writing in Edward VI.'s time, an author upon whom elsewhere Mr Bulwer relies, complains heavily of the extensive depopulations in progress for some time back. There, where formerly flourished a populous village, we find now-a-days a single shepherd boy or two, tending large flocks of sheep. I quote his meaning, though not his exact words, not having his sermons at hand. Now, it is clear to any reflecting reader, that, on the one hand, these changes must have been going on through one or two generations previous to the date of Latimer's sermons, which suppose 1550; otherwise they could not have been so extensively accomplished, as the very nature of his complaint implies. Yet, on the other hand, it is equally clear, that Latimer points in these complaints to a state of things still within the memory of his elder auditors: he is making his comparison between a vicious present (as *he* views it) and a happier past. But the transition he denounces as even then going on, and the two states then equally under the cognizance of the existing generation. For it could not have have answered any purpose, to fix the eyes of man upon some Arcadian condition of remote ages, or of merely possible prosperity. Latimer is manifestly bemoaning a revolution, yet raw and unreconciled—one which had passed within the knowledge of those to whom he appealed—which was in fact still going onwards. In one place, he dates the change expressly from his grandfather's time. The case, therefore, tells its own history. Henry VII. had operated upon the feudal habits of the aristocracy by two separate acts:—1st, By abolishing the long trains of martial retainers; 2dly, By removing the bars to the alienation and subdivision of landed estates. These two acts aided each other. The nobility, finding no benefits of feudal pomp in a large body of dependants—these being now by law rendered utterly useless for show or for defence—began necessarily to seek some countervailing benefits from the territorial domains hitherto applied to the support of a vast retinue now suddenly made unavailable by law. Lands were now applied to the purposes prescribed by rural economy. Many were consequently turned into sheep walks; and those which were otherwise applied, as for instance to agriculture, were still able to disencumber themselves of a large surplus population. The economic use of land had now superseded the feudal use. The *maximum* of produce from the *minimum* of labour, had now become the problem for all land whatsoever. And, as the produce, thus continually increasing, with a continually decreasing amount of labour, could no longer be consumed in kind, hence arose a continually greater opening for exotic luxuries. These tastes, with other consequences, formed so many increasing temptations to the alienation of estates, the facilities for which had been prepared concurrently. Upon this breaking up of the great feudal and ecclesiastical estates, arose a new order of secondary aristocracy; a gentry, formed in part from the younger brothers of the upper aristocracy, in part from the magnates of towns. That was one effect; but, another—that other with which we are now concerned—was, that an immense surplus of population was thrown off upon the nation. This formed a stream continually increasing; and, in the following reign, this stream became confluent with another stream from the monasteries. And these two bodies of surplus population, making, perhaps, not less than 350,000 souls in a total

universally the determining ground of power. Civil power and its equilibrium, says Harrington, is determined solely by the distribution of the landed balance; where *that* is placed, there is placed the power. Gradually, therefore, the power, because gradually the land, had been slipping down from the hands of the high nobility and the church, where originally it was concentrated, into those of a new order, having new political relations—viz. a gentry. This class was chiefly a growth of the Tudor days; indeed, for three parts in four, of Queen Elizabeth's days. Strange it is to contemplate the gentry of her reign as represented by its *élite* in the House of Commons. The honest burgesses of that House—still entitled to wages, and timid, even to servility, in the presence of the Upper House—before the throne, crouched with almost oriental prostration. The Queen rated them as she would have done her menial servants. Every attempt at dealing with the foreign policy of the government was harshly stifled as an intrusion into privileged mysteries; and, strangely enough, the House was repelled from such liberties—not as beyond their jurisdiction merely, but as beyond their intellectual faculties. Barely, indeed, did the House, in its collective capacity, venture to raise its eyes beyond the latchet of the Queen's slipper, except only in the two cases of religion or of money. These were transcendant cases; for the direct service of God, or the immediate money interests of the whole nation, seemed to raise a case of duty on a level with that which they owed to the crown. But no *indirect* interest, either of the altar or the hearth, was held to constitute a privileged or even excusable case for remonstrance. Such was the abject condition of the Commons' House, through the long reign of the last Tudor. The gentry were then in the process of growth; but, as yet, their strength was neither matured, nor consciously made known. Now, leap over the entire reign of her successor, the first Stuart, during which things were in struggle; and pass, by a rapid transition, to the Parliaments convoked about the middle of the first Charles' reign. The effect is like that of a pantomime. From a House of Commons, as homely and as humble as a *Storthing* of Norway,* composed of farmers, village leaders of vestries, and illiterate attorneys, or procurators for the narrowest local interests—time and political growth have brought us to a brilliant and enlightened assembly, renewing the image of a Roman senate, and claiming a jurisdiction co-extensive with the affairs of Christendom. What was it that had worked the change? The growth of a new order. A gentry had been gradually reared. Taking advantage of the opportunities which had first arisen in the jealousy directed to the great baronial landholders by Henry VII., which had since been favoured by the spirit of the law courts, and by the legal fictions in subversion of entails, and which had subsequently been greatly promoted by the distribution of the church lands—a new class had silently developed itself in the course of about one century; and the great political value of that revolution lay in this—that the new class was essentially a middle class, having relations downwards as well as upwards, and common interest connecting them with the order below them as well as that above them. Hitherto the only phantom of a middle class had been confined to towns; and it was a class most imperfectly adapted to the functions of a middle order, being in violent repulsion to the landed interest, and narrow in its powers. But this new order of landed gentry was diffused over the face of the country; and, for the first time, effected a real cohesion between all the forces of the state, by filling up the gulf which had divided hitherto the aristocracy from the com-

population of nearly 5,000,000, composed the original *fundus* of the pauperism for which Elizabeth provided—first, by a crude law in the beginning of her reign; secondly, by an improved law towards the close of it; which last law has ever since formed the basis of our pauper code. Those who have read the book of Lord Selkirk, published about thirty years ago, are aware that the very same process was repeated in the Scottish Highlands after the rebellion of 1745-6, and the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions. Martial retainers, and the very purpose to which only they could be applied—viz., feudal quarrels—were then severely and resolutely put down by government; forts were built, military roads opened, permanent garrisons established, to enforce the new policy of a government at once strong and enlightened, provident and vindictive. The chieftains, like the English nobles, were obliged to seek a new use in their retainers; which use, it was soon found, could be better attained from the tenth than from the whole. Πλειον ημισυ παντος. The nine-tenths were, therefore, turned adrift. In Scotland, as previously in England, it took about two generations to bring the principle into full play; for the Lords, as also the chieftains, were variously situated, and were of various tempers; some catching eagerly, and from the first, at the utmost gain; others hankering to the last after their ancient usages and their hereditary pomp. So far the cases were the same in England and in Scotland. But one capital difference arose from the general circumstances of the country. After 1745, there was an outlet for all the surplus Scotch Highlanders, in the British Colonies; and, accordingly, Lord Selkirk himself turned a strong current of emigration into Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St Lawrence; and afterwards, when that island was sufficiently colonized, into the Canadas. But for England, during the sixty years of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., (1485—1545,) there was no outlet whatever. The whole surplus was thrown back upon the domestic resources of the land. And, doubtless, many a fierce retainer, as also many a big-boned monk, was to be found amongst those "masterful beggars," "stout thieves," and "Abraham men," who plagued our ancestors so much during the sixteenth century, and were so plentifully and so frivolously hanged. This deduction of pauperism, though collateral to my main purpose, I have thought it right to give; because the subject is so much of a *quæstio vexata*; because no party has hit upon the whole truth; because that solution, to which Mr Bulwer and others object, is half the truth; and, because, the previous and the confluent cause, which I now allege, makes the complement, or other half of the truth. The paupers of England arose out of two acts emanating from Henry VII. as well as from that single act of his son, which, doubtless, taken by itself, is insufficient to meet the case.—*Note by the Author.*

* Mr De Quincey greatly underrates the *real* power of Parliament, even in this fortunate reign. There was power of the purse existing, and exhibited; and, with the outward shew of humility to a female sovereign, considerable sturdiness of purpose.

monalty, and the interests of real from those of movable property.

Such was the great, though silent revolution which had been travelling forwards through the sixteenth century; and which, in the early part of the seventeenth, (from 1625 to 1640,) might be said to have reached its consummation. And this revolution it was which produced (as I will for ever affirm) the great civil war, properly called the *Parliamentary* war. A new and most powerful order in the land instinctively called for new powers, and for a new position amongst the ruling forces of the State. The House of Commons was then ripe for assuming that place as a legislative body, and also as a controlling body over the acts of the executive, which it possesses at this day. But Charles and his counsellors—imperfectly aware of the great revolution effected in the equilibrium of the political forces, simply because it had been effected gradually and not violently, and reading history in a superstitious spirit—insisted upon adhering to the old usages of his predecessors, when many capital resemblances of the cases had vanished, except for the external forms. Charles was conscientious in his obstinacy; for he did no more than tread in the very footsteps of the most popular and glorious amongst his immediate predecessors; and, where all the names continued the same, it was hard to perceive that the things had essentially altered. It is also to be added—that, even if Charles had been persuaded into conceding to the House of Commons those extended powers which they claimed, this concession would not have reached the necessity of the case: for, his policy was to adjourn the Parliament after the shortest possible session; so that no improved powers would have been available without a violent invasion of the royal prerogative. And, in fact, we know that this violence was one of the earliest acts of the great Parliament which met in November 1640. They were obliged to exact of the King a promise that he would not dissolve them. A twofold defect oppressed the House—defect of power, and defect of duration.

From this review of the political changes between Henry VII. and the Parliamentary war, a theory arises with respect to that great event different from any which has been adopted hitherto. Hume, and all other writers, have argued the case as though one of the two parties were necessarily in the wrong; and in the wrong upon the whole question at issue. They say, therefore, continually—"This is unlawful;" and, "That was unconstitutional." But, in fact, neither party was in the wrong, essentially. The forms of the constitution, so far as any constitution had then been developed, were generally with the King; and, as to the spirit of the constitution, a difficult point to ascertain at any time, it would be too much to expect that it should be philosophically abstracted, and valued, and applied, between two interested and impassioned disputants. But I affirm that, in fact, the constitution did not as yet exist as a whole. It existed by parts, and in tendencies then bursting into life; it was, and had been for a century back, in progress—in a progress continually accelerated; but it was not until the latter half of the seventeenth century that it was matured.

In reality, it is manifest, that, until all the parts of a machine exist, the law or principle of that machine cannot be stated. And, whilst as yet the different orders of English society were not perfectly developed, it must be impossible to talk of a constitution which expresses their mutual relations. Now, I have been insisting that the English gentry, the order which furnishes its *materiel* to the House of Commons, did not complete its developement until the beginning of the seventeenth century; and that, even after this event might be viewed as accomplished, it had yet to get itself recognised for what it was in the State. The House of Commons, which was its sole organ, was a most inadequate organ; suited to the old functions of that body which filled it, but not to the new functions of a regenerated order, which had gradually moulded itself out of the ruins projected from the explosion of two great territorial bodies. The new creation could not incarnate itself (so to speak) in the old and imperfect organization. This seemed to be rebellion and wilful revolution; whilst, in fact, it was the mere instincts of growth. No provision had been made [how should it, unless prophetically?] for the due action of the new order, by the existing constitution; because the constitution itself was a growing thing, and waiting for its expansion; whereas, Charles viewed it as a perfect whole, long since matured. Hence arose a war; and almost, for wise men, we might say, a necessity for a war.

Out of that war arose two great results. And it is the more necessary to direct the attention to them, because a common notion has prevailed that the whole acts of the Long Parliament, and all that was gained by the Parliamentary War, were cancelled and annulled by certain illegal acts into which some part of the Parliament was afterwards betrayed, and also by the defect of some constitutional forms. This defect could not *but* exist in a struggle between the different powers in the state; and it has been too pedantically urged by Hume, and shortsightedly; for it existed on both sides. I say, then, that two great results were obtained by that war, and never again lost. The House of Commons assumed, in Charles the Second's reign, that place for which it fought: even in that reign, and under the reaction of a senseless enthusiasm for the King's person, the House assumed, and steadily maintained, that place of authority and influence which had been refused by Charles I. Nor has it ever lost the ground then won. It has continued to have regular sessions, and to be the great court for transacting the national business—a function which Charles I. would have sequestered almost entirely into the hands of a Privy Council, or other parts of the executive government. This is one great result: the place and functions of the Commons' House have been ascertained, and according to their own claim:

and not the Constitution, as a previous existence, was suffered to prescribe its place and functions to the Commons' House; but, on the contrary, the struggle of the Commons has prescribed its outline to the constitution. The other great result was, that the King's place in the constitution has been equally ascertained. Charles the First, it is well known, would not hear of a responsibility attached to the executive—no matter where it might be lodged. He peremptorily forbade his ministers to render any account of their actions, except privately to himself; least of all, to Parliament. And, of course, he did not mean by that act, to acknowledge any personal responsibility. *That* he viewed as the last consummation of insolent treason. Neither must you say, that this was the idea of a despot; for even the patriots of those days had very unsteady notions on the extent and true *locus* of the executive responsibility. In particular, the excellent and truly noble-minded wife of Colonel Hutchinson complains of it as a mere courtly adulation, that people said, "the King could do no wrong." But her descendent and editor reproves her for this; justly observing, that we are deeply indebted to those who first raised up that refined doctrine; which is, in fact, but another form for saying, that we cannot accept of a responsibility lodged in a quarter where delicacy and reverence might often seduce us from enforcing it; but that we must have a real, obvious, available responsibility, liable to no scruples in its exercises, and therefore lodged in a subject. Hence it followed also that the king cannot act by himself; that he must act by ministerial agents; a doctrine which, by itself alone, has since that day saved the nation, at many a crisis, from civil tumults the most ruinous.

Here, then, are two great features of the British constitution which could not have pronounced themselves before the seventeenth century. A Commons' House, in adequation to a landed body, (not noble, *i. e.* not having an organ in the Upper House,) could not be constitutionally defined until the landed body itself had arisen. Neither could the sanctity and inviolability of the sovereign be safely recognised, until other principles of ministerial responsibility had been established, which never would have been established unless through these struggles of the Commons. In fact, the king, in our constitution, is a great idea; and a somewhat mysterious idea; and, universally, it is true, that, where two ideas are correlates and antagonist forces, they explain themselves and define themselves at the same time; for the one is a rebound from the other.

Hence, I arrive at one object of this historical deduction—viz. that the distinction of Whig and Tory—or any distinction which could be fitted for us of this day, in our advanced state of political refinement—could not have arisen sooner than the seventeenth century. It was in reference to the great movements which I have been tracing—movements which smouldered through the sixteenth century, but did not break into flame until the seventeenth—that these party distinctions first arose. They refer to everything most essential in the changes and the settlements that I have been unfolding. There was a prodigious ferment in the first half of the seventeenth century; in the earlier bisection of the second half, there was a general settling or deposition from this ferment. And, as we see now, with respect to the Bonaparte system, that *things* remain, whilst *persons* have vanished; the destruction of the German Empire is ratified, the Legion of Honour still survives, whilst the fleeting agents are almost forgotten;—so, of the English political settlements, we may affirm, that, generally, they are to be traced up to struggles which the generations who have benefited by them would willingly disown. It is true, nevertheless—and in despite of all disowners and protesters—that the English Revolution of 1688–9, did little more than re-affirm, with greater precision, the principles latent in the Parliamentary war. And to those principles it is, that the distinctions of Whig and Tory have reference. Indeed, here again is a proof that the Revolution of 1688–9 was only a re-affirmation of principles previously put into action; that the terms, *Whig* and *Tory*, arose before that Revolution, and yet were found so sufficient that they continued to be the sole terms in use after the Revolution.

What, then, was the original application of these terms? Let us first inquire into the mere verbal meaning. You are aware that, very often indeed, denominations are not derived from essential differences, but from accidents. Thus, the *Roundheads* were so named, not from their distinguishing principles, but from the external accident of wearing the hair cut close: that fashion distinguished them at first sight from the Cavaliers, who wore the hair long. The *Jacobins* again, of our days, derived their name from their place of rendezvous. Now, with respect to *Whig* and *Tory*, it might be expected that two hostile names, pointing to each other, should have arisen at the same moment, and also under the same common aspect; that is, that some common idea should have been chosen, from which each name should have been struck off under an opposite relation. But the true history of the case was different: each name arose separately for itself, and possibly in a different place. The word, *Tory*, had, from the first, a political application. Originally, it designated a particular class of Irish freebooters; and was probably first used in Ireland to express, in a calumnious form, that class of politicians who attributed to the king a right of levying taxes, without consent of the subject appearing by his proxy in Parliament. *Whig*,* on the other hand, was doubtless first used in Scotland, and applied to the supposed sourness and ascetic temper of the religious dissenters. To *whig*, in the northern counties of England, as well as in Scotland, means to turn a thing acid: thus, if you pour milk upon rum, and do it so slowly or so

* *Whig* is the name still in common use in many parts of Scotland, for the thin sub-acid fluid which collects on boiled whey. Whig was first applied to the Covenanters. —*E. T. M.*

unskilfully as to coagulate the mixture, you are said "to *whig* it." And, by the way, I must here observe, that a derivation given by Sir Walter Scott ("Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War," p. 90, published in 1822) from the word, "*Whig*, to make haste," is mere nonsense. Non-conformists and Puritans of every class were taxed with scowling on the common social enjoyments of the world: that was expressed by calling them the *sours*, or *Whigs*, as it were, in the cup of life. It is well known, that most of our civil rights were contended for in the seventeenth century, under the mask or under the advantage of religious claims: the Dissenters of every class were connected uniformly with the opponents of the existing government; and by this name, expressive of a churlish unsocial temperament, it seems that they were disparaged. The Duke of Lauderdale, it is probable, transferred the word from Scotland about 1670–5. It there met with the word *Tory*, previously transferred from Ireland; and both were gradually extended and amplified into larger applications; and now, having once come into collision, began reciprocally to receive determinations from each other.

This is my account of the early history of the words, before they had been moulded, by repeated use and reverberation from each other, into direct antagonist terms. Such at length they became; and so much modified they were by long usage, that, at last, they settled into a direct philosophic contra-position, agreeably to their constant acceptation ever since.

This acceptation it is, that I am now to explain; and I request your attention to it, as a matter curious in itself, and as one doubly curious, from the perpetual blunder which has been made in all attempts at unfolding its latent meaning and relations. Let me sharpen your attention by saying, that even Edmund Burke, subtle politician as he is, fell into the common error on this point. A word will explain the case, and rectify all its positions. If I say of two parties, that they were Trinitarians and Anti-Trinitarians, you understand at once that both could not be right: one party must be in the wrong. But, with respect to *Whig* and *Tory*, this does not hold. There is no necessity that either should be in error. On the contrary, there is a high necessity that both should be in the right. For it is not as in a dispute between two contradictory views, where both cannot coexist, and where either, taken singly, presents a complete and adequate theory of the subject: here the two ideas are so far from excluding each other, that both are coessential to the entire construction of the principle. The meaning of Whig and Tory was finally settled, practically, in the long debates at the Revolution of 1688–9: and, abstracting from the use then and there made of the terms, I am entitled to say, that a Whig is he who, in the practical administration of affairs, takes charge of the popular influence, guides it, and supports it; a Tory, on the contrary, is he who takes charge of the antagonist or non-popular influence, guides it, and supports it. There are two great forces at work in the British constitution; and the constitution is sustained in its integrity by their equilibrium—just as the compound power which maintains a planet in its orbit, is made up of the centripetal force balancing the centrifugal; and as reasonable would it be to insist on the superior efficacy of the centripetal force to the centrifugal, or *vice versa*, as to ascribe any superiority to the Whig or the Tory, considered in their abstract relation to the constitution, or to charge any demerit upon either. Essentially, they represent the total sphere of the constitution, each representing one hemisphere. And, in this view, neither is wrong, nor can be wrong: both are right. And so far from being hostile to each other, each is right, only by means of and through his antagonist: for, if the Tory were not, then the Whig would be in the wrong; and so of the Tory, in the absence of the Whig. Taken jointly, they make up the total truth. In this relation, therefore, which is the only *permanent* relation of Whig and Tory, it is evident that mere misunderstanding of the case has ever countenanced the attacks on either side; and Sir F. Burdett's declaration, that a Tory would soon be as scarce as a phœnix, is answered at once, by saying that, change the name as much as you please, both Tories and Whigs must coexist with the British constitution. Whilst *that* lasts, these parties must last—because they are the mere abstractions, or representative names, of the two antagonist forces, balanced against each other in that political *scheme*.

Let us next say a word or two upon the *second* relation of Tories—that relation which they have occupied, and do now occupy, to the Whigs, as a political body of partisans: not as they are concerned with the British constitution, or as representing any interest of that constitution, but as they are concerned with the conduct of public affairs; with peace, with war, with alliances, with commerce, with taxes, with public debts, with police, and the other great chapters of national economy.

(*To be continued in our next Number,*)

SONNET WRITTEN IN COLWICK WOODS. BY RICHARD HOWITT.

THE veiled stars through the breezy darkness shine,
Mild as the glow-worms at my feet. Now sing,
O Nightingale! and make the heaven of spring
More heavenly! The night, the woods are thine;
The earth, the heavens attend thee; sleep, supine,
Will start up at thy voice, a living thing;
The May-bloom will grow sweeter; the breeze its wing
Hush; and the darkness take a shape divine.
Sing, Poet-bird! and I, by fancy led,
Among the leaves listening, good Pan shall see,
Listening to thine, his own brave ditties dead.
All the wood-gods thy auditors shall be;
And in this woody temple lightly tread
Lest they disturb its sanctity and thee.

May 25, 1835.

TRIBULATIONS OF THE REV. COWAL KILMUN.

BY JOHN GALT.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAP. VI.

I NEVER closed an eye that night; for I was sorely troubled in mind about Mr Ettles; as I thought him, by what he had said, a young man ordained for disasters. Yet, saving this inadvertency about looking about him, he had given me no reason to think that adversity had in any shape meddled with him.

In the morning, we had a jocose breakfast, somewhat early, as Mr Ettles intended to go by the second boat across the ferry, meaning to travel to Glasgow that day; which he did, leaving Mr Roslin to bide with me till he could return.

This Mr Roslin was an elderly man, with a bald head, a contented countenance, and peering eyes, that denoted an inquisitive spirit. After Mr Ettles went away, we walked forth to the hills together, and had a very instructive conversation concerning many things, and especially of the uncertainty that hovered in life. But, though he was not overly orthodox, there was a solid ingredient of Christianity in much of what he did say, pleasant to hear; and he preaching resignation and contentment, like an apostle or a gospel minister.

From Mr Roslin, I learned, with a dismayed heart, that the bad luck which kythed to Mr Ettles in his green years, had been permitted to pursue him up and down, and that he was but little better in a worldly sense than when he left his native land. He likewise told me that, finding he was trafficking to little purpose, and the hope of brightening growing dimmer as he grew older, he had come to a resolution to pull in his horns, and make, as Mr Roslin called it, his orbit of a narrower scope. "Which," he added, "I was sorry to hear; for a man that changes his conduct on resolution undergoes no change at all, though to himself the change seem great. Poor Ettles will be still the same, and the world will think so too. He will reap only the pains of perseverance; and find out, when too late, the original sin of thinking he could make himself wiser than he was created."

This led me to remark, in reply, that the early observance of a predominance of resolution in the mind of Mr Ettles knit him to my affections and anxieties; for his barren bridal with Miss Graham was of that nature—taking, as it were, a security from Providence that she should be his wife.

Mr Roslin had never heard of that pitiful disappointment, and was very concerned when I told him the particulars; saying—"However, it was but a foretaste of what Ettles has experienced; for, although, of all men I ever saw, he is the least given to rashness, yet he meditates in secret of his purposes, and decides on adopting what he does, in a manner that surprises his best friends. When he has wrought himself into a resolution, the little good will be beggared, and yet not have turned him. He seems as pliant as a rush in the breeze: as pliant he is; but, once broken, he can never grow whole again."

I cannot explain the impression which the conversation with Mr Roslin in that first walk had upon me. It deepened into the very quick every recollection of Mr Ettles traced upon my memory, from the evening of the mystical marriage; and, without even a show of any reason, made me think of him with more solicitude. However, little passed afterwards about him, while Mr Roslin staid at the manse, which was fully three weeks; but I pondered a great deal on what had passed; for, in the town of a country parish, a misfortunate man is a great unco, and I could not but think Mr Ettles was one, though he was still young, with the air and promise of prosperity. But I have seen the apple tree with all its flourishes cut down in the spring, and said in my heart, "Wherefore were those blossoms?"

When Mr Ettles returned to take Mr Roslin away, he was persuaded by me to stop a few days at the manse, during which I hoped to discern something of that change which I thought must be visible upon him; but I saw none—only he never went to see Mrs Graham, nor minted a syllable of her daughter. On the morning, however, before he went away, seeing me taking my morning stray in the glebe, he came to me alone, and we had a few weighty words together. I say weighty; for what Mr Roslin had told me of the nature of his resolutions, when cooled and chrystalized, made me very acute.

CHAP. VII.

"Well, Mr Ettles," quo' I, as he came towards me, "so you are resolved to go to-day; but you have not said a word about when I am to see you again.'

"It is because I do not know myself. If wishes were of any avail, it would not be long; for I am wearying for rest, and I think the bed for it is in a manse—or the kirkyard; but the machinery of Providence is very self-willed, and our inclinations can seldom influence its movements."

"Never," said I, seriously: "we but think we do, when we see the wheels going the way we wish; but excuse me, Mr Ettles, if I inquire, with the freedom of an old friend, have you come to any determination?"

He looked at me for a short time, thoughtfully—at last, smiling, said, "Mr Roslin has been talking then about me?" And he added, briskly—"I do not think I have met with much very uncommon; but, even little as it may be thought, it begets suggestions which those who know it not cannot imagine. It makes one sharp to see and keenly to feel; but the hypocrisy is ineffectual,

for the world will not allow that there can be any change. It will still judge by the estimate it made of one in youth, without experience: few understand that alteration of which a man is himself conscious."

As he said this, I thought of what Mr Roslin had remarked concerning resolutions, and the obduracy of his: but I made no reply, for he speedily continued—

"I had a high and beautiful hope. It was soon quenched; but another, almost as bright and fair, arose. It was, in appearance, perhaps, as brilliant, but it failed to excite that desire which is the life of ambition. At last, it was obscured, and tarried dimly in a watery cloud. Much of the charm of life soon vanished; and I could only ask, 'What is to be our recompense for having been born at all?' No, Sir, the vanity of life is over—I have abandoned and forsworn the pursuit of its gauds. I will never more think of aspiring to rise; and I have resolved not to fall lower than—death."

I shuddered at the expression, and sighed with much sorrow.

"Most people," he resumed, "set a false value on the best things in life: I have accustomed myself to think of the worst familiarly;—suffering is but for a few days."

"Mr Ettles," said I, slowly, to make a deep impression, "you have not thought of disgrace."

"Perhaps not," was his reply, after a pensive pause; and then he added hurriedly, "but death can extinguish the sense of it."

"Your words are wild," was my answer. "In the name of God, what have you resolved to do?"

"To live—to do the best I can."

Just then, one of the serving lasses came to the door and made a signal to us that breakfast was ready. So we hastened back to the manse, our conversation being so interrupted.

After breakfast, and a hurried morning exercise, was over, we walked all three to the ferry, where I bade them adieu in a cordial manner. But, as they stepped into the boat, Mr Roslin gave me a significant look, which shewed he had made a conjecture anent what had passed between me and Mr Ettles in the glebe. Then the boat rowed away, and I returned home in an unaccountable perplexity.

There surely was no earthly reason why I should be so concerned about Mr Ettles. What was he to me? Neither kith nor kin; and although I was, maybe, art and part in his romantical marriage with Miss Graham, that was an old story, and, by rights of time, should have been forgotten.

Then I thought of his familiarity with me, and how he took enfoeffment of my regards from the very first; for he was then a blithe birky, with Miss Graham at his side, who was indeed a lily of a young lady, that ought not to have died; but her Maker had use for her in his mansions—blessed be the name of the Lord!

All that day I was in a manner demented, and it was lucky for me that Miss Becky, my sister, was throng in the kitchen, with her jellies or her jams—I forget which, for my mind was in a state of anarchy and confusion—and she saw not what made me dismal. Towards tea-time, however, we had visiters—salt-water folk—to whom I was bound to be civil, as they had come across the loch to see me.

Being obliged to make an exertion, I was, by the time of their departure, in my usual; but ever and anon the thought of Mr Ettles came uppermost, although I had nothing more to do with him than a common Christian man has with a fellow creature that lays a rightful cess on our sympathy.

CHAP. VIII.

It might be a month after Mr Ettles went away, taking Mr Roslin with him, that I was sitting on my usual seat on the mossy stone near the shore, thinking of the wonderful plenishment of the earth, my thoughts solaced by the benevolence that then invested all around with peacefulness. Miss Becky had gone over the ferry in the morning, to buy something, and to bide all night with the Rev. Dr Dozent and his sister—a woman of a fashious kind, that I did not like, or I would have gone too.

Sitting there by myself, in a meditating posture, the ferry lad came towards me with a letter in his hand, seeking payment of the postage, which, by its heaviness, I knew had come from London.

Not having a sufficiency in my pouch, I rose and went back with him, to get the needful at the manse; for it was pactioned with my sister, that, whenever she went afield, she should leave some change always for outfalls, ready in a stroupless teapot that we keepit for the purpose.

When I had settled with Hector for the price, I then opened the letter, and, lo and behold! it was from Mr Ettles! But what he said may be gotten from his own penmanship better than from any precise I can make thereof.

"London.

"My Dear Friend,—I am *yet* vain enough to think you will be glad to hear of me; and I write this to let you know that I have carried my resolution, to remain sequestered from the busy world, into effect. A distant relation, desirous of retiring, has been induced to dispose of the good-will of his moderate business to me; and last week I was installed in his shop—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"My next object will be to find a suitable wife as soon as possible. The only obstacle, indeed, to my final settlement, is the want of sufficient means to make some provision for her in the event of my death; for I regard this as indispensable:—without it, marriage, in my eyes, loses all its sanctity. It will probably be soon settled; for my hopes of happiness are beneath the ground.

I do not intend to be very chary either as to beauty or accomplishments: the walk I have now entered does not require that I should. Respectability is all I shall look for; but I shall marry like a prince—for policy. To you I need not say more—the grass grows green on the reason which influences me.

"Mr Roslin is still with me, and sends his best respects to you and the kind Miss Becky.

"Believe me, truly yours,

"ALEX. ETTLES.

"N.B.—It will oblige me if you could find time to say what you think, now that I am fixed, of the course I have adopted."

The letter was short; but, coming from whom it did, it was to me full of matter.

First and foremost, a letter from Mr Ettles, and all the way from London, was a thing that never entered my head to expect; and I could not but jalouse that there was something in it more than met the ear. Then, what had I to do with his getting good-wills of businesses? He was in a manner a stranger to me; and how could he think I would care to hear of it?

But, for all the indifferency that I would fain have cherished, the tidings to my heart were not gospel, nor fraught with gladness; in short, I became very sad, and said, as it were, with an inspiration in which I had no volition—"So this is the end of him that seemed fashioned for great purposes!" And I shed a tear, thinking of buds that are blasted.

When I had meditated long on the first clause, I then took up the second. I hope there is no wrong in saying that I thought it overly worldly; for what would become of the command to increase and multiply, if every man put off his marriage till he was in a condition to make a settlement? I disapproved of it; and so I meant to tell him, and to say that the crows are wily and far-casting, but wha ever heard of them, or any of God's creatures, making marriage-settlements?

The third paragraph seemed to me, as it were, gritty—a tear mingled with sand; and had it not been for the green-grass reason, which was eloquent to the heart of one that had seen Miss Graham, I would have been evendown angry with him.

But the postcript was mystical over all; for it seemed to me to say that he was not well satisfied with himself, or he would not have thought of asking for my approval; for it needs not the whole wisdom of the General Assembly to teach me that, when a man has done a turn, and seeks an opinion of it afterwards, he wants but to hear approbation, being doubtful himself if he has done right. And so I told him in my answer, but in a gentle and far-off way; for when I rose in the morning, his letter only inspired pity and compassion. I was, indeed, much cast down, and the reason of it was to myself a mystery.

CHAP. IX.

For more than twelve months, I heard nothing of Mr Ettles; and I began to think he had maybe taken it ill that I had been so free with him; still, somehow, I could not imagine how he might do that; for what I said was in sincerity, and my real sentiments, well folded up in Christian delicacy. However, about the end of a year, I got two letters by one post from London. The one was from Mr Ettles—just a bit line, telling me he was that day married to a woman; and the other was in a frank from Mr Roslin, anent the same job, giving me all the particulars. Of Mr Ettles' letter of notification I shall say nothing; but Mr Roslin's was well deserving of being recorded; and here it is:—

"London.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Although I have been long of writing you, I have ever retained a very warm remembrance of the apostolic simplicity of your character. Perhaps, however, I might not yet have had this pleasure; but a friend has given me a frank, by which I can let you know, without cost, of an event which took place this morning, in which, I am sure, you will be interested.

"Our friend Ettles, in pursuance of a *resolution*, has been married. His choice seems, as far as connexions are concerned, to have been judicious.

"The lady has been bred, perhaps, too retired for him. She talks, however, very wisely; but I think that I have seen that she does not act quite so discreetly as might be expected from the tenor of her conversation; being a little like Charles the Second—

Who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one.

"I speak to you frankly; because I am sure that whatever affects his happiness is very dear to you; and I remain, respectfully yours,

"JAMES ROSLIN."

This, it must be allowed by every one, was a a curt epistle; and it caused me to have divers reflections, which, as always is the case in similar instances, were not to the advantage of the writer. This jealousy, as I must acknowledge it was, came not, however, of my nature, but was learned at college with my other learning; it, therefore, soon passed, like the shadow of the summer cloud on the face of the loch; and I was soon restored to myself again, but, in a manner, obligated to put several questions to my own mind respecting Mr Roslin.

Who is he?—how comes it that he takes such an interest in what pertains to Mr Ettles?—and what could make him so very explanatory about the disagreeables of the bride? For what he said was not opiatical to my anxieties; not that he was evendown with his condemnation, but it was very plain he had a sediment of anxiety in his bosom that Mr Ettles had been more governed in his choice by a resolution to settle himself, than by judgment, or taste, or a consideration for his own habitudes.

When I had pondered some time—it might be the best part of the afternoon, for the ferry-boat comes over at one, post meridian, and I was still sitting, in my inward soliloquy, when my sister said that the tea was ready—not having exchanged words with her at dinner, but only saying the grace at it. I drank none, however, but rose and walked abroad, to refresh my spirit, as my wont was, in trouble of mind, with a sober communing with the mountains; the staid aspect of which, like that of grey-headed elders, never failed to conjure me into composure, if I needed it. Only for that, as well as for other

mysteries, were the hills of the Highlands fashioned in the palms of the hands of divine wisdom.

Wherefore I was so vexed, after having come to a conclusion that Mr Roslin was a discreet, decent man, is not to be told; far less how I was so affected with the blithesome news of a wedding, betokening a fulfilment of the early command concerning the plenishing of the earth; but so it was—the news of that day were not to me blithesmeat, and yet I could not say the cause thereof.

After a season, and in the hallowed tranquillity of the twilight, I returned home, and told Becky—who had seen I was fashed at something—that our friend, Mr Ettles, was again married, and that I had a letter from Mr Roslin; without saying anything to her of what it was about. She remarked, however, that I had visibly gotten a drug that had sickened me.

In time, the wound I had received—for I can call it no better—skinned over, though the part was aye tender; for never could I bear to think that a putting on of the conjugal yoke upon resolution, was according to Scripture, or could kythe in better than heart-burning and affliction.

CHAP. X.

For several months, nothing particular happened—only, it being known to the Presbytery that the dining-room in the manse needed painting, I was, of course, chosen to go into the General Assembly while it was doing; being subject, at times, when I took a cold, to a shortness of breath, for which the smell of the paint was not a condiment. And, going into Edinburgh on the solemn business of the Church, who should I meet with there but Mr Roslin? who, having nothing upon his hands, had come down from London to see how the Assembly was conducted.

He was most glad to see me; and we had more than two words about Mr Ettles, whom, he told me, he hoped was happy. I did not like to hear of that hope, for it seemed to intimate a fear. Moreover, he agreed with me that a marriage on resolution was not on a proper principle; adding—for he was an auld-headed man—that, although Mr Ettles was able for all things, it was not easy to say what he was fit for; being overly obdurate in sticking to his own opinion, even when most complaisant to that of others.

"It is a sore pity that he is so," quo' Mr Roslin; "for his wife is as obdurate as he is; and in every house and state there must be a head: the rule and power must either be with the wife or the man—it cannot abide with both. However, ye will be able shortly to judge for yourself; for Mr and Mrs Ettles are coming to Scotland, and I know he intends to visit you, for whom he cherishes a regard as sincerely as if he really hated you, and had resolved to love you."

The expectation of seeing Mr Ettles was as the springtime; and I walked every blessed morning to the pier of Leith, to inquire, at the smacks, if he was yet come; but he came not—and, when the General Assembly broke up, I returned to my own parish, with the sense of a cold in at my heart, being the sense of a disappointment. The complaint did not, however, afflict me long; for, in the month of August after, he and his wife came to the manse, soakit with rain. In coming over the ferry, a desperate thunder-plump fell from the heavens, and they were caught in the jaw of it, to which an even-down pour was a moderation. I mind it very well; for it was so inordinate, that it caused me, before they came, to put up an ejaculation for the poor beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, in which the dumb fish of the deep sea were not forgotten.

After they had shifted themselves—for they were past drying—we had some mutual conversation; gay it was, but not of a satisfactory solidity. I could discern, however, with the tail of my eye, that my sister was greatly taken with Mrs Ettles, who, she said privately to me in her transports, in the course of the evening, "was a most delightful creature." In conscience, however, I could not go so far; though I will not positively deny that she was void of merit. But I thought of Miss Graham, with a shaking head, and I looked at Mr Ettles, still in his promising years, saying to myself—"Verily, Providence clotheth itself in a mantle of perplexities."

As they took us at an unawares, we had not a by-ordinar' dinner that day; for everybody knows that a well-ordered manse is no a galravitching hotel in Edinburgh. But, after dinner, the ladies went away; and, as I heard afterwards, Mrs Ettles unpacked her trunk to see that nothing was wet, and shewed Becky such paraphernauls as she had no notion of. Mr Ettles sat with me, and we had some neighbour-like discourse together; but the upshot of it darkened my spirit; for I could see that much of his winsomeness, when here with Miss Graham, had taken the wings of the morning; and, though he might be glegger, he was an altered man, with a ponderosity, now and then, in what he said, that I could only think was diseased wisdom.

After a this and that, of no particularity, he began to tell me he did not think it was ordained that man or woman could ever love more than once; but I told him that I knew many most sensible and discreet persons who married three times. "Ay," said he—"I don't doubt it; but once for love, and twice for expediency"—by which we were led on, by a circumbendibus, to speak of himself; when he made an observation most astounding.

"Love," said he, "is an instinct implanted by the Creator: but resolution is the offspring of human reason, the flavour of the forbidden fruit. When we obey instincts, we earn happiness; but when we listen to reason, we are allured into suffering and sorrow, for reason is but the use of our knowledge of good and evil."

No more then passed; for, the ladies coming in, we were obligated to be jocose; but his words dwelt on my remembrance.

CHAP. XI.

In the course of time, on that night when Mr Ettles and his new wife came to see us, we all went to bed; but, before I left Becky, she began to tell me what a pleasant woman the lady was, and what a fortune her father had settled on her to make them comfortable.

I did not like to hear this, and recollected how Mr Roslin had likened her, in his letter, to the runagate king; thinking she surely was at a loss for discourse, to speak even to anybody, of what her father had done or could do; and I went away sorrowful.

I could not help thinking that there was something in the indiscretion of Mrs Ettles that could not be very agreeable to the proud heart of her husband, if he knew it; for, although it was plain he had married on resolution, he was not such a sordid character as was ever likely to marry for the lucre of gain: and I thought it was a warning, though I could not say why, to all young women, to take good care never to put it in their husbands' power to suspect that it was possible for them to imagine that they had only married them for money; for man is a proud animal, and does not like, whatever may be his faults, to be thought meanly of.

From the little I knew of Mr Ettles, and the less I did of his wife, this bragging of her fortune was an omen that boded no augmentation to their happiness; for, though, no doubt, marriages have been made both by men and women for settlements, there has generally been something more looked to than mere money; and I was sure that Mr Ettles had another spoke in the wheel of his matrimony than it. However, I fell asleep, resolving to have my eyes open when I awoke, and to wise on the conversation to a disclosure; for now I began to think something was on the mind of Mr Ettles, which, perhaps, could be explained.

Next morning, the lift was bright and the earth all glittering, in so much that, although I did not forget my intention to probe the gathering visible in the bosom of Mr Ettles, my heart was not so set on it as it was in the watches of the night; and therefore I postponed my resolution to a more convenient season. Thus it came to pass that I did not trouble him at all with my scrupulosities; for the weather grew better, and the two days of his visitation were given to enjoyment—only there was one thing most touching, which fell out on the afternoon afore the day of his departure with the woman he had married.

When me and him had solaced ourselves with a tumbler after dinner, he proposed, as the day without was most enticing, that we should take a walk. Accordingly, as I am a man always for temperance, we went forth; and, in our easy, leisurely manner, talking of many things, and nothing important, I found ourselves on the road to Mrs Graham's dwelling, that had been. Thinking he might be minded to call there, for auld langsyne, I said to him, stopping suddenly—"Mr Ettles," quo' I, "I jalouse ye are no acquaint with what has happened!"

"No," replied he; "what has?"

"Mrs Graham," said I, with a melancholious voice, "was removed last Lammas, and now sleeps with her daughter. We should lay it to heart."

He made no answer for some time; but I saw there was a going-on in his breast that could not be very pleasant. By and by, however, he spoke, saying—"No matter, we can go to the churchyard." And he walked forward, I following, really a dejected object; for I could not but think of one that had been most dear to him, and the blight which had early fallen on all his prospects.

In all the way to the kirkyard, which was then a long mile from the spot where I had corrected him, he never opened his lips, and I had nothing to say; for, though it was then the eye of summer, there was the shadow of a cloud still on my spirit, and I wondered of what would ensue; for he was then a married man, and I had some doubt if it wasna just right, meditating among the tombs when he had a living wife, though maybe she was not worthy to hold the candle to her who was the bride that bedded with the worm.

When we reached the kirkyard, the yett was shut, which obligated us to clamber over the dyke; in the doing whereof, I mind that the left knee of a new pair of black breeks, that I had put on for an honesty that day, was torn; and that I fell among burs and nettles, which grew hard by, seemingly of as little use as heritors, who are permitted to be for a fashion, and might be well weeded away without detriment to parish ministers, especially when dining-rooms in manses need painting.

CHAP. XII.

Being, after my calamity, over the dyke, we walked sedately to where Mrs Graham and her daughter were laired in cold and silence; and when I had shewn him the graves, I left him to his soliloquies; telling him, in order that there might be no mistakes, "That highest and greenest of the twa hillocks was the last hap of the old lady. The other grave," said I, "is a monumental emblem of the memory of man: it's in a state of obliteration, as the image of her that slumbers beneath it is in the minds of those who are yet of this world."

I then left him, and went about among the headstones, reading the epitaphs on many a frail memorial erected nigh; which, for the most part, were no doubt penned with a regard to veracity. One, however, I did meet with, which in conscience I could not approve; for how could the schoolmaster, who penned the same, tell what virtue and seemliness, as he said, were about the man whom he had never known in this life, nor heard even his name mentioned after death, as the sprose on the stone shewed forth. The fact was, that, one morning in winter, after a midnight mixture and jumbling of the winds and the waves, the drowned body of a genteel man, with a gold watch, and money in his purse, was found

upon the shore; which, as it behoved the parish to bury, was done in a Christian-like manner. The valuables were given to me to keep till an inheritor would cast-up; but, after two years, none appeared, and Mr Beta, the schoolmaster, then proposed that his son, who was just out of his time as a mason, should make a headstone, as there was a fund to come and go on. To this I could see no reasonable objection. Accordingly, a very shapely headstone was hewn; but, before setting it up, the young man pointed out to me that it would be daftlike to have a monument without an inscription; so I told him to get his father to write one. The old dominie thought, however, that, as the stranger was unknown, a plain, simple headstone was quite suitable; and, consulting me, I was of the same opinion; but Tom, the mason, said that there never was such a thing heard of as a monument saying nothing—in short, it would be just a masonic dumbie, to put it up as it was; adding that, as there were plenty of funds in my hands, there could be no reason that the headstone should be a non-entity. So, to keep quiet in the land, I authorized his father to indite a becoming epitaph; and Tom engraved it, grumbling, however, at the shortness of the job; for he was paid by the lettering.

Till that day, I had never seen what was on the stone; and well pleased I was not, when I read such evendown trash, and so much of it, as that graceless creature, Tom, persuaded his father to write for his benefit. Indeed, I was wroth at the havers, and determined on the spot to have the nonsense hewn out and extirpated utterly; but, somehow, one thing after another has come in the way, and the headstone is still standing there, a laughing-stock to everybody that happens to see it. Few, however, are guilty of going, in this life, to so melancholious a place as our kirkyard, either to the molestation of auld Peggy Rankine's cow, that feeds in it, or to moralize on the headstones.

When I had smoothed my birses, after the perusal of the Dominie's paternoster anent the incognito virtues of the unknown man, I went back to Mr Ettles, to see if he was done; and, still without speaking, he took hold of me by the arm, and walked me to the dyke, over which we came into the highway, an accident I was greatly surprised at; for, if I had recollected it, there would have been no need for us to have clambered the wall, or to split the knee of my best breeks, to say nothing about falling among nettles and gulbroch, which is not pleasant, and far from being odoriferous herbage.

All the way back to the manse, Mr Ettles was still taciturn; in so much, that his wife noticed it when we were drinking our tea, and said, that she was none surprised to see him "so glum after looking at his old sweetheart's grave;" for, it seems, she had seen us in the kirkyard, while she was taking a walk on the croft with Becky, my sister; who would not let her disturb us, being a woman of a compassionate nature, and really not so idolatrous of Mrs Ettles as she had been at first, notwithstanding her proper style of the English language, and her beautiful silk gown, trimmed with orange ribands.

CHAP. XIII.

In the evening, after tea, me and Mr Ettles were sitting very soberly together by ourselves, having a solid conversation concerning the difference in the physiognomy of coming and going Time; no doubt the consequence of his rumination at the door of the narrow house of Miss Graham; and he said that nothing disturbed him so much as to see that the companions of his youth seemed to think, after all he had borne, that he was still the same whom they had formerly known.

"I know," said he, "that some think, with reason, when a man resolves to change, he does not change at all—and my friend, Mr Roslin, is of that opinion—but they forget that we are creatures of circumstances, and that a change of circumstances forces on a change of character. I agree that when a man resolves, of himself, to become different from what he was, it is very doubtful if any alteration can be effected; but when resolution comes in aid of new circumstances, the effect may be very great indeed:—such is the case with me. The morning of my life was bright—the flowers in my path, oh, so beautiful! Fortune seemed to beckon me on; and, without vanity, I may say, that a conscious activity spurred me into enterprise. But the sun became soon clouded, the flowers withered, fickle fortune flew away; and the activity now is apt to fall into fits of absence, and forget the seeming destination that once stimulated its energy. I live no longer for the world—I but endure life."

This was very recondite to me; and I did not well know what to say; but, all things considered, I reflected that it could not be far wrong to observe, "I was sorry to think he was not just as happily married as he might have been."

He looked at me seriously for some time, and then said—

"The change had come upon me before I thought of marrying. It should, therefore, be regarded as a consequence of having abdicated ambition. The motives existed no longer which formerly influenced me, and could not enter into the considerations which induced me to submit to the conjugal yoke. However, to answer your remark more directly, I have only to complain of what I believe most married men do—namely, that perhaps my wife does not clearly enough see that her own happiness would be augmented, if she thought more of mine; but it would cause trouble to her to do so; and it is the nature of the female mind to act more from inclination than duty, though it always thinks its sense of duty is paramount. A man is a more dutiful animal than a woman; but he says less about it."

Much more of the like discourse passed between us, and what Mr Ettles said was less intelligible to me; but two things increased my perplexity.

First, How he, Ettles, came to make me such

a depositary of his secret feelings, who was, in a manner, a stranger to him. And,

Second, How I came to be so constrained against my will to be entangled with his tribulations; for, after that visit, they multiplied, and I thought of them the more and more.

It was plain that both me and Mr Roslin were in the mist concerning him; and so, when he and Mrs Ettles went away to England next day, I resolved to keep a gleg watch upon his fate and courses, he being a phenomenon such as the pastor of a country parish has it not at all times in his power to contemplate. His wife, I saw, was a mere woman; but he was a curious engine in the arsenal of Providence, of which the use was not yet discerned. Surely, indeed, it was a matter to suggest reflection, that a living man should account himself an implement of no use; and much and often I thought of that circumstance, saying, with reverence, that whoever has worldly functions left, has visibly worldly tasks to perform.

Upon the whole, the visit from Mr and Mrs Ettles was a visitation; and I was some time, many days, after their departure, no just myself, by thinking about them; wondering how folk that seemed so like the rest of the world, could have that within which was so different. Of the wife, however, I did not cogitate much; for she was—what my sister said in her jocosity—a broth-and-beef character; whereas he was—as she likened also—a Pace-and-Yule dainty, whereof the ingredients could not be bought in every grocery shop, and, in the cooking, needed mair cunning than his leddy had power, she feared, to put forth.

CHAP. XIV.

It was fully the best part of half-a-year, from the time Mr and Mrs Ettles were with us, that, one wintry morning, Mr Roslin, who was in no sort of manner more than an acquaintance, and no an intimate one, came across the ferry to see me. Well do I mind the weather; for, although it might be then past the dead of the year, the winter was not, for weeks after, out of the dead thraws. The morning was bleak and the blast easterly, and there was a sprinkling of snow and hail on the tops of the hills, that betokened more of wind and wet than a solid rigour. In short, it was just as if winter were angry to think that spring was coming, and gowled her away.

Mr Roslin, it seems, had been detained at Greenock for some time, by a foul south-west wind; and everybody knows that Greenock, which is dreadfully addicted to south-westers, is, when they soak, a most wearisome place. He was then going back to the Americas—the stramash having ended in their independence; and, having nothing to do, thought he would come over to see me. But he paid dear for his pastime. The wind, which had been long squally from the south-west, changed into the easterly airt when he was in the ferry-boat; and when he left me to return to the ship in which he had taken his passage, she had availed herself of the easterly wind and sailed without him; which was surely a most hard thing, he having paid his passage. But no better could be expected; for the Yankees are not a people of a principle, not having an Establishment. It is hoped, however, that, in time, a candle will be lighted among them.

Mr Roslin, on his arrival at Greenock, finding he had missed his passage, was far demented; and sent me a scrape of a pen, to let me know his condition, and how his trunks were gone, and with them all his money—which, I understood, was in a kind of foreign coin called the ready—begging me to lend him a small supply, till he could hear from London.

I cannot say that I was pleased with this; and Becky was most peremptory in saying he should have no money, knowing, as we did, so little of him; adding, likewise, that surely he had a stock of impudence to think of applying to the like of us. But, when I came to think of him, a forlorn stranger in such a metropolitan place as Greenock, the carnality of my heart softened, and I had some doubts if it would be just Christian to let him perish in the streets of that town for lack of a morsel. The upshot was, that I resolved to go to Greenock myself, and, if I found him in an extremity, to break the back of a guinea-note upon him. Becky, however, was of opinion that I should take no notice of his letter at all; for, she said his writing to me was either an accident or offence, like those malefactions of which she read of in the newspapers, when she happened, now and then, to get the loan of one. Nevertheless, the more I thought of my duty, the more my feelings thawed; and, at last, out of a constraint of obligation, next day, I went to Greenock, so noted as it is for wet weather.

The mercy of Providence was very visible when I took my departure across the ferry; for the day was fine, and the lift as clear as a blithe lassie's glad blue eye. But nothing is steadfast in this howling wilderness.

As was to be expected, just as I got in sight of Greenock, it began to pour as if all the powers of the air had watering cans in their hands, watering, and the earth a hesp laid out to be bleached. In short, when I got to the inn where Mr Roslin put up, I was sorely steepit, all dripping—and, as I may say now in jocosity, no a roast of beef either. Umbrellas were not then created.

By the time I got to the inns, Mr Roslin had done with his dinner, and I catched him drinking wine out of a decanter, by himself; a thing I never evened my hand to, in the most disconsolate solitude.

He was glad to see me, however, as he said, and seemingly could not make enough of me; calling for a glass of brandy, which, he said, was better for my humidity than cold wine; and when I told him how I had come on purpose to temper, as it were, his affliction, he said that it was the very thing he thought I might do. Indeed, his gladness and sympathy, I'll never deny, put me on my guard; for the man, said I,

inwardly, that makes ower muckle of you, has either cheated you or intends it ;—so, notwithstanding I was as jocose as could be with Mr Roslin, I joined, in the words of Scripture, trembling with my mirth.

When I had taken the brandy, dried myself, and got the residue, as Mr Roslin said, of his dinner—which might have been a reasonable banquet for the Duke and Sir Alexander—I opened the intent and purpose of my coming ; the which, however, I must defer to another chapter.

CHAP. XV.

First and foremost, I began with a far-off moralizing anent the uncertainties of this life, and the troubles that man is born to, as the sparks fly upward ; which Mr Roslin fully admitted was most true ; adding, in a concerned way, that he had tasted the lot of human nature more acutely since his return to Scotland than he had ever thought to have done.

" All," said he, " that I formerly knew, when I went abroad more than fifty years ago, are gone. I was a stranger in the very settlement of my home—village I should call it ; there was not one being that I ever heard of. The very minister, an old, venerable, grey-headed man, was removed, and two, successively after his death, had filled his place."

" That," I replied, " no doubt accounts for your destitute condition ; all your friends being away, I really do not wonder at your dolorosity." But, although I spoke most sympathisingly, I girded my loins, and set a watch on the door of my lips, especially when he said—

" Now, this visit is most kind, and could not have been expected ; and yet it is no more than what I thought might be. Something runs before me, that I am not to be long for this world ; and, having nothing to do, waiting for your answer to my letter, I have been amusing myself in writing an outline of my will."

" That was very odd," quo' I, pushing my chair back.

" It was so ; and here it is. Among other friends whom I have learned to esteem in life, you will find yourself mentioned for a small token of my regard."

He then read :—" And, in testimony of the impression which his apostolic simplicity has made upon me, I request the Rev. Cowal Kilmun to accept of one hundred dollars, to buy a ring, and to wear it as a memorial of one who believed him to be a pattern of honesty and truth."

I looked at his feet ; but his shoes were like other people's ; nevertheless, I thought, if he had cloots, he might hide them. Oh ! I was feared ; saying to myself, " Surely the devil can do no good."

We then diverged into a less particular subject ; and, when it was about time to take a cup of tea, he ordered it in, and shook me cordially by the hand, saying, that, although he did wish I would visit him, it was a romance he had never expected to see fulfilled.

Afterwards, he became more like mortality ; and my dread wore off, insomuch, that I thought him a very sensible man, especially when he mentioned that he did not intend to apply to me for any money, till he heard from London ; by which I saw there would be time enough to meditate how best to jook him, before he calculated on being in need.

Thus, from one thing to another, till it was far in the night—the weather no mending, of course, for we were in Greenock—we grew into better acquaintance ; and I had my doubts at last, if I had done him even scrimp justice.

Towards ten o'clock, we resolved to part for the night ; and I was shewn to my bed-room, leaving him behind. About the small hours, I heard him also going to his room ; and, soon after, I fell asleep, never thinking that anything could be amiss ; for, although I was not at first content with him in my own breast, that dubiety had worn off towards the heel of the evening ; and when I bade him good night, he really appeared to be a very wiselike, weel-doing man.

In the course of the night, however, or rather towards the morning, I was molested with a great ringing of bells ; and, by and by, a waiter looked in on me, and cried that Mr Roslin was on the floor, in the jaws of death ; bidding me get up and come, which I was not long of doing ; and there was he lying in an apoplexy, with the complexion of a bandana pocket-napkin. Was not that very extraordinary ?

But, not to summer and winter on the catastrophe, the long and the short of it was that he departed this life in a short time—less than an hour ; and I was left with the dead body on my hands, not knowing what to do with it, being demented with consternation. Before, however, I proceed to relate the terrible things which ensued, it behoves me to make a few words of improvement on what had come to pass ; for as much will, no doubt, be expected from a person like me, whose duty it is, by his vocation, to turn the calamities of life to a profit.

First, then, it cannot be denied that Mr Roslin dying suddenly in the hands of strangers, was an event to make an impression on the hearts of professing Christians ; and,

Second, That his leaving, on so slight an acquaintanceship, a sum of money to me, to buy a mourning ring, was a most uncommon thing ; for the which there was, no doubt, a purpose, though he was taken away before that purpose was revealed.

The uncertainty of life was visible in his death ; and the wonders that come upon us like seeming chances, kythed in the provisions of his will ; of which I will have to be more particular when I describe what happened after his interment. But it was a stang in the vitals to think how I, a quiet country minister, dwelling in the peacefulness of my manse, should have been innocently drawn into such a slough of despond ; and shews, in a most edifying manner, that we know not what a day may bring forth.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

LINES WRITTEN BESIDE THE TWO OLD RUINED TOWERS OF DOVER CASTLE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1835.

BY JOHN WALKER ORD; AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND, A POEM."

How like a sleeping babe the sea lies spread,
And dallies with the breezes as they flow!
The glowing depths with heaven's rich hues are wed,
And kiss the shadowing clouds that wander slow,
And clasp the snow-white cliffs that to their caverns go!

Far, far, and wide is one wild waste of green,
Fresh waves that dance and leap about in glee;
White ships spread out their beauty to the scene,
And gentle sea-birds wander far and free—
Yea, every sight and sound speaks love and liberty.

Far other sights than these, ye mouldering walls,
Ye have beheld in your great strength and prime:
Oh, ye have heard the storm's tempestuous calls,
And Winter shouting to the ghosts of Time;
And the loud thunders rolling on their march sublime.

Full many a giant vessel, full of life,
And hope, and love, hath sunk into the sea;
Full many a shriek from out the tempest's strife,
Ye've heard from these proud cliffs that tower so free;
And the huge waves have come and dashed about your knee.

The cormorant and pet'ral shrill, from far,
Have mix'd their screams with shrieks of wo and death;
Mothers and little children, 'neath the war
Of winds and waves, have sighed their latest breath;
And wailing lovers sunk into the caves beneath.

Yea, when the winds have kiss'd each wreath of foam,
Or revell'd with the wanton wavelet's flow,
And when the tempest left its shatter'd home,
And smote the billows like a haughty foe,
Ye still have stood afar, and proudly gaz'd below.

A thousand years these towers have met the sun
And woo'd his latest ray; the tempest's tide
Could shake them not, nor winter snows o'errun
Their strength, nor lightning's fires subdue their pride;
To pierce their stubborn depths in vain the foeman tried.

Perch'd high, like eagles, on your lofty seat,
Vain was the cannon's thunder; all in vain
Gaul's legion'd hosts; in vain each boisterous threat:
England, to meet them, sent a glorious train,
Who from these watch-towers strove, and rul'd the hungry main.

Stanch patriots fought on every battlement,
And fear'd not for their country's good to die;
Their well-aim'd darts, like showers of hail, were sent,
And with strong hearts they did the foe defy;
Shedding their heart's blood fast for truth and liberty.

Yea, wind, nor wave, nor threatening foe, could ope
Your portals, nor dissolve your adamant stone:
But *Time* hath won at last; ye cannot cope
With *Time*:—The conqueror hath dragg'd ye down;
And now in vain laments to the night-winds ye groan.

Those ponderous arches *now* are shrunk to nought;
Those towering turrets now are moulder'd low;
Trench, moat, and battery, where brave heroes fought,
Scarce now have space to hold a single foe;
And, like two aged men, your hoary heads ye bow!

The owl within your hollows hath his nest;
The bat at midnight snuffs the ocean air
Within your crannies; at your shrivell'd breast
The ivy gnaws for food, and climbs each stair,
Though once the tramp of knights and warriors sounded there!

Where roar'd the cannon from its sulphurous throat,
Now bloom sweet wild-flowers, all in lovely show;
Where sounded the clear trumpet's shrilly note,
Now softest breezes wander to and fro;
And where poor captives groan'd, soft strains of music flow.

Ay, every work of man shall pass away—
Temple, and pyramid, and towering pile;
Colossal bust, cathedral—*all* shall pay
Their dues to Time, and feel his withering smile;
And kings themselves must rot beneath the marble aisle.

And Nature still is lovely—she is fair
And fresh as when these towers did first arise;
No gem hath fallen from her streaming hair;
There is no dimness on her glistening eyes;
Her lessons still have power to make us good and wise.

Green are the hills of Dover; green the grass
And trees as far as vision's bounds can go;
Brightly the murmuring streams and rivers pass
Along their banks, still singing as they flow;
And gaily hymn the birds from every forest bough.

The stars are spread along the front of night—
Its crown and diadem; the holy moon
Is fair as when these towers first met the light;
The sun rides high; blue are the heavens at noon;
And the low breezes greet the poet late and soon.

The sea it is a mirror for the sky,
And fairies move along each coral cave;
The heavens have bowers where saintly spirits lie,
And breezy groves where amaranths ever wave;
And an Almighty hand stretch'd forth to blight or save.

Farewell, ye sister towers! Ye bear a tone
And token of a might than you more strong;
A moral speaks from every mouldering stone,
That life, and love, and beauty last not long—
A voice as from the grave, echoes these walls among!

COMPARATIVE ECCLESIASTICAL STATE OF EDINBURGH AND LIVERPOOL.

In turning over the voluminous Report of the Commissioners on the Municipal Corporations, we have been struck with many features of resemblance between the ecclesiastical state of Liverpool and this city; though we must acknowledge that the abuses so loudly complained of in the former place, make but an insignificant figure when compared with those of Edinburgh. The town-council of Liverpool, like the Edinburgh town-council, possesses very extensive church patronage; and, like the *unreformed* council of Edinburgh, it has invested large sums of public money in churches, which, though they have enlarged the patronage of the magistracy, yield very poor returns. It is complained by the borough-reformers of Liverpool—in which

number is included every man not profiting by the existing abuses, or hoping to profit by them—that £122,000 spent in building churches, yields the revenue of the town only £1 per cent. interest; as many of the seats, not being required for the accommodation of the inhabitants, among whom are numerous Dissenters, (like those in Edinburgh,) remain unlet. Yet the extent of Established Church accommodation in Liverpool is nothing in proportion to that of Edinburgh; where the cry, at present, is for more churches, but especially for new endowments, to be saddled upon the general revenue of the State.

The present population of Liverpool, as given in the Parliamentary Report, is 205,981; a number greatly exceeding the whole population of Edinburgh and Leith, and all the villages and small towns in the neighbourhood. Again, the income of the corporation of Liverpool more than doubles that of Edinburgh. Its debts are comparatively trifling to those of this insolvent city; and both the population and public revenue of Liverpool are rapidly increasing. We need not particularly advert to the expensive tastes and habits of the wealthy classes in that prosperous and spirited community, as compared with those of this city. Yet the whole clergy appointed to the spiritual superintendence of this population of 205,981 souls, cost the corporation—that is, the town's revenue—only £5,208 a-year. And there is no compulsory rate for stipend to ministers, no odious *annuity-tax*, known in Liverpool; no monstrous imposition of the burden of supporting the whole clergy of the town upon a narrow section of the community, inhabiting a particular district of the town, and these the people least able to pay; and, moreover, often Catholics or Protestant Dissenters. Yet there are, in Liverpool, loud and just complaints of the way in which church patronage has been dispensed, or rather *jobbed*, exclusively for the benefit of the Tories, who have so long monopolized the municipal government, and that of their connexions and dependents. In the words of the Report—"The expenditure for religious purposes is exclusively for the benefit of the established sect; and the other appointments (lay appointments) are exclusively, or nearly so, to Tories and Conservatives." This is just as might be expected under the corrupt system of municipal government, where an alderman's son, or son-in-law, or a councillor's nephew, are quite as fortunate as reverend persons with similar propinquity were, until lately, in this city. Yet, in the rich, *unreformed* borough of Liverpool, these clerical favourites are paid very considerably under the rate complained of by the friends of the clergymen of Edinburgh; and this although the stipends of these Presbyterian ministers are wrung from the reluctant hands of the poorest class of the community who are able to pay at all; and proposed either to be continued as a perpetual tax upon the inhabitants at large, or to fall upon the State. But not only do the established ministers of this city already twice out-number those of Liverpool, in relation to the extent of the population under their respective charges, but the clergy of a church ambitious of outward splendour, living in one of the most expensive, showy, and prosperous cities in the three kingdoms, and having the cure of 205,981 souls, are paid at less than *half* the rate that is grumbled about by the advocates of ecclesiastical temporalities in this frugal Presbyterian metropolis.

The rich corporation of Liverpool divides, among its friends and relatives in the church, the gross sum of £4,488, lately increased to £5,208. These sums seem overrated when we examine the stipend paid to each minister, but the difference is accounted for by the creation of a new rectory and chapelry. And Edinburgh, in bankruptcy, divides equally among eighteen clergymen, having the spiritual charge of only 55,000 souls, £10,800. But say they superintended the entire population of Edinburgh, Leith, and the vicinity, and that there were no parishes of St Cuthbert's, Canongate, South Leith, North Leith, Corstorphine, Liberton, Duddingstone, and Colinton, clustering closely round Edinburgh, the excess of pay, as compared with Liverpool, would still be great—the entire population of the city, together with that of these suburban parishes, being only 173,774, and including the other *twenty-three* parishes of the county, only 219,600, of which by far the larger proportion are Dissenters. Within this circle, extending on an average from two to three miles from the centre of the city, there are no fewer than twenty-one parish churches, with twenty-nine endowed ministers, receiving annually of the public money, £15,030. To the number of parishes we have reckoned up—viz. thirteen in the city, and eight in the vicinity—other twelve, formerly chapels of ease, have lately been added, but are still without endowments from the State: namely, Buccleuch Parish, Newington, Stockbridge, Lady Glenorchy's, Gardner's Crescent, Roxburgh Street, New Street, Leith Wynd, Gaelic, St John's (Leith,) Portobello, Water of Leith; making thirty-three parishes in all, with forty-one ministers; besides six dependent chapels, supported by the ministers and sessions of the following parishes—namely, St George's, St Stephen's, College, Old Greyfriars', Liberton, and North Leith; and, within the same boundaries, there are sixty-one dissenting chapels, having sixty-nine ministers; making, in all, ONE HUNDRED PLACES OF WORSHIP, with *one hundred and sixteen ministers*, for a population of 173,774, or one church for every three hundred and fifty families;—yet we hear of the spiritual destitution of Edinburgh, and the necessity for more *established* churches; but, above all, for more endowed clergy! Not contented with receiving annually £15,030 of the public money, for the support of twenty-nine ministers, the church party are besieging Parliament with petitions for endowments to the above six chapels and twelve new-created parish churches, which are at present supported, on the voluntary principle, from subscriptions and seat-rents.

Edinburgh and suburban Parishes. *Population*, 173,774.

2	High Church,	£600
	Second Charge,	600
2	Old Church,	600
	Second Charge,	600
2	Tron Church,	600
	Second Charge,	600
2	St Andrew's Church,	600
	Second Charge,	600
2	Old Greyfriars',	600
	Second Charge,	600
1	College Church,	600
1	New North,	600
1	Tolbooth,	600
1	New Greyfriars',	600
1	Lady Yester's,	600
1	St George's,	600
1	St Mary's	600
1	St Stephen's,	600
2	Canongate,	260
	Second Charge,	260
2	West Church,	550
	Second Charge,	550
2	South Leith,	350
	Second Charge,	350
1	North Leith,	660
1	Duddingston,	250
1	Liberton,	400
1	Colinton,	300
1	Corstorphine,	300
		£15,030
29	Average stipend,	£518

New Parish Churches without Public Endowments, but for which Endowments are sought.

1	Lady Glenorchy's
1	Buccleuch
1	Newington
1	St Bernard's
1	Gardner's Crescent
1	Roxburgh Street
1	New Street
1	Leith Wynd
1	Gaelic
1	St John's, Leith
1	Portobello
1	Water of Leith
41	

Dependent Chapels without Public Endowments.

1	St George's Parish
1	Old Greyfriars' Parish
1	St Stephen's Parish
1	College Parish
1	North Leith Parish
1	Liberton Parish
47	

We have been thus particular about the demands of the ultra-church party in Edinburgh, taken in connexion with the existing Establishment, on account of the artificial prominence which the question of new endowments has obtained in Parliament, chiefly through the instrumentality of a few Church zealots, resident in Edinburgh. This small junto addressed circulars to all the clergymen in Scotland connected with the Establishment, requesting them to use the influence of their office in getting up petitions "in every parish, however remote, and among every population, however humble," in support of their scheme of church extension; and, in order to give their correspondents the least possible trouble, they furnished them with a choice of five different forms of petitions, ready to be signed and sent off to Parliament. The same junto sent pressing instructions to the members and elders of the Church, not to be contented with merely getting up petitions to lie for signature in the usual way, but to procure porters to go round from house to house, among their flocks, to procure signatures by personal solicitation. This call has been promptly and extensively acted on, and has resulted in several hundred petitions being forwarded to Parliament—a great proportion of them being exact transcripts of the forms sent to the different parishes for the purpose, and coming from parties who subscribed them merely because they were solicited to do so by persons whom they did not wish to disoblige. If the clamour for additional endowments be listened to by Parliament, some idea may be formed, from the example of Edinburgh, of the extent to which ultra-churchmen may be expected to push their claims. They openly avow that their object is, if possible, to crush Dissent, by holding out the bribe of far cheaper seats in the new-endowed churches, than are at present charged in Dissenting places of worship. In other words, they propose to tax Dissenters, and to employ their own money in ruining their congregations, by endeavouring to draw off the more mercenary part of their flocks, by the lure of cheap seats, which they can afford to offer, if the stipends be paid, as proposed, by the State.

In Liverpool we find nothing to match the existing extravagance of Edinburgh: yet *there*, we hear loud complaints of abuses in ecclesiastical matters, which the Municipal Reform Bill is to redress; and *here*, that the spiritual wants of the people are not provided for. In one sense, and that the only important one, this, alas! may be too true; but, notwithstanding the extravagant demands which we have pointed out, it cannot be that there are too few parish churches, or that for those endowments are too scanty. We shall contrast them with those of Liverpool. In that city, the newly-erected parish church of St Peter, and the chapel of St Nicolas, are considered the most *fashionable* places of worship. The near relationship in which the highest-paid clergy stand to members of the Liverpool common-council, is an edifying fact. The incumbent of St Peter's, (which is equivalent in *fashion*—for there are many *grades* in churches—to St George's, or St Stephen's, in Edinburgh,) the Rev. John Brooks, the rector, receives £350 a-year from the corporation; and the same sum is *annually* voted to him by the vestry. This last £350 is at their pleasure. He gains about £300 a-year more by surplice fees; which perquisites may be set against the royal chaplaincies, professorships, &c. &c., and other sinecure offices, emoluments, or pieces of preferment held by several of the Edinburgh ministers. Four services are performed every Sunday in this church, and prayers are read daily. The services are performed by the rector and two curates. He resides in the town, and has no other preferment. He is the *great*, or rather the *fashionable* clergyman

of the wealthy city of Liverpool. The minister of St Nicolas, the other *fashionable* place of worship, the Rev. Augustus Campbell, has nearly as much emolument; and exactly the same sum from the *public* funds, or £350; though it can be no rule that a rich congregation, such as may be found in Liverpool or in Calcutta, voluntarily and lavishly pay their clergymen. But the rectory of St Peter's, and the chapel of St Nicolas, are "the great prizes" in the Liverpool ecclesiastical establishment. To St George's Church, Liverpool, two clergymen are appointed; the first, the Rev. John Bougbey Monk, has a stipend of £420, with very trifling fees; the second, the Rev. Mr Leigh, has £315: neither of these gentlemen hold any other preferment;—there are two services on Sunday, and prayers on Saints' days. These, and all the other clergymen, *reside* in the town, and are bound so to do; and the town is divided into districts of *sick* visitation, of which every clergyman takes his own. St Luke's Church has also two clergymen, each of whom receives a stipend of £250 a-year. Both, of course, reside in the town, perform their duties, and hold no other preferment. St Michael's Church is on the same footing—£250 to each clergyman; but small emoluments are allowed for occasional duty. The senior minister of St Martin's receives £300 a-year; the second £200. Both (we need scarce repeat it) *reside*, do the duty personally, and have no other emolument. The first minister of St Thomas's has £220, and no other emolument; the second, the Rev. John Charles Prince, holds some Irish preferment; but this, we apprehend, has no more concern with his *stipend*, than royal chaplaincies and other sinecures have to do with those of the Edinburgh ministers. The minister of St John's, Liverpool, has £180; the minister of St Anne's, the Rev. William Blundell, £140, and he does the duty, of course, and has no other preferment.

The clergy of Edinburgh are not so grievously ill-paid, after all; though some of the clergy of Liverpool certainly seem under-paid. But this is not always the case. The Rev. John Case, the son of Alderman Case, a very *influential* gentleman, for a great length of time, in the corporation, was appointed lecturer of St George's, with a salary of £75, which was the sum fixed by Parliament, in a bill obtained for regulating the ecclesiastical affairs of Liverpool. The council, considering this a stingy grant, we suppose, generously voted an additional stipend of £240 a-year, to the favourite son of a favourite alderman; so very great a favourite, indeed, that, when a very young man, he was able to carry his lectureship, by first carrying the council with him, against Dr Pulford, a Doctor of Divinity, who had been curate of the church; but whose father was not an alderman. Mr Case afterwards became nearly blind, and the council, accepting of his resignation, voted him £210 a-year for life, or two-thirds of the stipend which he had enjoyed before.

Beside these churches, there is in Liverpool St Mary's Chapel, attached to the school for the indigent blind, the minister of which is entitled, by the act of Parliament, to a salary of not less than £300, nor more than £500.

Let us now take a general view of the ecclesiastical state of Liverpool, as compared with the deplorable condition of Edinburgh. For a population of 205,981, Liverpool has ten endowed parish churches, and the chapelry of St Nicolas:—these churches are served by eighteen ministers. With a much smaller population, Edinburgh and the vicinity has thirty-three parish churches, with forty-one ministers, twelve of them newly created, and demanding, but not yet having obtained, Parliamentary endowments. Or, take it the other way; and the city, consisting of a population of 55,000, has thirteen parish churches, with exactly the same number of clergymen as Liverpool for its 205,981 of population, or, in all, eighteen. But, among these eighteen Edinburgh ministers, there is divided, in equal proportions, the sum of £10,800 a-year; the most of which is raised by a compulsory and hated tax, from which the wealthy and privileged classes, consisting of writers to the signet, advocates, the established clergy themselves, senators of the court of justice, &c. &c., are legally exempted; and which falls chiefly upon those whose means are scanty, and whose consciences abhor the imposition. Upon Jews, Catholics, and the numerous sects of Protestant Dissenters, it falls. Now, in untaxed Liverpool, we shall see what an unreformed corporation, solvent and rich, and with double the revenue which Edinburgh ever possessed, pays to the clergy, and compare it with what is paid by the latter bankrupt community.

Liverpool. Population, 205,918.

1	St Peter's,	£350
1	St Nicolas',	350
2	St George's,	440
	Second charge,	315
2	St Luke's,	250
	Second charge,	250
2	St Michael's,	250
	Second charge,	250
2	St Martin's	300
	Second charge	200
3	St Paul's,	170
	Second charge,	105
	Third charge,	100
2	St Thomas's,	220
	Second charge,	165
1	St John's,	180
1	St Ann's,	140
1	St David's,	100
18		£4135

Average stipend, £230.

But the allowance of £210 to the late lecturer of St George's, Mr Case; and of £500 a-year to the incumbent of St Mary's chapel—for the maximum is paid—(if this stipend be paid at all by the corporation, for the thing is not clear)—with small allowances to the curates, chaplains of jails, &c., makes the present ecclesiastical charges of Liverpool, or what is paid in stipend, above £5000 a-year. As we have not before specially mentioned the three ministers of St Paul's, it is proper to notice that they all reside, all take their allotted district of sick visitation, in com-

mon with every clergyman in Liverpool, and that none of the three holds any other preferment. The minister of St David's, in addition to his £100 a-year, is chaplain to the Infirmary; for which he receives £25 a-year—a very moderate degree of remuneration when one considers the nature of the duty, and compares it with the retired allowance of Alderman Case's son.

But by far the most satisfactory and conclusive proof of the expense of the Scottish establishment, as compared with the English, for a population of the same extent, is obtained by taking the whole county of Edinburgh; which, including the city, in 1831, contained a population of 219,600, being only 13,619 more than Liverpool; but, from the rapid increase of that flourishing seaport during the last four years, its present population must exceed the present population of the county of Edinburgh. For the purpose of comparison, we shall consider them equal. In addition to the parishes already enumerated, the following *twenty-three parishes*, with the same number of ministers, must be added, namely—West Calder, Mid-Calder, Borthwick, Cairnton, Cockpen, Cramond, Cranston, Crichton, Currie, Dalkeith, Fala, Glencross, Heriot, Inveresk, Kirkliston, Kirknewton, Lasswade, Newbattle, Newton, Pennycuick, Ratho, Stow, and Temple. The lowest stipend in any of these parishes is £200, and the average may be stated at £265. Including these, the ecclesiastical expenditure of Edinburgh county, with its population of 219,600, will stand thus:—

29	City and suburban minsters, at	£518	£15030
23	Country parish ministers, at	265	6090
52	Ministers; average stipend,	£406	£21,120

It will be remembered that this enormous expenditure is incurred for the benefit of less than one-half of the population; considerably more than a half being Dissenters, who provide religious instruction for themselves, at their own expense. The Establishment consists chiefly of the wealthy, and the Dissenting congregations of the poorer classes. In short, the poor provide religious instruction for themselves, *exclusively* at their own expense, and, *in addition*, contribute as tax payers for the religious instruction of the rich, who attend the Established churches.

Now, we do not bring forward these plain facts with any design of mulcting the Edinburgh ministers; but that, in spreading light, we may also teach charity to those who exclaim and rail at sensible individuals—who would limit the numbers of these clergy to the actual demand, and yet allow them, on the average, above double the stipend given to the clergy of wealthy Liverpool—as anti-Christian and anti-social, if not infidels and blasphemers. At all events, it will be evident, that, if more churches and more endowments are required for Edinburgh, and a large annual sum from the general revenue of the State, then Liverpool must apply next, for it is in a much worse condition; and Manchester, again, with a population exceeding a quarter of a million, is as much behind Liverpool as the latter is behind Edinburgh in point of church accommodation connected with the Establishment. In all the towns and populous districts of England, there is a much greater scarcity of church accommodation than in the towns and populous districts of Scotland; yet there, as in Scotland, there is a large proportion of the existing accommodation unoccupied, the mass of the population who attend public worship being Dissenters.

So much has been said about the poverty of the Scottish Church, that many persons suppose the clergy are almost in a state of starvation. So far from this being the case, it may be affirmed, without the fear of contradiction, that neither in England nor Ireland, nor in any other country, can a district be pointed out of the same extent and population as the county of Edinburgh, in which the officiating clergy receive an equal amount of the public money. There is no public question on which such gross ignorance and delusion exists, as on the comparative poverty of the Scottish Church. So far as the working clergy are concerned, it is the richest church in the world. They are paid much larger stipends than their brethren in England and Ireland, who perform, or may be expected to perform, similar duties. It appears from the report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Church benefices, and the state of the clergy in the English Church, that 10,112 of the working clergy receive only £993,443, or, £98 : 4 : 10 each; while the non-working clergy, of whom 4224 are non-resident incumbents, who employ curates, and 1006 are resident, but also employ curates to officiate for them, receive upwards of two millions. But, adding these 5230 sinecurists, who receive large incomes for employing others to do their work, to the 10,112 working clergy, and, dividing the three millions equally amongst the 15,342 incumbents, the average stipend of each will be only £195.* The average stipends of the Scottish Clergy greatly exceed the average stipends of their English brethren, even including the non-resident rectors, and others who ought to perform, personally, the duties which they delegate to starving curates. The *minimum* stipend in Scotland is £150, with manse and glebe, and £200, without these appendages; and, if the teinds or commuted tithes do not amount to this sum, the difference is annually received from government, in terms of a recent act which the clergy succeeded in carrying through Parliament. About £265 is generally considered a fair average of their stipends during the last ten years.

It will be supposed that, with this multitude of churches and endowments in possession and in prospect, the clergy would be satisfied; but no—

* In addition to the above number of clergymen, there are Archbishops, Bishops, Deans and Chapters of Cathedrals, and other dignitaries, who have avowedly no duties to perform, who receive nearly another million among them: but, as the same classes do not exist in the Scottish Church, of course, no comparison can be made respecting them.

they declare, in the most solemn manner, that they will not be satisfied without a great addition, both to the existing number of churches and endowments. The "Church-extension" mania has taken such complete possession of their minds, that, in a printed report by a committee of the West-Church session, they recommend the erection of fourteen new churches in their own parish, to be built and endowed by a rate levied on all classes of Dissenters as well as Churchmen; and they broadly advocate the doctrine, that Dissenting places of worship ought not to be taken into account in estimating the existing church accommodation; that, on the contrary, the more Dissent has increased, the more urgent is the necessity for erecting a sufficient number of new churches, to accommodate the whole population capable of attending public worship, in order that all those who have strayed to the barren fields of Dissenter may be brought back to the rich pastures of the Establishment.

The Presbytery of Edinburgh, emulating the extravagance of their coadjutors of the West-Church parish, and goaded on by the Utopian dreams of the Rev. Dr Chalmers, insist on uncollegiating the five double charges within the city proper, for the purpose of providing ministers for five new churches, which they propose to erect, at the public expense, within the same district; although several of the existing churches are nearly empty, and not one of them has all the seats let. To sum up the whole, the ultra-church party in Edinburgh wish nineteen new churches erected and endowed at the public expense, and also endowments for the existing eighteen unendowed churches and chapels—in all, nineteen new churches, and endowments for thirty-two, in addition to the enormous sum they already receive of the public money. If their demands were acceded to, there would thus be an establishment of eighty-one churches, with eighty-four ministers, for a population equal to that of Liverpool, the most flourishing town in the kingdom, where the Establishment consists of ten churches, with eighteen ministers, each of them receiving about half the stipend of each of the ministers of the county of Edinburgh; and even this comparatively small cost, amounting only to £5208 per annum, is complained of, from the abuse of the patronage.

We understand the Church Commission now sitting in Edinburgh, has already received applications for building and endowing upwards of 500 new churches in different parts of Scotland. Allowing £200 a-year of stipend to each, the sum required for this purpose, at four per cent., would be equal to a capital of £2,500,000. If the cost of the churches, including the price of the ground and fitting up, were to amount, on an average, to £3000 for each, this would require an additional sum of £1,500,000; making, in all, four millions. Let the Liberal Members of Parliament watch this "Church-extension" job narrowly, and nip it in the bud; else it will prove an intolerable grievance to the country, as well as a great source of irritation to the Dissenters, who, unquestionably, form a large majority of the *Liberal* constituency both in England and Scotland.

It is proper to state that, in naming £600 as the stipends of the Edinburgh ministers, we have been guided by their recent answer to the Town Council, declining to take less than that sum, and preferring to take their chance of what they can collect, to taking less as a fixed arrangement. On an average of the last ten years, the stipends averaged £632 : 18 : 2; but, from the fall in rents, and the resistance to the payment of the annuity-tax, they do not amount to £500 at present. Some of the other stipends may be inaccurately stated to a small extent; but we are persuaded the *average* will be found very near the truth. We observe, by the Report of the Burgh Commission, which we have just received, that the stipends of the ministers of the Canongate have been understated.

THE SINLESS CAIN—A BALLAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

WHAT is that flesh-bound spectre,
Whose thoughts none understand?
The sleeping mastiff heareth
The shunn'd of every land.
The spirit in his famish'd eyes
Seems bare to sun and sky;
And insolence grows mad with pride
When that sad form comes nigh.

In every clime and country,
There lives a man of pain,
Whose nerves, like chords of lightning,
Bring fire into his brain;
To him a whisper is a wound,
A look or sneer, a blow;
More pangs he feels in years or months,
Than dunce-thronged ages know.

Yet pity speaks, like hatred,
Of him where'er he goes;
As if his soul were marble,
Men polish it with woes.

Though soft and warm as "weeping blood,"
And true his heart as truth,
They coffin winter in his thoughts,
And crown with snow his youth.

He drinks the wine of curses,
He eats reproach for bread,
The "fire unblown" of slander
Is flame upon his head:
So, in to-morrow's unmade grave,
He counts life's heavy hours;
While rancour makes his bed of snakes,
And mockery calls them flowers.

Amid the bless'd, a stranger,
Or foodless with his mate;
From home and hope an exile,
Or paid for love with hate;
All lonely, by some throng'd fire-side,
Or homeless in his home;—
Well may he wish to herd with wolves,
Or marry ocean's foam.

"Why was I given in marriage?"
Said Love, when he was born:
Behold him! the Benoni
Of glory's natal morn!
The mind of man shall be his shroud;
His life is deathless death;
Bleach'd on the surge of endless years,
He sighs—and hath no breath.

Why marvel that his spirit
Seems dry as dead men's bones?
That maidens fear his gestures,
And start to hear his tones?
Why marvel that, with maniac steps,
He moveth fast and slow,
If he was call'd a man of grief
Six thousand years ago?

By Babylonian rivers,
In Israel's dreadful day,
With soul bow'd, like the willows,
For prostrate Solyma—
He, saddest, sweetest bard of all
Whom God's dark wing had swept
From pride into captivity,
Remembering Zion, wept.

Ere Rome was, he wrote ballads
On Troy, the fate-o'erthrown;
And he will sigh for London
In manless ruin strown;
Then o'er Australia, hungering,
Poor waif of land and sea,
Ask bread through alleys yet unouilt,
Where London is to be.

Or from some Pandour'd palace,
That looks o'er slaves afar,
Say to his royal legions—
"Go, tame the earth with war!"
That unborn scribes may write again
The tale of chain'd or free,
Unless mankind, meantime, recant
Their blood-idolatry.

Behold him! Say, what art thou
Whose thoughts none understand?
The sleeping mastiff hears thee,
Thou scorn'd of every land.
Famine, that laid thy vitals bare
To wind, and sun, and sky,
Sees nothing sadder than thy cheek,
Or wilder than thine eye.

What art thou? Did thy boyhood
Cull shells on Severn's side?
Art thou "the wondrous stripling
That perish'd in his pride?"
Or art thou he whom wonder call'd
The Avonian's youthful peer,
The second Shakspeare?—"Bread! oh, bread!"
Poor Otway!—it is here.

Thou changest. Art thou Dante,
The famed in peace and war,
Whom weeps ungrateful Florence,
Beneath her mournful star?
Then hast thou known "how sad the sound
Of feet, on strangers' stairs—
How bitter strangers' bread" to him
Who eats it, and despairs!

What!—Canning? Scoundrel-murder'd,
And mixing still with fools!
Who would not be a genius,
To manage harpies' tools?
Who would not soothe a State, to shield
A harpy-bullied throne?
And die, consum'd in fire from heav'n,
By palaced beggars blown?

Thou changest. Trampled Hargreaves!
Rejoin thy nameless dust;
Not even to the lifeless
Will cruel man be just.
Changed? Thought-worn Crompton! thy sad face
Casts gloom on cloudless day;
Fool even in death! why linger here?
Trade's meek reproach, away!

Stayst thou amid the fortunes
Which thy scorn'd genius made,
To hear a Peel or Arkwright
Cry, "Manacles for trade?"
Or can it please thy pensive soul
To meet an upstart's eye,*
And see the reptile stalk erect,
A wealth-rewarded lie?

Thou changest. Art thou Byron,
Who barter'd peace for stone?
And *didst* thou wed a shadow,
To perish all alone?
Chang'd? Art thou he, once many-thron'd,
Who wifeless, sonless, died,
While son and wife walk'd, clad in smiles,
His paltry foe beside?

Again thou changest. Sad one!
How want-worn is thine hand!
No diadem *thou* wearest,
Thou scorn'd of every land!
The eagle in thy famish'd eyes
Looks faintly on the sky;
And insult waxeth red with rage,
As thy pale form draws nigh.

SHEFFIELD, 23*d September* 1835.

* Think of a grandchild of Crompton going to a Peel or an Arkwright, or other dunghill-sprung bread-tax eater, for parish pay!

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

CHAP. XI.—LITTLE FANNY BETHEL.

THERE is not a more weather-proof man in London than myself; or one who, in all weathers, has more contempt for the Cockney comforts of omnibuses, cabs, and all chance lifts whatsoever; from the dignity of "a friend's carriage" to a "set down" in the family apothecary's snug one-horse chaise. Yet, in one or two days of every year—those few days which have a sensible effect in thinning the rolling human tide which sets in from Temple-Bar, through Fleet Street and the Strand—I am sometimes—in spite of the protective powers of my famous umbrella—induced, knowingly, to give Nurse Wilks' remonstrances the credit of a temporary confinement; and to remain for a whole morning in my apartment, with no better society than a good sea-coal fire, nor more amusing companion than my old "Diaries." My readers know that these are kept in useless ledgers, crossed and re-crossed in choice hieroglyphics of my own invention. I trust none of my admiring friends—to vindicate the credit of their own sagacity in having distin-

guished me—will, after my death, present these tomes to the British Museum. They would assuredly puzzle future antiquaries more than the celebrated Rosetta stone. The key to that has, I believe, been found ; but I defy any future Champollion to discover that the violet and the oak sapling, which illuminate my page 486, signify Little Fanny Bethel and somebody else.

In running over this aforesaid ledger, I am sometimes tempted to believe that I shall have a long account one day against my thriving brother James, the rich solicitor, for trouble taken and anxiety endured in his matters. He gets off by alleging that I never undertake any *job* for him unless I first take a fancy to it myself. He would insinuate that, in business affairs, I am little more than an amateur performer, and will play nothing save my own favourite pieces, and those in my own time ; and that, in the particular case of the little Allahbad Bethels, upon which I raised a special claim, I was certainly a volunteer. It may have been so. The protracted silence of the relatives of two very young orphan creatures gave scope and leisure for anxiety upon their account to any one who chose to take interest in them. I had undertaken to communicate to their uncle, Mr Bethel, then at Baden, the death of his brother in India. This event had been followed, in a few days, by that of the widow ; and the children, through the kindness of friends in the regiment of their father, had been sent to England by a public subscription. They were now on the high seas, *consigned* to the care of their late father's agent in London, Mr James Taylor. The gist of my epistle was :—" Rich and powerful elder brother, what is to be done with your younger brother's orphan children? You are head of the house ; its fortunes have devolved to you in consequence of your rights of birth ; but you have the feelings of a Christian and a brother, and the principles of an honest man. You know your duty."—It was a well-worded epistle enough ; but having been three times read and admired, and having received the praises of my sister Ann, I had the discretion to burn it, notwithstanding ; and to adopt, with slight alteration, that concocted officially by my brother's clerk, George Roberts, which contained only the needful. I was aware of being upon ticklish ground with Mr Bethel.

While he was pondering our information at Baden, the Indiaman, by which the little orphans were coming home, was encountering heavy gales in the Channel ; and, though not absolutely wrecked, the vessel was so much damaged, that it was found necessary to lighten her, as she lay off Margate. As many of the passengers as could get off in the pilot boats had landed ; and the captain and subordinate officers, too much occupied by their heavy and responsible duties, had sent their little passengers to a hotel in Margate, together with their *Ayah*, or Hindoo nurse-maid ; and, by a hasty note, informed my brother that they must immediately be taken away. Ay, taken away ! But whither ? Baden was mute ; and the Rectory of Stockham-Magna gave no sign. In it resided another family of Bethels—" more than kin and less than kind."

" No independent provision for the poor little things at all !" sighed my ever good-hearted indulgent sister-in-law. " But military men can save so little now in India, with reduced allowances and increased expenses."

" I shall never forgive Tom Bethel, though, for not insuring his life," said my brother. " I urged him to it before he embarked, five years ago. Were it but a thousand pounds, it might have educated the boy at some cheap Yorkshire school ; and surely the friends will take the little girl !"

"The *friends!*" I repeated ; for this name for the aggregate Bethels of the Hall and the Rectory sounded at this time oddly to me, in relation to the children at Margate. But they must be taken away, and I was upon the road in the next hour.

The Bethels of ——shire were one of those stanch, far-descended families of wealthy English commoners, who, from pride of birth and Jacobite politics, had disdained to veil a name so long distinguished in county annals under a modern title. They had even shunned the alliance of new-made nobility. But they had been much less successful in warding off the inroads of modern habits of expense. With their large estates, their church livings, and their West India property, the Bethels had been a struggling family for two generations ; and, in the third, this began to be severely felt. It had been a family custom—existing from the reign of Henry VIII., which had brought the Bethels a liberal share of the general "spoliation" of that period—to reserve the best of the *family*-livings for the younger sons of the *family*—the second son being, in general, preferred. But, in the last generation, my gay acquaintance, Tom Bethel, between admiration of a dragoon uniform and saddle, and some compunctious doubts about his own vocation to the Church, had committed the indiscretion—as his college friends called it—of allowing the third brother, John, to take orders, and step into the living of Stockham-Magna, which, of itself, was worth above a clear £800 a-year. " Indiscretion," and " great indiscretion," were the phrases of Tom's mother and sisters, with whom his fine temper and handsome person made him a favourite. This act was afterwards called in the family, " Tom's generosity ;" for John, though much more cautious, had imprudently married a young woman of birth equal to his own, with exactly nothing between them, save the hopes derived from Tom's vocation to glory. In due time, the Reverend John, who, his mother soon discovered, had a decided call, settled soberly down in the Rectory ; gave up fox-hunting, to which, as a ——shireman, he had been born ; exchanged the trifle of chicken hazard, into which he had been seduced by his brother's fashionable guests, for a quiet, earnest rubber of whist, with a few pleasant neighbours ; and, had the family interest been as good as in the reign of the Charleses, bade as fair to die a bishop as any preceding Bethel of the stock.

The Dowager Mrs Bethel informed those of her Cheltenham correspondents who were of a serious character, that her son, John, was a most exemplary and pious clergyman; and they *reciprocated*, that he was, indeed, an ornament to the Church of England, and one who, by his piety and learning, would adorn the mitre. His sermon at Brighton had made the proper impression in the *proper* quarter.

When Captain Bethel, about two years after his love-match, visited his relations previous to embarking for India, his young wife, who, though she still thought Tom "divinely handsome" in his dragoon uniform, had also felt the slightest possible pinch of poverty, exclaimed, as they drove from the Rectory, "What pity, dear Tom, that you conceived such an aversion to the Church! —Stockham Magna would have been a paradise to us—and so near all our friends!" "I chose rather to die a general—and to plunder the enemy, instead of fleecing my flock, Frances," returned Lieutenant Bethel. And, with hopes of being a general, he did die a captain. Mrs Bethel gave a long, lingering, farewell look to that charming place, where she could willingly have left her little girl, the infant Fanny; but, as she told us in passing through London, neither her mother-in-law, the dowager, nor Mrs John Bethel, had once spoken of her infant, deadly as India was to children.

People will die in England as well as in India, even though living in a comfortable Rectory, drawing great tithes and small, and in momentary expectation of golden prebends. Mr John, now the Rev. Dr. Bethel, followed his mother to the grave, some months before the death of his brother in India. His wife, though she had rashly entered the family, had gained the esteem of its leading members, Mr Bethel and his lady; and, when she was left a widow with three young children, things were arranged pleasantly to her, by the appointment of the same young cousin to the living who had preached Dr Bethel's funeral sermon. She continued to reside at the Rectory, as before; and the intimacy between the family at Bethel's Court and that at the Parsonage, became more cordial and intimate than it had ever been during the life of the excellent and venerated person, as he was called in the funeral sermon, who had formed the bond of union. It was whispered in the tea and card circles of Wincham—the neighbouring market town, a place of great ecclesiastical antiquity, and, until the era of schedule B, of great political *consideration*—that Mrs Dr Bethel had a still deeper concern in the great and small tithes of Stockham-Magna, than arose from her continued residence in the Rectory. But this amounted nearly to that ill-defined crime called simony; and the rumour had clearly originated with one or other of the five Misses Roach, sisters of the whilom principal surgeon of Wincham, who, when attending the lady at the Hall in a sudden illness, had, as the reward of his skill and assiduity, obtained a half promise of the living for his son and their nephew:—it was, therefore, liable to question, if not to doubt. No one in Wincham would or could believe that Mr Bethel, with his high-church principles and high gentlemanly feelings, could wink at an arrangement which spared his own purse, by fixing his brother's family upon the new incumbent. It was not to be credited. But, at the same time, it was agreed, on all hands, that Mr Whitstone, the new Rector, was the most generous of cousins, and that Mrs Dr Bethel and her children still lived in the same comfort and elegance which they had enjoyed during the life of her husband.

Sales by piecemeal, and mortgages by wholesale, had nearly eaten up the family estates of the Bethels: but Mr Bethel still derived a very large income from the estates which his lady, also a Bethel, of a younger branch, had brought into the family; though the tenure by which they were held constituted the greatest cross which he and his wife were destined to bear. At her death, without children, they went to yet another branch of this far-spread stock; and Mrs Bethel had given no heir to the united properties. The want of children, in a great and ancient family, like that of the Bethels, is always a subject of infinite interest to the kindred, and of concernment to the whole neighbourhood. In ordinary circumstances, Mrs Dr Bethel of the Rectory might have submitted to the will of Heaven, under a misfortune which brought her own son next in succession:—after "Tom's boy in India," indeed, though a child there was hardly worth reckoning upon. But, as the family stood, she would far rather that a cousin-german of her daughter's should be at the head of this fine property, than that it should pass away to a lad in the North, whom no one knew anything about. Her sincere sympathy in this common family affliction of Bethel's Court, had advanced her in favour there; but it was her aversion to the unknown heir presumptive, sometimes laughingly insinuated, and at other times seriously betrayed, as if by accident, when prudence and good-breeding were conquered by strong feeling, that confirmed her influence at the Hall.

Mr and Mrs Bethel, still a fashionable, but not now a gay couple, had lived a good deal on the continent for several years; during which period, their clever sister-in-law was their confidant and manager in all domestic affairs. It was, therefore, to her that Mr Bethel wrote, upon receipt of my brother's letter, regarding the disposal of the orphan children. We were afterwards told that he was much affected by the loss of his only remaining brother, whom he had always loved better than the Rev. John; and that, in the first impulse of tenderness, he proposed to take the children home;—but his lady prudently referred to her sister-in-law.

In the meantime, I reached Margate without any remarkable adventures. These are, indeed, become as rare in England as the wild boar or the wolf.

What a pretty image is that of Campbell!—

> Led by his dusky guide,
> Like Morning brought by Night.

I prevented it being literally realized to me;

for I ran up stairs to the parlour, where the fair little people whom I sought sat upon the carpet, in the lap of their dusky guide; the amusement and delight, with their strange speech and pretty voices and ways, of all the chamber-maids and waiters of the establishment. The little English speech among the three was possessed by the lovely fairy creature afterwards known among us as "Little Fanny Bethel." She was, at this time, not more than six years old, small and delicate of her age; and with the tender pale rose tint of children who have been born, or who have spent their childhood in India. She started up on my approach, advanced a step, and then timidly hung back, raising her mild and intelligent grey eyes with a look of doubt and deprecation. I was more struck with the remarkable expression of the countenance of the little maiden than with the loveliness of her features, and the flood of silky fair hair, which contrasted so singularly with the bronzed complexion and dark eyes of the squat attendant upon whose shoulder she shrunk back. Her heart, revealed through her eyes, gave out meanings which it was impossible that she could herself have apprehended. Her feminine instincts, child as she was, had far outstripped her understanding; and she looked at me with a perplexed consciousness that her fate was in my hands—that she was a friendless orphan among strangers. Happy confidence—or be it credulity, still thrice blest credulity of childhood, which throws itself, in boundless trust, into the bosom of whatever approaches it wearing the smiling semblance of kindness! Little Fanny's brow and eyes cleared and brightened at my frank accost, and she voluntarily continued to hold by the hand which she had kissed in a pretty fashion of her own. Poor little thing! my heart already yearned over her; her kiss was more loving than a lover's.

In a very few seconds, nothing seemed to affect Fanny, save a feeling of sisterly responsibility for the manners and bearing of her little brother, in whose behalf she wished to bespeak my kindness, while she introduced him to me. Tom, who, from the lap of his nurse, had been anxiously eyeing the visiter, was a bold, resolute-looking urchin, with a square and very broad forehead, which he knitted into a most martial frown, when I attempted to take the hand that he clenched and drew back. Master Tom's attitudes were as valiant in defiance as his sister's had been gentle in deprecation; but, as I am not apt to fall in love with strangers at first sight myself—nor fond of your very civil and demonstrative people—I winked at Tom's repulse, and wisely forebore pressing my attentions until they might be welcomer. I was already amused by the little maiden, who, with a look of indescribable childish blandishment, whispered in Hindostanee, and caressed the little fellow, as if coaxing him not to throw away his friend in foolish passion, until Master Tom laughed out with returning good humour, and looked so much handsomer when shewing his white teeth, and a mouth wreathed with smiles and dimples, that I made a second attempt to introduce myself, which again instantly overclouded him and grieved Fanny.

"Poor Tom is so young—dear little fellow!" she whispered in her liquid infant voice, and in a tone between apology, coaxing, and entreaty, which might have melted a savage. I felt that, if all the world were like myself, the faults of turbulent Tom stood a good chance of being forgiven, were it but for the sake of sweet Fanny. While this passed, the *Ayah* was gesticulating even to sputtering, and addressing me in those shrill tones, which, had I not been well accustomed to overhear the colloquies of my fair neighbour, Mrs Plunket, the Irish orange-woman—a title, by the way, this of *Orange*-woman, Peg has, of late, mightily resented—I should have imagined arrant scolding; especially as her dark eyes continually flashed from me to the children, and gave out lurid fire in the course of her appeal. So far, however, as Fanny could interpret Hindostanee, the discourse of the Ayah was the very reverse of hostile. It was compassionate and complimentary of herself—a daughter of Brahma—upon her sacrifices for the sake of the children, and her exceeding condescension in coming into contact with a vile, degraded, and filthy hog-eating race of Europeans.

I procured some warm clothing for the half-naked children, by the kindness of the landlady; and we set out for London, to which I intended to return by Chatham, that Mrs Walpole, and my friend, Governor Fox, might see his old friend Tom Bethel's children. If I was not legacy-hunting, I was friend-seeking for my pretty charge. The Ayah sat in the bottom of the carriage, by her own request; and Fanny, keeping constant possession of my hand, looked from one window, while Tom hallooed from another, as we bowled through the rich meadows and farmy fields of the Isle of Thanet, as light-hearted and happy as if the fondest parents and the most genial home were awaiting us at our journey's end. Tom, by this time, did me the honour to suppose I could play the *tom-tom* very well, and to command a specimen of my powers when we should get *home;* and, with his sister's aid as interpreter, he communicated many things very interesting to himself, which had taken place at Allahbad, or upon the voyage. Without anything approaching the grace, sweetness, and infant fascination of little Fanny, Master Tom was a manly and intelligent child; and, as the brother and sister, having sung a Hindostanee air and said their prayers, fell asleep in my arms, worn out by their own vivacity, I could not help philosophizing upon the state of society, or rather of factitious feeling, which made a horse, a picture, or a necklace, a mark of conventional distinction—yea, the merest trifle—be considered so important by their high-born relations; and those lovely and engaging creatures, gifted with such admirable powers and wonderful faculties, be considered a burden and a plague. There is nothing of so little real value, save for a few years to the ori-

ginal owners, as those small rudiments of the lords of the creation. The value of every other commodity is better maintained in polished society, than what is surely, in mistake, called the noblest and most valuable of all. Had Tom and Fanny been a brace of spaniels, or cockers of the King Charles or Marlborough breed, how much easier it would have been to dispose of them!

Governor Fox kept us a day, and treated us with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Black Sam, whose amusing tricks probably reminded Tom of his Indian *bearer*, ingratiated himself with the Ayah and the children; and the Governor yielded so far to the infantine fascination of little Fanny, as to present her with a lapful of his favourite African curiosities; while he privately assured me, that, if Madam Bethel and the rest failed to do the handsome thing by Tom's babies, why then, he was a bachelor without chick or child, and he would shew them Northamptonshire! This he again solemnly repeated as he put us into the coach for London; and I was not disposed to forget it; for the Governor was none of your smooth-lipped professing persons. His word was his bond—and it carried interest, too.

The orphans were received with genuine motherly kindness by my sister Anne, to whom Tom at once gave that place in his affections and confidence which it had taken me three days to acquire. Even yet he admitted of no personal contact, but returned a salute as often with a blow as a caress. The first trial of the children in London, was parting with their dark nurse, for whom we found an opportunity of returning home with a family going out to India. It was Tom's boast that he cried first when *Moomee* sailed away *home;* but it is certain that Fanny cried longest. The quick sensibility of this child was less remarkable than the tenacity of her grief, which broke out afresh when thus reminded of the loss of "poor mamma," by the absence of Moomee. Time, the gracious balm-shedder, usually does his work of healing rapidly with patients under seven years of age; but it was not altogether so with Fanny Bethel; and Tom's perverseness was almost welcome to us as a diversion of her sorrow. Yet Tom's rebellion scarcely deserves so hard a name. Accustomed to a train of Indian attendants, anticipating every wish, studying every glance, and following every movement like silent shadows, Master Tom, in a London nursery, felt like a deposed prince, and quite as ready to play the tyrant when an occasion offered. The turbulence, caprice, and open rebellion in which he had been encouraged by the Ayah, had threatened to subvert the mild despotism of Mrs Gifford, my sister's confidential nurse, who, for eighteen years, had been as supreme above stairs, in her legitimate territory, as was my brother's will in the parlour, or his wife's pleasure in the drawing-room. Master Tom had, in a rage, torn her best lace cap, threatened to throw her shawl on the fire, and kicked her shins. The free-born spirit of an English nurse could not brook such treatment. "Did Master Tom fancy she was one of his black nigger slaves?" So, if he kicked, she cuffed; while poor little Fanny was the deepest, if not the only sufferer of the three. What was sport to Gifford and Tom, was to her death. Soothing down Tom's passion, pleading and apologizing to Gifford, and weeping, while, like the Sabine women, she threw herself into the strife, little Fanny would clasp her brother and address the nurse, whispering, in that voice which no one could resist—"Poor Tom is *so* young, dear little fellow—and he has no mamma now to make him good." It was then the subdued Gifford's turn to apologize; while Tom himself would volunteer a fraternal kiss, as if already manfully conscious that the slightest atonement, on his part, ought to be thankfully received by Fanny. This is a lesson which little brothers learn with astonishing facility, even when it is not directly taught, and sometimes when the very reverse is apparently inculcated. "Gentle and easy to be entreated," Fanny appeared the obliged party upon all such occasions of general reconciliation; for, to her sweet nature, sullenness or unkindness was the bitterest form of suffering. To live surrounded with cold hearts and scowling or averted eyes, was blighting and misery. In the few weeks the children remained with us, Fanny endeared herself to our whole circle; nor did Tom want friends and admirers, who were willing to place his faults to an Indian education. Along with little Fanny's singular sweetness of nature, was the fascination of her ever wakeful and watchful affection for her infant brother. She already seemed his unconscious guardian angel, whose salutary influence over his wayward moods was daily upon the increase. Though Tom, in his violent fits, would meet a sugar plum, a sugared promise, or a menace, alike with a blow, he would look serious and try to command himself, when he perceived how much he afflicted Fanny.

While the children were displaying their natural characters in such childish ways, Mrs Dr Bethel was making her calculations at Stockham-Magna; the result of which was, offering to take charge of Fanny, and to educate her along with her own two daughters. But, for the boy! "She was indeed at a loss what to do with her own son—women were so inadequate to training boys even in their infant years." It was not unreasonable to imagine that Mr Bethel would charge himself with the education of both his nephews; and it is certainly easier to receive a little girl into a family where there are already girls, than to maintain a youth at school and college. In the following week, I escorted the children and my sister, who now made a long-promised visit, to Stockham-Magna. We had a charming excursion. It was now near midsummer—the pride of the year in the pastoral and woodland country we traversed. And then the Rectory of Stockham-Magna itself! I had never seen so picturesque, so natural, so perfectly English a resting-place for the musings of divine philosophy—for dignified intellectual repose and calm meditation. Neither the district nor the particular spot boasted any bold original features of scenery. A grassy

vale, or, as probably, a rushy one, a stream, and a few knolls and slight inequalities of surface, formed the groundwork from which this abode of learned leisure and pastoral care had been fashioned out centuries before, and gradually moulded into its present beauty. Episcopalian care had preserved and perfected what Popish taste had projected and so far completed; and Time, with his ripening and mellowing touches, had harmonized the whole. The buildings were of what is called the Elizabethan age—a phrase which I defy any man to define; though, popularly, it is very well understood in its application to whatever form of dwelling, be it manor-house, farm-house, or parsonage, that is irregular and antique, graced with tall clustered chimney stalks, quaint windows, and an infinity of intricate adjuncts, forming a picturesque whole. But, if those arched and lancet windows and doorways, glancing from the rich sylvan garniture of ivy and trailing plants, like the bright face of a young beauty half veiled by her dishevelled ringlets, were of the happy age of Elizabeth—for I hold them of much older date—surely those magnificent trees were of more ancient growth. Both looked as if they had flourished in undisturbed tranquillity for centuries. The old walnut trees, of prodigious size, which stood near the house, were probably finer specimens of their kind than those avenues of beeches leading to the "willowy brook" and piece of water, (beyond the massy garden walls,) in which the swans, at this hour, appeared floating as in an inverted sky, or as if nestling among the trembling shadows of the bordering trees. And every thing was so trim, and in such high yet easy and enjoying habitable order—there was such entire freedom, with unobtrusive neatness. My pretty companions were enchanted, as I imagined, with the first view of their future home; but I subsequently discovered that the small delicate spaniel and the greyhound had attracted my friend Tom's regard, while Fanny rejoiced in those troops of doves that, on the porch-roof and at every "coigne of vantage," were cooing, in drowsy murmurs, as they luxuriously basked in the sun. Truly some small portion of that part of the national wealth called the great tithes of Stockham-Magna, could hardly be better expended than in preserving the beauty and order of this ecclesiastical abode, had it been no more than as a picture and ornament to the neighbourhood. Dear, good, and haply honest and enlightened church-reformer, wheresoever your zeal may carry the besom and direct the ploughshare, do, in the name of natural taste and gentle antiquity, spare me the Rectory of Stockham-Magna! By the memory of the solemn festivals and holiday tides, and the wakes and processions which it has witnessed—by the ever-fresh beauty of that terraced garden—by those clipt monster yews, and that box-hedge, broad and high as the walls of ancient Babylon, the wonder and pride of the county—by that quaintly-carved, heavy dial, with its rich and cumbrous masonry:—by all this, and by the mightier conjuration of the memory of good men's feasts, and of those social charities which, long gathering in a hundredfold, dispensed at the rate of ten or five—spare me this one cosie nest of the life called holy and the leisure named learned;—this pleasant land of drowsihead, where a succession of mild, gentlemanly persons for generations lived a tranquil, elegant, semi-sensual life, undisturbed by Methodists, Ranters, Radical prints, and the Schoolmaster:—spare me but this one memorial of the times when as yet the reverential peasantry had not surmised, that warmer affection for their pigs and corn-sheaves emanated from the Rectory, than for either the comfort of their bodies or the care of their souls.

The appearance of a lady's cap, at one of the embowered lower windows, must have recalled the wandering attention of little Fanny, and the noise of the chaise-wheels on the instant brought all the Bethels of Stockham-Magna to the porch, to welcome the orphans of Allahbad. "Oh, Tom, do be a good boy!" whispered Fanny, kissing him, as she anxiously adjusted his shirt-frill, and shaded back his hair, while the carriage drew up.

"Aunt Bethel" performed her part very well. She received the orphans in her maternal arms with good and graceful effect; spoke not much; and, while she gave her hand to my sister, suppressed the starting tears. Fanny pressed her lips to the lady's hand in her own sweet fashion; and, alarmed at Tom's sturdy backwardness, whispered, in her pretty imperfect English, her wonted apologetic—"Tom is *so* young, poor little fellow!—and he has no mamma now to make him good." Every one was melted. Her two cousins, Harriet and Fanny, affectionately kissed "Allahbad Fanny," and shook hands, almost in spite of him, with Tom, whom their brother Henry soon carried off on some boyish quest—Fanny's eyes anxiously following them, as if she were afraid that her turbulent charge might, in some way, compromise himself with these new friends, even in the first hour. The ladies were now engaged in conversation; and it was from me, to whom she sidled up, that Fanny entreated leave to follow "poor Tom." The leave was instantly granted by Mrs Bethel; and the children, in the glow of novelty, went out in a group. It was now that my sister eloquently expatiated upon the sweet disposition and affectionate nature of little Fanny, her gentle docility, and remarkable attachment to her little brother. "Poor little creatures! they love each other the better for having nothing else to love!" was her concluding observation, while tears glistened in her eyes. My good sister, perhaps, shewed more tenderness than discretion in thus addressing the future patroness of Fanny; but that lady, a rigid and zealous worshipper of all the family of the Decorums and Proprieties, performed her part to admiration—neither overdoing, nor yet falling short of what ought to be expected from her, or was due to position and circumstances.

Our stay, which was to have been for a fortnight, was with difficulty prolonged to a week.

My sister, upon hearing that some of her children had colds, affected fully as much home-sickness as she really felt ; for the studious observance of every rite of hospitality, and the most scrupulous politeness, did not compensate for a certain feeling of restraint, a lack of that frank, social cordiality which it is much easier to understand than to explain. Our mutual sympathy on these points, and our affection for the orphan children, made us both sedulous though tacit observers of the characters of those among whom they were thrown.

In the disputes which early arose between the boys, though Mrs Dr Bethel, like a female Brutus, gave judgment against her own son, on consideration of Tom being a spoiled child, of little more than half his age, it was easy to see to which side her heart inclined. Then, Tom, with his tricks and wilfulness, kept her in a state of perpetual nervous apprehension. He was for ever in perils or scrapes, and seducing his cousins into like adventures. Nature had stamped him a bold, resolute, daring imp ; and his five months' voyage had confirmed the tendency. Now he was tumbling into the pond ; now embarking in tubs on voyages of discovery ; next plunging into the dog-kennel, or running among the horses' feet ; and, by his example, encouraging Henry to climb the walnut trees, up into which the unbreeched urchin would leap like a squirrel, laughing at the screams and remonstrances of nurse-maids and cousins. But Fanny was naturally as tractable as Tom was rebellious. It was astonishing how soon she learned, as if by instinct, that she was to have no will, no property, no pleasure, that was not at the sufferance and mercy of her cousins ; because her namesake, Frances, was " such a child," and Harriet's health " was so delicate." It was equally astonishing how quickly Tom, as if by a similar instinct, constituted himself her champion, and did battle for her rights, in the nursery or the garden, in spite of herself, and long before he understood the language of those around him who were invading them. Among the toys which Fanny had brought from London, was a Dutch milkwoman in complete costume, which Harriet, who loved everything that was novel, and admired whatever was not her own, appropriated without much ceremony ; and which Tom reclaimed with even less. In the struggle, the Dutch lady was denuded, and Harriet, who was at the age when children shed their teeth, lost one of hers in the fray, and was brought bleeding into the drawing-room, fol lowed by a maid dragging in the sturdy culprit, accompanied by the weeping Fanny. One might have excused a mother for being at first alarmed and offended, though the criminal was almost an infant ; but what came out, in the course of investigation, ought to have produced a more impartial judgment and a mitigated punishment.

But Harriet's tooth was gone, and it had been followed by a few drops of blood and torrents of vengeful tears ; and she protested that she did not mean to keep the Frau Jansen—the Dutchwoman, and the unlucky Helen of this new Trojan war ;—but only for a day or so, to look at her. Tom was summarily adjudged to solitary confinement in the housemaid's broom closet, on the attic floor, and was led off, persisting in dogged silence, while Fanny sobbed as if her little heart would burst. From that hour, open hostilities were proclaimed between Tom and the family, which never again ceased for many years, save during some temporary, and always hollow truce.

When I left the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner, on the day of Tom's punishment, I sought the children in the wilderness, where they generally went, with their attendant, at this sultry hour; but no Fanny was there.

" She is naughty, too," said her little namesake, tossing her head with the air of a small woman and a thorough family partisan. I followed up the adventure by seeking out my little friend. She was sitting on the garret stairs, at the door of Tom's prison, whispering to him through the door. The sight of a sympathising friend—for nature had already told her that I was one—made Fanny's tears flow afresh, and she began to sob out her little apology, as senseless, perhaps, as the reiterated wail of a lapwing, but as plaintive—" Poor Tom is *so* young, poor little fellow," &c. &c. I played the discreet part for once, and led her to her aunt. Tom was released, on our joint pleading—an amnesty was proclaimed—and Frau Jansen, like one of the wantonly-sacrificed minor powers at a general pacification, was made a bonfire of.

We left the Rectory next morning, Fanny weeping abundantly to part with us, while Tom would have been well contented to return to London, which he proposed to do, had his sister not been condemned to remain behind him. I have seldom seen my sister, Anne, more affected, than when we fairly got out of sight, and when she first gave unrestrained way to her feelings—a tender mother's foreboding feelings for orphaned children !

That dear little Fanny !—how perilous to a creature situated like her were those gifts which nature had so lavishly bestowed—that tenderness and quick sensibility to which the contact of the cold and the selfish must bring either blighting or perversion !

Turbulent and rebellious as Master Tom continued to be—a care and often a grief to his sister—I believe he was her greatest blessing too ; for, with all his faults, he sincerely loved her, and he was one being on whom her affectionate feelings could expand themselves unchecked. No one, I believe, brings into this world a heart like Fanny's, without finding something to love, even in the very worst circumstances ; but Fanny found so much to love in every one with whom she came in contact, until Tom, as he grew up, began to despise the affection she bore to many persons whom he hated, as girlish *poltroonery*, or almost meanness ; and he even charged her with hypocrisy in her attachment to an aunt who had not been too kind, and cousins not too gentle. But Tom durst not persist in an accusation to which

his heart gave the lie as strongly as did Fanny's silent tears.

Tom had been early sent off to school with his cousin Henry; and when the returning holidays brought the boys to the Rectory, the Allahbad Bethels, in again meeting each other, were almost as happy as the children gathered beneath the wing of their mother. Then came a full interchange of hearts and confidence, as with interwined arms they wandered away together through the woods and dells of Bethel's Court, which converged on the narrow grounds of the Rectory. Tom was more and more astonished, and almost angry, in every succeeding year, while he was below fifteen, that Fanny had so little or rather nothing to complain of—no quarrel that he could adopt—no enemy on which his prowess might revenge her.

In all this time, I had never seen Fanny Bethel nor her brother, though I had occasionally corresponded with both. Indeed, I believe that I was for some years Fanny's only correspondent; and, as my epistles always accompanied my sister's well-executed town commissions, and presents of toys and books for the Rectory children, they were probably tolerated, if not welcome.

For the first six years after I had seen her, Fanny partook of the instructions of the governess Mrs Bethel had engaged for her own daughters; and, blessed with a humble, loving nature, meekness and submissiveness cost her less effort than any other creature I ever knew; and I believe her childhood was not unhappy. But a more critical age was arriving, and Providence was silently opening up new resources to the orphan girl.

The sisters of Mr Whitstone, the Rector of Stockham-Magna, had, some years after the arrival of the Allahbad Bethels, settled in the neighbouring town of Wincham, to be near their brother, who, though his nominal residence was the Rectory, oftener resided with them. These respectable old maiden ladies, the daughters of a deceased clergyman, were, of course, as near in degree of kindred to Mrs Dr Bethel as was their brother, though she never seemed to know this. The younger, Miss Rebecca Whitstone—though younger was here but a relative term, for she was almost fifty—was merely a good, plain, useful, and active person, sincerely devoted to her brother and her elder sister, Miss Hannah, who had obtained over her the influence which a strong mind is said to hold over a feeble one within its range. The latter lady had been an invalid from a very early age, in consequence of a fall from horseback; and, to afford occupation and exercise to an uncommonly active understanding, she had afterwards received from her father what is termed a learned education, which, however, had none of the effects which learning is said to produce upon female minds. She did read the classics in the originals—for that was her solace as she lay the livelong day upon the couch to which her helpless lameness confined her; and she studied the sciences; and in astronomy, in particular, was believed, even by her brother's old college companions, to have made astonishing progress; and not "for a woman:"—that mortifying qualification was, in her case, withheld. Simply, she had made astonishing progress, and even discoveries, in science. With all this deep learning, and a taste for refined literature, Miss Whitstone was a woman of magnanimous feelings and high principles; pleasant, kind, and social in her manners; tinctured with high-souled romance, and yet not above her surrounding world of Wincham. She also possessed a flexible vein of humour, which had made her conversation exceedingly captivating to young and old, before her acquirements had risen in judgment against her; and Miss Whitstone's invalid chamber came in time to be, after a certain hour of the morning, the levee-room of the privileged talent and modest worth of Wincham. It was the rallying-point of its best, if not its finest society; though, this being a small town where no one was liable to be compromised, the very finest—yea, even stray specimens of the county people—were among Miss Whitstone's occasional visiters. It was even said that matches had been, if not made yet certainly helped on, around her invalid chair; though the parties were not of such consideration as to make Mrs Dr Bethel desirous (now that Harriet was twenty, and Fanny seventeen) that they should often appear among her bonny *blue belles*.

If there be such a thing as sympathetic attachment—and I am sure there are spontaneous feelings which are quite equivalent to it—such had grown up between the invalid Miss Whitstone and the orphan Fanny. The Rector himself came, in time, to partake of an affection so warmly felt by his favourite sister; and the notable Miss Rebecca, moved by those considerations, and the gentleness and good looks of the child, early and kindly began, characteristically, to attend to little omissions and flaws in gloves and ribbons, and shoes and stockings, which a mother's eye prevented from appearing in her cousins. During a year that those young ladies were sent to a first-rate finishing seminary in London, Fanny, who had often spent happy days, weeks, and months with the poor Miss Whitstones, lived with them altogether, to enjoy the advantage of such masters as chance and the London holidays relieved, by changing the scene of their professional fagging, from a very great town to a small one.

One of those was a drawing-master whom I had introduced by letter to the Miss Whitstones. It was certainly a misfortune—but, in this locality, no ineradicable blot—that the Rector's sisters, for a certain part of the year, let their first floor to such respectable lodgers, as, being single men, —and, certainly, *gentlemen*—were well recommended to them. Mr Edmund, the gentleman I had recommended, was a painter, and a gifted one, as was proved by the beautiful contents of his portfolio, and a few finished cabinet specimens which he carried down; but he seemed to receive little or no encouragement in Wincham to

open classes for teaching his art; and he spent his time, either in reading or rambling about the surrounding country, of which one of the most attractive spots, to an artist, was the beautiful park of Bethel's Court. Miss Rebecca was concerned that a lodger so regular in all his habits, so gentlemanlike in his manners, so nice in his linen, and so punctual with his bills, should find no pupils; and Miss Whitstone, stretched upon her invalid couch, was doubly vexed, first, because it must be annoying to a man whose business it is to teach drawing, to have no one to teach; and, secondly, that she could not afford to engage his services wholly for Fanny, and thus an opportunity might be lost such as was never likely to recur—for when would so masterly an artist again appear in Wincham? Besides, Fanny had a decided genius for painting. Miss Whitstone had, indeed, a knack of discovering natural genius for everything high and amiable in Fanny. Her first delightful discovery had been Fanny's exceeding *genius* for loving, and especially her brother Tom; while to Fanny, Miss Whitstone's earliest, and still dearest charm, was discovering good qualities in "poor Tom," even in his perverse early boyhood; which no one else would allow. "Give a dog an ill-name and hang him," says the proverb; and the converse holds as strongly. Miss Whitstone was ever anxious to find out, and place in the proper light, young Bethel's good qualities; and they germinated and expanded in the warmth of her generous culture and encouragement, while others could only perceive the ill-weeds waxing apace. Fanny, who had, for several years, been her amanuensis, never performed that duty with more good-will than when Miss Whitstone wrote to Eton to Tom, sending him those affectionate counsels which his respect for her made effectual for the moment, and which, in tenderness, only a mother could have exceeded; and those directions for his subordinate studies, which few mothers have the power of giving, and not many fathers.

From the time that he had, at three years' old, traversed so much of the wide ocean, Tom's decided vocation had been the sea. This would seem almost an instinct with some boys, as if implanted by nature to facilitate the intercourse and promote the civilization and happiness of mankind; and Tom Bethel was of the salt-water predestined number. But his uncle, who had never yet seen him, had decided that Tom, the would-be sailor, should be Thomas the forced divine; and the boy had no choice save submission or running away to sea, which he would willingly have done at every school vacation, save for Fanny's sake; but, as Tom advanced nearer the years of discretion, he began to think better of a mode of life which, as soon as he got through the university, and one of the family livings fell vacant, opened a home to that gentle sister. He would even have submitted to the death of Mr Whitstone as soon as he had obtained orders himself, and have felt no remorse at depriving his aunt of her alleged simonical share of the great tithes; because he squared this want of affection to his own conscience, by arranging that Miss Whitstone and Miss Rebecca could then live with Fanny and himself at the Rectory, like gentlewomen; and give up letting first-floors to itinerant painters and drawing masters. Tom, as a male branch of the house of Bethel, though one of the barest, had not been for seven years at a public school, without acquiring ideas of family consequence and of *style* quite beyond those of his sister; though, on some points, they were qualified by generous exceptions for plebeian friends.

In the first season of Mr Edmund appearing at Wincham as a portrait-painter without sitters, and a drawing master without pupils, he had been tolerated by the lively Eton lad, in consideration of Miss Whitstone's esteem, what Tom reckoned his unobstrusive modesty, and the quiet refinement of his manners; but, in the second summer, when Tom found him almost domesticated in the family parlour, and the companion of Fanny in sketching-practice excursions round the country, the young gentleman—and he was not quite sixteen—took an affair in dudgeon, which had already been seriously discussed in Miss Collins the milliner's back-shop, by her best customers, and at more than one tea-table of the town. Now, in Wincham, Allahbad Fanny was a general and a great favourite; which was the more remarkable, as she had never courted popularity, and was in no condition either to grace with her favour, or patronize by her interest. Howsoever it may fare with other country towns, I can assure my readers that a young lady who enjoyed the united suffrages of Wincham, was in circumstances as rare as enviable. And even now there was censure; but Miss Whitstone, with her learning and her odd ways, was more blamed than Fanny Bethel, for those rural outbreaks which were held a gross and daring innovation on all the ruled proprieties of this community. That the curate's orphan daughter, Patty, whom her aunt, Miss Collins, was educating for a governess, shared in Fanny's lessons, and generally in her sketching excursions, was a shallow blind, at which they and Tom Bethel laughed outright, the latter angrily. As for Miss Whitstone sanctioning this kind of intercourse—learned, clever, and excellent woman, as she undoubtedly was—how, as Tom justly thought, was any provincial elderly lady, such as she, to know the world and mankind like an Eton scholar? As the natural protector of his sister, it was become Tom's duty to interfere, and to assume a part which female guardians and friends had so obviously neglected. No time was to be lost. But how was Tom to scold Fanny—that dear, kind, generous, and most disinterested creature, whom every one loved—yes! even worldly Aunt Bethel—who, from infancy had had no hope, no joy, no being save in him? No! Tom could not scold, nor even remonstrate; but he heartily abused both the Mesdames Bethel, who so improperly deserted their duty to their orphan niece; and then playfully, or, at least, in a way Tom meant to be

playful, he rallied her first upon her intimacy with all the vulgar spinsters and dowagers of Wincham, and next upon her new passion for sketching from nature. Fanny's blushes and evident distress stopped the current of Tom's wit, and quickened his fears; and now he reminded her, still with affected pleasantry, (for Tom was very sly,) of her birth as a Bethel, beggar Bethel as, in the meanwhile, she was; and of the matrimonial distinctions her eminent personal advantages and family connexions entitled her to look for, were she only placed where she ought to be, and thus seen, admired, and courted by the noble, the wealthy, and the honourable. Fanny laughed now, and Tom was displeased. There was implied ridicule of his judgment and knowledge of life, in the tone of her laughter; and these were points on which Tom was at this time very susceptible; yet he would have forgiven this in consideration of her secluded education, and innate modesty and humility of character, save for the many cross accidents that were arising to mar her splendid fortunes. Her cousins had lately returned from their finishing school and visits to fashionable friends and relatives; with much of that high-toned air, that *manner* and *style*, so captivating to Tom and his brother Etonians; and in which Fanny, retiring, shy, sensitive, was still so lamentably deficient. That his own sister, "Little Fanny," as she continued to be named, long after her graceful pliant figure overtopped all the females of her family, was, beyond comparison, a lovelier and far more *loveable* girl, than either the cold, stately, fashionable-looking Harriet, or the vivacious, pretty, petulant Fan, he was most reluctant to doubt; but then, school-boys imagining themselves youths, and college lads fancying themselves men, had admired the thorough-bred air and style of the Rectory Bethels, at a Music Meeting, and had altogether passed over Allahbad Fanny, who had been left to the attentions of Mr Edmund, her drawing-master, and a little good-natured notice from her cousin Henry, who had always been kind to her. Now, the above were immutable authorities with Tom in all questions of taste. It is true, Henry Bethel, who was also becoming a judge of ladies, wines, and horses, and who, moreover, was now of Christ Church, made some atonement, by declaring, after a couple of bottles of wine, that, though his sister Harriet was certainly a showy, dashing girl, and Frances a pretty creature enough, neither were to be compared in a summer's day with little Allahbad Fanny; and he concluded, by wishing that he were a rich man for her sake—though his mother must not hear of this. Tom, both gratified and resentful, was compelled to gulp as much of this declaration as his pride could not swallow; and now he fancied he had found a cue to Mrs Dr Bethel giving up so much of her niece's society to "poor Cousin Whitstone, to whom little Fanny was always such a comfort." It is probable that Mrs Bethel had not very overwhelming fears of immediate danger from a constant domestic intercourse between her niece and her son—still, it was prudent to be guarded. Her daughters were now to be introduced into life; and she felt that two marriageable young ladies were quite enough at a time in one family. Two young ladies might be admissible into small social parties, where three could not be thought of. Besides, Mrs Bethel was prudently doubtful, how far it was proper to give Fanny a taste for gaieties and a condition of life that she had so slender a chance of permanently enjoying. Of her personal attractions she really was not afraid. A mother's vanity had probably blinded her to what to every one else appeared her main reason for rarely producing her niece along with her daughters. The master of the Free Grammar School of Wincham, a *protegé* of Miss Whitstone's, and an estimable young man, who had lately obtained the Lectureship of St Nicolas, was understood to admire Fanny, and only to wait for some better piece of preferment to make his proposal in form; and Mr Edmund, the artist, also a highly respectable young man, with remarkable talents, and one who, if properly introduced and pushed in London in the portrait-line, could not fail to realize a handsome income, and probably to keep a carriage, was believed to be deeply attached to his pupil; though Fanny herself, when questioned, denied the possibility of this attachment, even with tears. Mr Edmund, she said, though at first he seemed to like her society, probably for the sake of Miss Whitstone's conversation, and from the love of his art, to which Fanny was for the time enthusiastically devoted, had been silent, distant, and almost studiously cold in his manners to her, particularly of late. He could have no thoughts of her.

"Well, child, there is no use crying about it, at any rate," said the aunt; "but, as I do not, on such grounds, give up my own opinion, I shall write to-night to Mr Richard Taylor, inquiring farther about the gentleman." Fanny, horrified by the indelicacy of this proceeding, implored her aunt's forbearance, and protested again and again that Mr Edmund's attentions to herself had been only those of a friend and amiable instructor, to one whom he considered merely as a child; but she betrayed so much emotion in her denial, that Mrs Bethel, with one of her discomfiting, keen, worldly, penetrating looks, abruptly turned from her, and went to Miss Whitstone in the next room, whom she bluntly taxed with having suffered Fanny to entangle her affections with this "paragon painter." The accused lady as flatly disclaimed the instrumentality as Fanny herself could have done the deed; but she acknowledged that, if old signs held, Mr Edmund, into whose praise she launched with animation, did seem, and that, indeed, for successive years he had seemed to feel a very deep interest in her young friend; and, moreover, that Fanny did not appear indifferent to his opinion of her.

Mrs Dr Bethel did not lose a post in inquiring into the character and professional prospects of Mr Edmund; and I did not keep her an hour in suspense. The character of the gentleman was everything that could render a reasonable and

amiable woman—and, above all, one of the quiet, affectionate, and humble character of little Fanny Bethel—perfectly happy. His talents, as an artist, spoke for themselves—they were eminent—but his professional prospects depended entirely upon his own industry and perseverance. The answer was entirely satisfactory to Mrs Bethel; and she resolved to have an explanatory communing with Mr Edmund next day; and wrote to him that, if everything was as she imagined, she would not hesitate to give her sanction to his addresses to her niece, which she had no doubt would be followed by that of the family abroad.

Poor Fanny was in an agony of apprehension. She would, at the moment, have gladly consented never to see Mr Edmund again in this world; never listen to his delightful conversation with Miss Whitstone; never again enjoy one of their social reading evenings, or one of those charming sketching rambles, in which his conversation was, if possible, still more captivating than at other times—though it was not easy to recall much of it—rather than that he should imagine her the indelicate, forward, unwomanly, vain girl, who had so grossly misconstrued and misrepresented his attentions, that he must now be subjected to the coarse questioning of her relatives. This was certainly the most wretched day of Fanny Bethel's whole life. Twenty times she began to write to Mr Edmund, protesting her own innocence, and her horror at the course her aunt had followed; but natural timidity, and the same delicacy of feeling which prompted this bold step, prevented its execution. She applied to Miss Whitstone, who was also become uneasy and perplexed between her young friends, though, upon the whole, pleased with the prospect of an explanation, which, she was assured, would produce satisfactory results. "But, my dear Fanny," said this lady, with a certain air of benevolent humour—"let me exactly understand what I am to say to Mr Edmund:—That you are not in love with him?—but that might have been left to my own discretion. Or is it that you do not believe—never did believe—nor ever will believe, that he is in love with you."

Fanny wept from vexation. "Dear ma'am, I am sure you understand quite well what I mean."

"Indeed, I think I do—but cannot be sure. But here comes Tom, who may help me. Do you know that all the gossips of Wincham are obligingly giving your sister Mr Edmund as a lover, Tom?"

"And that she disclaims him as such, and the honour altogether," cried Tom petulantly.

"I do!—I do!" exclaimed Fanny. "Mr Edmund think of me! Good heavens!—With his fine talents and genius, and thousand, thousand amiable qualities, to think of poor little me!—foolish me, who always feel like a child beside him, and who was never so happy as when long ago he treated me as one!"

"Confound your humility, Miss Fanny Bethel!" cried the Etonian. "It is something out of place."

"How was it possible that Fanny could believe any man could admire so disagreeable and plain a little girl as herself?" said Miss Whitstone, laughing. "Yet, even in the case of Mr Edmund, it is, in my humble judgment, a conquest she may be very well proud of, yet without doubting its absolute possibility."

"Proud, ma'am!" returned the fuming Etonian, only restrained from the violent expression of anger by his deep respect for Miss Whitstone. "Give me leave to say, Ma'am, that, though any man—ay, any man in all England—might be proud of gaining the affections of Captain Bethel's daughter—my sister Fanny, ma'am—I see no occasion for her being overpowered with gratitude for the attentions of any gentleman whatever, even although his birth and his station in society entitled him to address her."

Poor Fanny had never in her life felt so self-abased as by this attempt to exalt her; and, almost inarticulately, she implored her brother to say no more on the subject, and gave way to another burst of tears; while Miss Whitstone, frankly extending her hand in amity to Tom, declared they had come exactly to the same conclusion, though by different premises—"There was indeed no man in England, whatever his rank or fortune, who might not be proud of gaining the heart of little Fanny—by her own self, Fanny." Upon this, Tom kissed his sister, and, playfully adopting the language of their childhood, promised to be "a good boy if Fanny would not cry *no* more."

There was thus the appearance of sunshine after showers, when Fortune, who delights in games of cross purposes, sent Mr Edmund himself into the apartment, which he entered in some haste. Tom was still hanging over Fanny's chair, and Fanny had been in tears. The painter looked with interest to brother and sister, and with meaning to Miss Whitstone, as if he required her permission to remain. She invited him to sit down; and Tom, with a sudden assumption of the dignity becoming the presumptive heir of the mortgaged acres of Bethel's Court, drew his sister's arm within his own, and, bowing slightly to Miss Whitstone, said, "I require Miss Bethel's presence in another apartment, Ma'am." The lady smiled in mingled pity and amusement; but anxiety for Fanny was predominant over every other feeling, and she was glad when Mr Edmund very naturally led to the subject, by remarking, with a smile, "Tom Bethel is in his altitudes to-night—but I am sure he loves his sister?"

"More than his life—I'll say that for him," returned Miss Whitstone: and a conversation was begun which Fanny fancied would never end, and during which Tom returned to his present head-quarters at the Rectory. When Fanny, after Mr Edmund had withdrawn, ran in to say good-night to her friend, and, perhaps, to hear all she could hear without the direct inquiry she could not venture to make, Miss Whitstone informed her that Mr Edmund was suddenly called away, and had left his farewell compliments for her, as he would set off by the mail at midnight. Poor

Fanny! Miss Whitstone was too generous to look at, much less to speak to her. She sent her away to search for a book; and Fanny returned in ten minutes, protesting that she was so thankful Mr Edmund was to go, as this would disconcert the horrid scheme of her aunt Bethel.

Next morning, rather earlier than her usual hour, Fanny appeared at the bedside of her friend, looking pale perhaps, though she seemed almost in flighty spirits, while she craved leave of absence for a morning's ramble in the woods of Bethel's Court, with only Patty Collins.

Before this plan—to which Miss Whitstone consented, with silent, meaning caresses, that drew grateful tears from her favourite—could be put in execution, Mrs Bethel's carriage drove up to the door, with the whole family of the Rectory. Letters had been received that morning, announcing the death of Mrs Bethel at Aix-la-Chapelle, an event which changed the whole prospects of the family, to whom her large independent fortune was thus completely lost. And Mr Bethel might marry again, and Tom and Henry thus be thrown back in the succession to even those poor remnants of the original property, which, however, Mrs Dr Bethel had a shrewd notion were burdened beyond their yearly revenue.

While despatching notes, receiving condolences, and looking over silks and muslins, crapes and bombazeens, and giving orders for mourning, Mrs Bethel could yet find time to notice, sarcastically, the precipitate retreat of Mr Edmund, to whom she had intimated her wish for an interview and explanatory conversation at the Rectory.

"I cannot allow myself to believe that it is indifference to the subject of the intended conversation, which has made Mr Edmund avoid you at this time, cousin; or anything but the simple reason he has assigned—business. But I may refer to his note for your better information." Miss Whitstone handed the sealed letter intrusted to her to the lady to whom it was addressed, and who tore it open without farther ceremony, and rapidly skimmed the contents.

"Well, this is very proper now; and quite well expressed. He does propose for Fanny, or means to do so, as soon as he obtains the consent of her natural guardians. I can answer for Mr Bethel—and as to myself.——Well, I am pleased at having brought the man to the point. This late heavy loss makes Fanny's marriage, in almost any respectable way, more than ever desirable. Her uncle will now have more than enough to do with himself. My own children are just at the age when the expenses of a family come to be seriously felt. How Tom's clerical education is now to be carried through, I cannot foresee. Perhaps your brother may get him to the university as a sizar—though the sea, to which he seems born, and for which he has so strong an inclination, might be better still."

There was but one reason against oversetting Tom's present views. If Fanny were fairly married, and if Tom obtained one of the family livings, there might be a *pis-aller* for her youngest daughter. But, at present, she had a first duty to perform, and, snatching a pen, she instantly wrote her full consent and approbation of Mr Edmund's addresses to her niece, with many well-turned compliments to himself, and phrases of maternal endearment in relation to Fanny. Miss Whitstone, having twice hinted, "Are you not precipitate, cousin, with the death of Mrs Bethel so recent?" looked silently on, until the letter was folded, when she obtained an answer. "Not a bit too precipitate, cousin. The sooner little Fanny is settled the better. The small—the very small allowance her uncle has hitherto made me for her, must stop with the death of his wife; and this Mr Edmund says, he must have three or four months to look out for a proper house, and so forth:—even if he be so far fortunate as to obtain the consent of my niece—of which, by the way, I daresay, he fancies himself tolerably sure—and the approbation of her relations—of which I now give him joyful assurance."

"And, in so doing, make him a happy man, I am persuaded. But there is Tom Bethel to be consulted next—whose ideas of Fanny's deserts are so high and so just."

"Tom Bethel?—a headstrong, foolish boy! No, cousin, we may make Tom a bridesman; but to consult him about his sister's marriage is entirely out of the question.—But here comes Miss Collins. Now, I fancy something very slight and plain may do for Fanny's mourning, as she is so quiet at present with you; and we must save all we can, you know, for the *trousseau*."

Miss Whitstone allowed the lady to have it all her own way; though Tom, in a rage at afterwards finding his sister's mourning for their aunt scanty and much inferior in quality to that of his dashing cousins, remonstrated loudly upon that injustice—threw Fanny into a paroxysm of grief by his violence in her cause—and filled the ladies of the Rectory with such indignation that they upbraided him with ingratitude. This Tom denied; accusing Mrs Bethel, in turn, of having made a *job* of his sister, for whom she had a handsome allowance, and a slave of her for so many years. The polite, politic Mrs Bethel had never met with anything so provoking in her whole life as this schoolboy affair. It became the talk of all Wincham; and Tom found numerous partisans, who seized the present opportunity of reviving the old story of Mrs Dr Bethel's secret bargain for the lion's share of the great tithes of Stockham-Magna. The controversy even went the length of mysterious paragraphs in the *Wincham Journal;* and was only ended by Tom becoming convinced, that, if it were carried farther, the affair would be Fanny's death. She was, indeed, looking so wretchedly ill, three months after the remains of her aunt had been brought home to be laid in the family-vault, that, when Tom next came from school on a visit, he flew to Miss Whitstone's room, in the deepest distress, to inquire if his sister was not in a consumption. Miss Whitstone hoped not. Fanny

had not been well. She was in unequal spirits, and thinner, and paler; but without any decided ailment.

"She is pining for that fellow, Edmund," Tom cried, with a glowing face; "to whom her kind aunt, Bethel, would have given her with so little ceremony; and who does not seem in a hurry to claim the hand he once pretended to value so much. Forgive me, Miss Whitstone: you are the only human being, save Fanny herself, in whom I have confidence, or to whom I can look for sympathy. I am sure if I knew what was best for poor Fanny, to whom I owe everything, I would do it, if it broke my own heart." And the affectionate lad wept.

"That duty should not be heart-breaking, Tom. Your sister, with the tender and very uncommon ties that from babyhood have knit you together, would receive far more pleasure from your single approbation of her choice, than that of all her other relations put together. Your pride, Tom, or your prejudice, call it which you will, has been far more distressing to your sister, than all her other trials put together. And you wrong Mr Edmund:—he only waits her slightest intimation to fly to her; but while every week brought a fresh heroic epistle from you—indeed, you must forgive my freedom, Tom—what could the poor girl do? I assure you she has not wanted for my instigation to follow the dictates of her own heart and judgment in a matter which looks like one of life or death to her."

"I know you entertain but an indifferent opinion of my understanding and knowledge of life, ma'am," said Tom, with some pique; "but I am sure you cannot doubt the sincerity of my love for my sister."

"If I did so, Sir, I should not now be parleying with you," replied the lady with severity.

"Well, dear ma'am," returned Tom, insinuatingly, "you who love my own dear Fanny—that best, kindest, gentlest, sweetest of all sisters—so well, will you allow me one last experiment of a week's duration only?—And, if it fail, I promise to give my consent to Captain Bethel's daughter becoming an artist's wife." The heroic air with which this was said, provoked a smile on the placid and benevolent features of Miss Whitstone, in spite of herself; and, before she could speak, Testy Tom exclaimed, "You laugh at me, as a foolish, raw school-boy—but I don't mind that, so that you trust me this once."

"Laugh at you, Tom!—no surely—on the contrary, I am hand in glove with you; but may we learn the nature of your scheme, which I can have no doubt does equal honour to your fraternal affection, and Etonian acuteness?"

"You must not laugh at me, though," returned Thomas, his face mantling with the consciousness of possessing a delightful mystery—"I can bear *you* to laugh at me about anything in the world, save this." And he took a letter from his pocket-book. "You won't guess who this is from:—my late aunt's heir, the Northern Bethel, as we have been used to call him. Ill as my uncle and the whole family have used him—neglected him like a poor relation, and hated him like an heir presumptive—he has behaved like an angel to my uncle Bethel. He has been at Aix-la-Chapelle to visit him; and one of *our* gentlemen (viz., an Eton boy) informs me that it is understood he is to allow my uncle to enjoy a full half of my late aunt's revenue for the remainder of his life. My uncle, you may be sure, was touched with this delicate generosity; for, beyond the term of her death, he was not, by law, entitled to draw one shilling. He has written me to be an attentive scholar, as he means to carry out the original plan of my education. But this letter"—and Tom struck it with his open fingers—"this is from that fine fellow, young Bethel himself, inviting me to Bethel's Court, which my uncle has given up to him as a residence, and saying the kindest things to me and Fanny, whom he begs to call his 'cousins.' Now, the beauty—the very cream of it—is, that he has not written to the Rectory people at all."

Tom's eyes sparkled with gratified revenge. "So it won't be Madam, my aunt, who can either obtain for me and my friends, or refuse us, a day's shooting at Bethel's Court, in a hurry again—or act as if all its gardens, hot-houses, and vineries, were more hers and her daughters, than poor Fanny's and mine."

Miss Whitstone, who had smiled all along, was now reading the letter, which she pronounced charming. "But, then, what has all this to do with delaying Mr Edmund's answer a week, when the suspense is so hurtful to your sister's spirits, and so disrespectful to a person of whom we all have reason to think so highly as we do of Mr Edmund?"

Tom suddenly recollected himself. "I shall tell *you*, only *you*, that, ma'am—for, wild dreamer as you may conclude me, I am sure you will not betray me:—I wish Fanny to see Mr Bethel, before she irrevocably pledge her fate. I am told he is a very well-looking man, and an accomplished, perfect gentleman; and you know, when a man comes to his property, he always thinks of marrying."

"At any rate, I am sure you will, Tom," said the smiling lady. "But what then?"

"What then? Dear ma'am, you are not wont to be so dull of apprehension:—if, which I think extremely likely, he should fancy our own Fanny!"

Miss Whitstone laughed heartily over Tom's basket of unhatched chickens; but looked in such good humour, that Tom durst not resent the liberty; and she atoned for all, by vowing that she knew not where the new inhabitant of Bethel's Court could find any wife half so charming or half so worthy of him. "And to have her, sweetest creature, so near me, too!" said the old lady, actually melting into delicious tears at Tom's hair-brained scheme. "But poor Mr Edmund!" she sighed, at last, but yet smiled as she looked to Tom. "Poh!—never mind, my dear ma'am: I assure you *we* lords of creation are by no means so inconsolable upon such occasions as you ladies sometimes flatter yourselves. He shall get young Mrs Bethel's picture to

paint, at five hundred guineas; and, perhaps, if he wait ten years, my aunt, who admires him so much for Fanny, will give him my cousin Harriet." Tom permitted Miss Whitstone to tell his sister the conditions upon which his brotherly approbation was to be obtained to her marriage: namely, if she did not prefer Mr Bethel in one week, or failed to make a conquest of him in one month. Tom now stipulated that it should be a full month after that gentleman's arrival; but he was hourly expected. Even with this distorted prospect of a haven, Fanny rather improved in spirits; for there was no chance of any one falling in love with her—she was sure of that——and as for her fidelity!

Tom did the best he could to cheer her, and get her into good looks and proper training, before the important first interview.

Next day, cards were issued, by Mrs Dr Bethel, to the relatives and such neighbours as she deemed proper for Mr Bethel's acquaintance, for a welcoming dinner at Bethel's Court, to be followed by a ball to the tenants and a few friends. Tom swelled with indignation in the knowledge that his aunt assumed to manage this entertainment—at the owner's expense, however—and, at once, to take Fanny's intended lover into her own dexterous hands.—He vowed to circumvent her.

When the day of the entertainment came, Fanny was so nervous and distressed that there was no need to feign the headache which she pleaded as an excuse for absence in the note sent to her aunt, by whom her illness was very graciously lamented. Mrs Dr Bethel did not approve of distracting a young gentleman's affections by too many fair objects at the same time. He had his choice of Harriet, the stately and *stylish*, and Frances, the lively and pretty, with the different foils her maternal cares had collected in the neighbourhood.

From the quarrel originating in the family mourning, Tom had not once crossed the threshold of the Rectory. He lived with a family in the vicinity of Bethel's Court, but beyond it in relation to Wincham, and only arrived in that town to see his sister receive those finishing touches in dress from Miss Collins' own hands, and those of the most fashionable friseur in the place, which he had bespoken; and to attend her to the grand scene of display.

What was Tom's horror—and, in spite of all his tenderness, his anger—to find his beauty of the night, languid, pale, exhausted, and bearing deep traces of suffering and recent tears! He scolded, he kissed, he coaxed in turns. Surely she would go with him to the ball? "It was not too late for that, though they might miss dinner. She might even lie down for an hour to refresh herself, and recover her looks. Their allies, the Taylors, and her particular correspondent and admirer, Mr Richard, were come down, and would be so rejoiced to see her."

"I know all that," returned Fanny; "but with them came Mr Edmund! Indeed, indeed, Tom—dear brother—you must not force me out to-night."

Tom looked aghast at her information, and muttered what sounded in her ears as curses of her lover. Spite of her gentleness, this was more than Fanny could endure. "I will not hear this!" she exclaimed passionately, and becoming deadly pale, as if about to faint; and Tom, overcome and alarmed, implored her forgiveness, and brought Miss Whitstone to mediate for him, and restore Fanny. Tom began to fancy that there might be, even among girls, affections too strong and deep to be fully understood by the wits of Eton. Fanny, who had never denied any request of Tom's in her whole life, however unreasonable in itself, was not slow to accord her forgiveness, deeply and indelibly as his conduct had wounded her heart; and no sooner was he pardoned than, like a true man, he returned to his original point:—"Would she not confirm his pardon by granting his request—to appear with him when he was first presented to Mr Bethel—whose good opinion and friendship might be so important to his future prospects." Tom now pleaded on the score of prudence, and as if for the greatest personal favour; and Miss Whitstone at last joined him. "Indeed, my love, I think you might gratify Tom this once. since he has set his heart upon it—with so many old friends to see too—and the new master of Bethel's Court might, I flatter myself, miss his young cousins."

"Cousins a hundred and fifty times removed," said Fanny, almost pettishly. But, with her natural sweetness, she added—"Since you rule it so, ma'am, I shall prepare." And as she rose, Tom kissed her over and over, and ran himself to the perfumers for as much rose-water to take away the redness about her eyes, as might have half-drowned her. His charges to Miss Collins and Patty, who were now both summoned by Tom as assistant dressers, were, "Now, don't let Miss Bethel make a dowdy of herself." And when the dressing was finished, though Patty declared that, in that clear muslin frock and white satin slip, she looked like an angel, Tom found her not half like enough a "Fashion of the Month" to please him. Her gloves did not fit, and her slippers—far too large for her—were, indeed, what it would have made Tom mad to know, misfits of her cousin Fanny's, sent to her in economy. Then her ringlets drooped too long and hung too free. Fashionable girls wore their hair at present *so*——Tom could not name it, but he endeavoured to imitate the thing he meant; and Miss Collins joined in opinion with him; while Patty cried—"Oh no! Those lovely flowing ringlets which Mr Edmund thinks so charming a style for Miss Bethel!" Tom would not curse now; but it cost him an effort to be tranquil, while he inquired why Fanny did not wear her pearls with the ruby clasps—her mother's beautiful pearls, which had been preserved for her; and he requested her, at least on this gala night, to gratify him by using those ornaments. They were at the Rectory. "Then, we shall call round till you get them—and your mother's beautiful cashmere too:—and then, if *our* Fanny—hey, Miss Whitstone!—cannot be so

fashionable as aunt Bethel's bedizened beauties, she shall be as expensively attired."

"Now, Tom, my dear boy, keep your temper," said the lady addressed. "I was almost as angry with Fanny's simplicity yesterday, as you could have been; and even more angry with the encroaching, selfish temper of my cousin, who chose to display the shawl to advantage on Harriet's fine figure, and contrast the strings of pearls with her own Fanny's dark tresses. Let us hope that the principal beaux to-night—those worth killing, I mean—believe, though the belief grows every day more rare, 'that loveliness needs not'—you all remember it. At least, my love, if the gentlemen of Bethel's Court don't admire you just as you are, be assured that Patty, and myself, and Mr Edmund will—and Mr Tom also."

"And that is all I care for," said the distracted Fanny, taking leave. "But how I wish this night were over, and I was back to you!—but don't you sit for me."

"Nay, I shall sit. You know, I am this night to give you, and Mr Edmund, and friend Tom there, if he choose, and Mr Richard Taylor, my very old friend, a *petit soupé*, of sago and small negus, in my own chamber, in the style of the Old Court."

"Don't wait *us*, pray, ma'am," cried Tom, pulling his sister's arm within his own, tolerably well pleased, or reconciled to Fanny's dress, and fancying her ringlets not unbecoming after all, and tolerably confident that she would make a favourable impression, if she would only let herself out. His kind encouragement, and thanks for exertion to oblige him, and a drive in the quiet starlight, with Tom's arm around her, tended to tranquillize Fanny's spirits. "It is but a few more hours," she whispered to herself —"and then but a few days; and as soon as poor Tom, who does all these cruel things from the truest, though the most mistaken, love for me, learns to know Mr Edmund, as he cannot fail soon to be known, we shall be so happy, with again a home, a fire-side of our own—a happiness we have never known from infancy. I shall be so glad to see the Taylors, too, who were so kind to us in childhood." And she said aloud—"You remember the Brunswick Square Taylors, Tom, who were so kind to us when we came from India?"

"Well—and also who gave you that famous *Frau Jansen* which Harriet robbed you of, as she has to-night of your shawl. By Heavens! if I saw her hanging on Mr Bethel's arm in that shawl, I would almost pluck it from her shoulders."

The carriage was now within the extensive grounds of Bethel's Court, and at every opening of the trees, or curve of the long winding approach, glimpses of the illuminated mansion were alternately caught, and again darkened in shadow or lost in total obscurity. Though the Allahbad Bethels had now resided for more than twelve years in this vicinity, neither of them had ever before seen the cheerful, life-giving sight of evening lights in their ancestral home. The house stood rather low, by the river, which made so fine a feature in the home landscape; and, as they passed through the thick obscurity of the neighbouring groves, they found the old hereditary rooks startled from their nests, wheeling overhead, and cawing in terror. When the full sweep of the low, wide, blazing architectural front burst upon them, every object touched by the magic of light and shadow, Tom Bethel, in the high-wrought enthusiasm of the moment, pressed his sister more closely to his side, and exclaimed, "My own darling Fanny! could I but once see you the mistress of that house, I would give up every hope, surmount every care, for myself." And Tom was not more insincere than thousands of brothers and mothers have been before him, who, in pursuing their own half-selfish ambition, fancy they are making amazing sacrifices to promote the happiness of the being they torment.

The aristocracy of the party were leaving the drawing-room to proceed to the saloon—as the old stone hall had been new-named—to open the ball, as Tom Bethel's chaise drove up; and, amid the blaze of flambeaux without and lamps within, he perceived, far off, his aunt, and his cousin Harriet, in the cachmere, conducted by a gentleman, whom he rightly concluded the owner of the mansion.

"They've hooked him already, by all that's sacred!" whispered Tom. "O Fanny! why would you not come sooner? But, for any sake, now, don't be foolish—don't tremble so, you dear little fool." He lifted her out, and they entered the hall. Mr Bethel and his ladies had paused in crossing, at the far end of the hall, to examine some of that rare quaint rich carving in wood, still to be found in a few ancient English mansions, and for which England was at one time so celebrated. His party, and those approaching them, were still separated by a short flight of marble steps, running across the hall; so that, while Fanny and her brother were below, Mr Bethel stood as it were upon a platform, or *dais*, with his back to those advancing. It was with difficulty that Tom, with his supporting arm round her waist, dragged his sister up these eight steps; but, upon the last, she sunk on her knees, and leaned upon his shoulder; while, moved by instinctive feeling of her presence—for he could scarcely have seen her—Mr Bethel disengaged himself from the arms of mother and daughter, and flew to her assistance.

"Very well, indeed!" said the younger lady, with a sneer. "If Fanny be late, she is determined to make a sensation when she does come." But Mrs Bethel advanced to the group. Fanny had not fainted. She held the hands of her brother Tom and Mr Edmund in her own, while her beautiful face, now richly suffused with rosy colour, breathed the rapture of a spirit that first sees unfolded the gates of Paradise.

Though I had not seen Little Fanny Bethel for so many years—standing where she stood, and looking as she then looked, and knowing all I knew, I recognised her in the instant, and introduced myself. Then turning to Tom, after

a friendly shake of his disengaged hand, I claimed the privilege, as a common acquaintance, of introducing Mr Edmund Bethel to Mr Thomas Bethel. All his Etonian self-possession could not sustain Tom at this instant. His face became of twenty colours, the burning crimson of shame predominating, and remaining fixed on his brow.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!—what a monster to my poor Fanny!—who, while she has fifty times my goodness, has a hundred times my sense." Mr Bethel, without exactly hearing or caring to hear these words, shook hands most cordially with Tom, "his cousin"—to whom he "hoped soon to be more nearly allied," he whispered; and Fanny smiled like an angelic being.

"Fanny, my dear," said the advancing Mrs Bethel, "what tempted you to brave the night air? I shall positively send you back with the carriage which has brought you"—

"Oh, do, dear Ma'am!" returned Fanny, who felt this proposal the greatest possible relief in the present state of her feelings.

"Leave my niece to my management, Mr Bethel," continued the bustling lady; "I shall chide cousin Whitstone well, I assure you, for letting her abroad. Come, Fanny, dear, I shall send Hopkins, my own maid, home with you."

"I will attend my sister home," cried Tom Bethel.

"I must be permitted that honour," cried Mr Bethel. "My friendly guests, to whom I am quite a stranger—save, I daresay, that I have painted staring portraits of some of them—will gladly take Tom and Mr Henry as my gay substitutes in their revel!"

Mrs Bethel stared. "I would give up my claim for no man living, save Mr *Edmund* Bethel," was my rejoinder.

Mrs Bethel started! and looked from one to another. The truth flashed upon her mind. She had overshot the mark. Exquisite dissembler as she was, it was impossible altogether to conceal her feelings upon this singular turn of fortune. Tom Bethel gloated upon the passionate working and twitching of his aunt's features. He ran himself to inform Harriet, that Mr Edmund, the painter, whose addresses to his sister had lately been urged on by her mother, was none other than Mr Edmund Bethel! Her stifled scream of surprise was music to him.

It was finally settled that Mr Bethel and myself should attend Fanny to Wincham, while Tom and Henry Bethel, who were everyway qualified, should do the honours of the rustic ball. I pretended a love of free air and star-gazing, and desired to sit without; and, though Fanny pleaded and protested that I would catch cold, I persisted; and I hope she forgave my obstinacy. She ran to Miss Whitstone—smiling, benevolent, happy Miss Whitstone—as we entered the house; and playfully chided her for having so mystified, and allowed Tom to commit himself. "Poor Tom is still so young, poor fellow!" said she, stealing at Mr Bethel one of her old childish looks of innocent fascination—"and he loves me so truly!"

"And that affection might cover a multitude of sins, were they ten times worse than those of poor Tom," returned Mr Bethel. "Be assured, I forgive his no-offence to myself most sincerely. Indeed, Fanny, I grudged you to a poor painter as much as Tom could himself have done, though that painter was myself!"

Nothing could be better said; and few explanations were required. Mr Edmund Bethel had wished to spend a summer near Bethel's Court, and had found inducements to return another and another. It seems I had, among so many Bethels, introduced him as Mr Edmund; and he kept by the half-name given him. The marriage took place in a month afterwards, to the entire satisfaction of all Wincham and Stockham-Magna—so universal a favourite was Fanny. It was, perhaps, the only marriage ever contracted under such flattering auspices; for even Mrs Bethel was with the majority. She very properly said that, if she had consented while Fanny's lover was an obscure person, how rejoiced she must be now to find him one so different! On the day of his sister's marriage, Tom obtained an appointment as midshipman in his Majesty's navy. He is now a lieutenant, and has lost, with much of his Latin and Greek, a great deal of his Etonian refinement and knowledge of the world.

REMARKS ON LORD BROUGHAM'S DISCOURSE OF NATURAL THEOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM," &c.

After all the demoniac persecutions which bigotry and debasing superstition have exercised throughout the moral world—from the human sacrifices of the Hindoo, to the more systematic ferocity of the Holy Office; from the broad and exterminating principle of the Mahometan, or of the Papal hierarchs, crowned with the enslaved consciences of their fellow men, to the narrow, but no less peremptory perversity of equally exclusive and eccentric sectarians, such as the half-insane disciples of a Southcote, a Brothers, or any more recent dealer in "unknown tongues" and Hohenlohian miracles—it is a glorious sign of the advance of intelligence over inhuman violence, vindictive folly, un-Christian persecution, and weakness of mind, to find one of the first men of the time boldly standing forward to vindicate our faith from the mitred thraldom requiring an utter prostration of the understanding. Basing the proofs of Revelation upon the

truths of Natural Theology, the noble author undertakes the original and arduous task of reducing the latter to a regular inductive science, and thus establishing religion, not "as by law," which must necessarily be temporal and local, but by the lasting forms of universal reason.

That many persons, whom Lord Brougham justly characterises as not being the best advocates of Revelation, "nor the most enlightened," have, at times, manifested a degree of alarm, "lest the progress of natural religion should prove dangerous to the acceptance of revealed," is sufficiently true, and induces almost as little respect for the kind of faith that is in them, as for their understanding. His Lordship ridicules this mode of arguing, "as if the two systems were rivals, and whatever credit the one gained were so much lost to the other." He shews that the most sincere "and even zealous Christians" have always been the strongest advocates of natural theology, and mentions, as instances, that Derham "actually delivered his celebrated work," the "Physico-Theology," "as a series of sermons, in Bow Church;" that Dr Clarke delivered his argument *à priori*, at St Paul's, as also his "Evidence of Natural and Revealed Religion," and his "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God;" that Dr Bentley "delivered, in like manner, as sermons, his argument in favour of Natural Religion, from the structure of the human mind, the animal body, and the universe at large;" that the names of Ray, Keill, Paley, Lardner, and others, "attest the truth of this assertion;" that the celebrated Boyle Lectures were established solely "in support of the Christian religion;" and yet that "almost as many of the sermons preached at these lectures, during the first forty years after its foundation, relate to the doctrines of Natural Theology as to those of Revelation. So far were the divines of that day from holding the two subjects as hostile to each other." His Lordship shews that "Natural Theology is most serviceable to the support of Revelation," because "all the soundest arguments in behalf of the latter pre-suppose the former to be admitted. Witness the profound work of Butler—his 'Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion to the Order of Nature'—the most argumentative and philosophical defence of Christianity ever submitted to the world." Newton and (with certain philosophical rather than polemical differences) Lord Bacon, were both of a similar opinion on the subject. Bacon says, "Natural Theology is the key of Revelation, and opens our *understanding* to the *genuine spirit* of the Scriptures;" an opinion quite in accordance with reason and sincere feeling, but very much in opposition to the ruling passions of the Black Bench and the body of the State clergy; who would fain hold an inviolable dominion over the understanding of the people, and help to empty the public purse through the channels where knowledge ought to flow; while reason slumbers within, and the consciences of honest men are appalled by the wild denunciations of those whose chief power lies in their being without either honesty or conscience.

Whether the noble author intended, in his "Discourse," to array himself on the popular side, against the rich, proud, and lordly "shepherds," who have so long been arrayed against their flocks, is a question not necessary to discuss. It may be that he no more contemplated this than any of the other writers on Natural Theology. But, looking at the critical nature of present affairs—at the influential position he possesses—at the immediate as well as progressive effect his book is likely to produce, and at the extent of circulation it has already obtained, and will continue obtaining, together with the various important strictures and speculations it has induced from very able men—we cannot doubt but its appearance will have a strong tendency to advance the cause of Church Reform, which is one vast stride towards general amelioration. In proportion as Natural Theology becomes studied as an inductive science, the reign of dogmatic tyranny, ceremonious superstition, and the power that grasps the soul that it may devour the body, will cease, and one long-rolling peal of moral thunder will herald its exile into friendly darkness, or perhaps into that lasting perdition which its own malice so inefficiently prescribes for others.

But the "Discourse" of Lord Brougham is put forth as an "Illustration" of *Paley's* Natural Theology! Now, this is a most vexatious misnomer. It is an illustration of Natural Theology: there is no need to mention Paley. Was the name of the latter considered a passport to popularity? If it was adopted for this reason, Lord Brougham must either be deficient in moral courage and self-confidence, or else he must possess a provoking quantity of false modesty, to entertain so high a reverence for such a time-serving *inferior*. Nor was it very wise as a matter of policy; for Paley had ceased to "sell as usual," and was rapidly finding his proper level; while the name of Lord Brougham, so long as he chooses to exercise his energies in the popular cause, can always "flame in the ascendant." But the present question is open to a few remarks of very general application, though induced by sundry reflections concerning this Paley.

If any erudite and indefatigable author should ever take it into his head to render back to the philosophers and poets of past times their chief originalities, it would undoubtedly make strange havoc with innumerable modern works, and reduce the aristocracy of fame to a somewhat less imposing number. A more curious or vexatious catalogue than such a *reckoning* would form, could not well be conceived. The long and intervolved list of philosophical "systems" would be reduced to three or four; the "images" of the poets would be carried back in wholesale heterogenous fragments, to be laid at the feet of their early creators; nor would the sculptors and painters, since the days of Phidias and Praxiteles, and of Michael Angelo and Raphael, bear away a much greater share of original excellence

wherewith to taunt the "frowning shades" of others, whose names are honoured in the various arts and sciences. To accomplish such a task, however, the utmost discrimination would be necessary; and, in many apocryphal and complex instances, it could scarcely be effected without considerable injustice. For, as all reasonable systems of intellectual philosophy or psychology are reducible to a few first principles of mind—of moral philosophy or ethics, to the simple Christian virtue of "loving your neighbour as yourself,"—and of the physical science to physical laws, (the knowledge of which is circumscribed by the nature of our faculties,) those who make discoveries in consequence of an induction from certain previous discoveries—which is always the case—must necessarily appropriate the facts and principles already established: and the same may be said of all new inventions. The means of creating new combinations is an inexhaustible property of the imagination; and, with reference to its productions—using the term in its common, exclusive sense—the detection of whole or partial plagiarisms of importance (designated, by the polite consciousness of the moderns, as "borrowing,") might not be very difficult—to the serious loss of the applauded names of those who had thus helped to build a surreptitious fame in posterity. The case is, however, very different in everything connected with science and the logical labours of the understanding. Here the task would assuredly have a tendency to become invidious and supererogatory, inasmuch as the advance of practical knowledge in these departments can only be by slow and minute gradations —a mass of previously-ascertained facts being necessarily assembled as fixed data, before the enormous machine of science can be propelled a single inch. He who effects this, does something, perhaps much: the truth he has established may have been the stumbling-block of ages, and may lead, soon after, to a new series of truths, by which his own time and future generations will be benefited. But he who appropriates the facts and principles collected and established by others, without propounding any new and valuable inference or mode of application—who *adopts* the fame of other men's labours, merely by writing time-truckling compilations on previous compilations, availing himself both of "spirit and letter," and thus inducing no advance whatever in real philosophy—pursues a very reprehensible and shameful mode of helping to fill the world with *new old* books, instead of increased knowledge. It is placing the Nine Muses in the vocative situation of the foolish virgins—"Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." Assuredly this does not coincide with any enlarged view of useful philosophy. In short, Lord Brougham has produced a work of considerable originality; and Paley, "true to his craft," stole everything.

The following analysis of his Lordship's "Discourse" will shew that he aims at a high and an arduous object:—

The FIRST PART treats of the nature of the subject, and the kind of evidence upon which Natural Theology rests.

It is divided into seven sections. The *first* is introductory, and treats of the kind of evidence by which the truths of Physical and Psychological Science are investigated, and shews that there is as great an appearance of diversity between the manner in which we arrive at the knowledge of different truths in those inductive sciences, as there is between the nature of any such inductive investigation and the proofs of the ontological branches of Natural Theology. But that diversity is proved to be only apparent; and hence it is inferred that the supposed difference of the proofs of Natural Theology may also be only apparent.

The *second* section continues the application of this argument to the Physical Branch of Natural Theology, and shews further proofs that the first branch of Natural Theology is as much an inductive science as Physics or Natural Philosophy. The first section compared the ontological branches of Natural Theology with all inductive science, physical as well as psychological: the second compares the Physical branch of Natural Theology with physical science only.

The *third* section compares the psychological branch of Natural Theology with psychological science, and shews that both rest alike upon induction.

The *fourth* section shews that the *argumentum à priori* is unsound in a great degree—that it is insufficient for the purpose to which it is applied—that it serves only to a limited extent—and that to this extent it is in reality not distinguishable from induction, or the *argumentum à posteriori*.

The *fifth* section treats of the second or Moral, the *deontological* branch of Natural Theology, and shews that it rests upon the same kind of evidence with moral science, and is, strictly speaking, as much a branch of inductive knowledge.

The *sixth* section examines the doctrines of Lord Bacon respecting Final Causes, and shews that he was not adverse to the speculation when kept within due bounds.

The *seventh* section examines the true nature of inductive analysis and synthesis, and shews some important errors prevailing on this subject.

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The SECOND PART treats of the advantages to be derived from the study of Natural Theology. It consists of three sections.

The *first* shews that the precise kind of pleasure derived from the investigation of scientific truths, is derived from this study.

The *second* treats of the pleasures which are peculiar to this study.

The *third* treats of the connexion of Natural Theology with Revealed Religion.

The cultivation of the physical sciences in the present day, is far from general—although its advances during the last twenty years have been considerable, owing to the indefatigable labours of a certain number of gifted individuals, who have worked out results that ought to be extensively known and properly appreciated. But how much less attention has been awarded to the science of MIND. There are but few writers of eminence in any of the branches of psychological knowledge and inquiry; while, with the public, such studies have long ceased to excite the least interest, partly because the abstruse nature of the subject has caused it to be looked upon as a fruitless puzzle—a sort of *logogriph* not worthy of solution—and partly because our most serious thoughts have been imperatively claimed by the sharp recurrence of exciting political changes—our leisure hours being employed in the "relaxation" of helping to increase

the demand for third-rate novels. While long stories of inconsequential morbidity and fashionable vice, or trashy fac-similes of aristocratic worthlessness, have been greedily devoured, to the neglect of such writers as Hazlitt, Brown, and Mill, it is no wonder, when the other causes are taken into consideration, that the public should have sunk into a complete state of apathy to all subtle disquisitions connected with the phenomena of the human understanding. From this apathy we are now likely to be progressively roused, the "Discourse" of Lord Brougham having already attracted very considerable attention to such subjects among almost all reading classes; and the effect is greatly increased by several important positions he has advanced being fairly open to doubts, and consequently assailable by sundry perplexing, if not potent arguments.

The most valuable proposition to be deduced from Lord Brougham's "Discourse"—because it will give the strongest impulse to the advance and cultivation of psychological studies—is, that there are mental facts, as well as physical facts. This has been said before by Hazlitt, in various metaphysical lectures and essays; indeed, the best portion of his writings have expressly that tendency; but Lord Brougham is, perhaps, the first who has ever attempted to reduce the position to a regular systematic science. Nor does it greatly derogate from his merit to say that he has very imperfectly succeeded; since the accomplishment of such an arduous and most elaborate undertaking can only result from the accumulated labours of the highest intellects through successive ages. The reason of this is sufficiently apparent. Mental phenomena cannot be made the subject of *experiment* for general purposes with any such facility or certainty as physical phenomena: the former cannot be open to the same unequivocal evidence and multiplied attestation; —the existence of each mental fact must depend on the individual experiencing it—and hence the general knowledge of such experience depends on individual communication; while the belief or conviction of its truth, in order to become positive and general, so as to be rendered a fit subject for induction and scientific speculation, can only be induced by others having experienced the same fact, or something similar. Hence, the difference between mental and physical science, and the far greater difficulties that surround the advance of the former. The "Observations" of Dr Wallace on this subject, with reference to his Lordship's "Discourse," are not to be disputed. We may tell the truth concerning certain operations of our own minds; but we may not tell the whole truth—and there lies the chief danger;—yet who can deny that we communicate an entire truth, far less prove that we do not? Nay, if an individual propound a fiction, as a mental fact, for psychological induction, and that fiction look like a truth, would it not be very difficult to confute him?

But difference, while it proves individuality, does not necessarily affect the respective worth of things; and difficulty, so far from being a damping argument against success, is one of the strongest incentives to action, when attended with a conviction of the beneficial nature of the desired results. Lord Brougham commences his task by advancing many elaborate, yet clearly-expressed arguments, to shew that there is no sound distinction, no well-defined boundary, separating the methods of investigation in mental and physical philosophy; that natural theology depends mainly for its proofs upon the established truths of both the former, and is equally an inductive science; and that there is no essential difference between the methods of reasoning adopted in what may be termed "divine science," and those whereby the facts constituting "human science," are established. Aware of the difficulties that attend all metaphysical disquisitions, in which we treat of existences not seen or felt, and known only "by a process of reasoning founded upon something originally presented by the senses or by consciousness," his Lordship proceeds, in a very able manner, to shew that our reasonings in physical science are all subject to difficulties of a similar nature. Thus, for instance, we understand (there are many reasons for believing so) the laws of light and of vision; but we cannot perceive light directly by any of our senses, and only infer that it exists as a separate body, "by a process of reasoning from things which our senses do perceive." A similar process must take place in arriving at conclusions with respect to heat, air, motion, &c. "Experience and reasoning, therefore, are required to teach us the existence of external objects, and all that relates to their relations of size, colour, motion, habits; in a word, the whole philosophy of them must, of course, be the result of still longer and more complicated processes of reasoning." The difference between the methods of investigation in physical and psychological science, will hence appear to be in degree and not in kind. His Lordship's arguments are very admirable; but we believe there will always exist a certain degree of difference, because it is inherent in the nature of the respective phenomena of mind and matter, whether they result from the same or a totally distinct substance.

There are occasional instances of rather hasty writing, or perhaps dictation, in sundry pages of the present "Discourse," which has induced both fallacious arguments, and sometimes an illogical or unbecoming mode of expression, even when the noble author's meaning might be correct. In comparing the physical branch of natural theology with physics, he says—"The question which the theologian always puts upon each discovery of a purpose manifestly accomplished, is this:—'Suppose I had this operation to perform by mechanical means, and were acquainted with the laws regulating the action of matter, should I attempt it in any other way than I here see practised?'" But, we may answer, since the theologian is *not* acquainted with the laws regulating the action of matter, what becomes of his conclusion? We know nothing of the Creator's

laws; we can only reason about the phenomena or chain of effects. "If," continues his Lordship, "the answer is in the negative, the consequence is irresistible, that some power capable of acting with design, and possessing the *supposed* knowledge, employed the means which we see used." That is, the same knowledge which the theologian was supposed to possess! Again, it is unfair to say, "*if* the answer is in the negative," for this appears to leave the question open to an affirmative; whereas, if the theologian answer at all, it must be in the negative—because he would, otherwise, not only have to "suppose" himself acquainted with the laws by which the Deity regulates the action of matter, but to assume that he could make a better application of them. This would be blasphemy, were it not placing himself in too ludicrous a position to deserve any serious epithet. Such manœuvres look smarter in Greek, and better become the sophists of old, than the severity which is required of a modern logician.

It may further illustrate the argument to take one or two other examples. When a bird's egg is examined, it is found to consist of three parts—the chick, the yolk in which the chick is placed, and the white in which the yolk swims. The yolk is lighter than the white; and is attached to it at two points by the treadles. If a line were drawn through these two points it would pass below the centre of gravity of the yolk. From this arrangement it must follow that the chick is always uppermost, roll the egg how you will; consequently, the chick is always kept nearest to the breast or belly of the mother while she is sitting. Suppose, then, that any one acquainted with the laws of motion had to contrive things so as to secure this position for the little speck or sac in question, in order to its receiving the necessary heat from the hen—could he proceed otherwise than by placing it in the lighter liquid, and suspending that liquid in the heavier, so that its centre of gravity should be above the line or plane of suspension? Assuredly not; for in no other way could his purpose be accomplished. This position is attained by a strict induction; it is supported by the same kind of evidence on which all physical truths rest.

Curious as are these facts, we must again object to the illogical mode of expression. First, we are to *suppose* the theologian, or given individual, acquainted with the laws of motion, and it is then asked, could he proceed otherwise? Now, the question cannot be answered except by one who *is* acquainted with the laws of motion, not merely as they exist in our reasoning by induction, but as they really exist in the arcana of nature. Moreover, is it not presumptuous to affirm, that, "assuredly, in no other way could the purpose be accomplished?" Is not this limiting the power of the Deity to the extent of a mere human understanding? Is it not saying he could only effect his object in one way—the way discovered by a theologian?

There is one great and characteristic merit in this "Discourse," which will, no doubt, be generally appreciated as it deserves: we mean the multitude of interesting illustrations from natural history and science with which the arguments are interspersed.

The forms of the bones and joints, and the tendons or cords which play over them, afford a variety of instances of the most perfect mechanical adjustment. Sometimes the power is sacrificed for rapidity of motion, and sometimes rapidity is sacrificed for power. Our knee-pan, or patella, throws off the tendon which is attached to it from the centre of motion, and therefore adds to the power of the muscles of the thigh, which enable us to rise or leap. We have a mechanism of precisely the same kind in the lesser joints, where the bones, answering the purposes of the patella, are formed of a diminutive size. In the toes of the ostrich, the material is different, but the mechanism is the same. An elastic cushion is placed between the tendon and the joint, which, whilst it throws off the tendon from the centre of motion, and, therefore, adds to the power of the flexor muscle, gives elasticity to the bottom of the foot. And we recognise the intention of this when we remember that this bird does not fly, but runs with great swiftness, and that the whole weight rests upon the foot, which has but little relaxative breadth; these elastic cushions serving in some degree the same office as the elastic frog of the horse's hoof, or the cushion in the bottom of the camel's foot.

The web-foot of a water-fowl is an inimitable paddle; and all the ingenuity of the present day exerted to improve our steam-boats makes nothing to approach it. The flexor tendon of the toes of the duck is so directed over the heads of the bones of the thigh and leg, that it is made tight when the creature bends its leg, and is relaxed when the leg is stretched out. When the bird draws its foot up, the toes are drawn together, in consequence of the bent position of the bones of the leg pressing on the tendon. When, on the contrary, it pushes the leg out straight, in making the stroke, the tendons are relieved from the pressure of the heel-bone, and the toes are permitted to be fully extended, and, at the same time, expanded, so that the web between them meets the resistance of a large volume of water.

The following is also a very curious and interesting fact in the natural history of birds, and is explained with admirable clearness:—

In another class of birds, those which roost upon the branch of a tree, the same mechanism answers another purpose. The great length of the toes of these birds enables them to grasp the branch; yet, were they supported by voluntary effort alone, and were there no other provision made, their grasp would relax in sleep. But, on the contrary, we know that they roost on one foot, and maintain a firm attitude. Borelli has taken pains to explain how this is. The muscle which bends the toes lies on the fore part of the thigh, and runs over the joint which corresponds with our knee-joint; from the fore part its tendon passes to the back part of the leg, and over the joint equivalent to our heel-bone; it then splits, and extends in the bottom of the foot to the toes. The consequence of this singular course of the tendon is, that when the mere weight of the bird causes these two joints to bend under it, the tendon is stretched, or would be stretched, were it not that its divided extremities, inserted into the last bones of the toes, draw these toes, so that they contract, and grasp the branch on which the bird roosts, without any effort whatever on its part.

In the third section, which is devoted to a comparison of the psychological branch of natural theology with psychology, there occurs a remark worthy of notice, as containing a truth not generally understood by certain hard-headed reasoners. The noble author is speaking of the value of "what may be termed the natural association of ideas, whereby one thing suggests another from various relations of likeness, contrast, contiguity, and so forth." "The same association of ideas is of constant use in the exercise of the inventive faculty, which mainly depends upon it, and which is *the great instrument* not only in works of imagination, but in conducting all processes of *original investigation* by pure reasoning."

This is clearly the case. Nothing great and

original is ever produced, either in literature, art, or science, without the exercise, in a high degree, of what has been finely termed "a reasoning imagination."*

To this third section, there is a note appended concerning the psychological argument from final causes, in which his Lordship shews that the ancients "bestowed more attention to intellectual than to natural philosophy," and that "they drew their arguments *à posteriori* for the existence of design in the universe, as much from moral as from physical considerations." But does not this sentence look rather contradictory? His Lordship alludes to the discussion "held by Socrates with Aristodemus, as recorded by Xenophon"—*Xen. Memor. L.* iv. 13—and with Euthydemus—*Memor.* IV. iii. 11; to the similar course of reasoning pursued by Plato; referring particularly to the tenth and twelfth books of the treatise, *De Leg.*, where he states "the argument for the Deity's existence as twofold—the nature of the mind, and the order of the worldly system;" to the reasoning of the Stoics with regard to mental and physical phenomena; and to the writings of Cicero. The last paragraph of this note is peculiarly infelicitous, from its apparent inconsistency both with the previous positions and with itself.

An entire section is devoted to an examination of Lord Bacon's opinions concerning final causes; and Lord Brougham selects various passages from the *Novum Organum*, and other works of the great philosopher, to shew that, notwithstanding his frequent denunciation of the doctrine, he was not, in reality, averse to it. Our author certainly "collects the evidence" in a very masterly way; and yet, let any one turn to the work on "The Advancement of Learning," where it is so strongly enforced that we are "not to presume, by the contemplation of nature, to attain to the mysteries of God," and it must still be doubted whether he was not strong in his aversion, both on religious and philosophical grounds, to such speculations of natural theology. It would seem, however, that Lord Brougham considers this rather in the light of a prejudice and weakness, than the consequence of a sublimated feeling as to divine things; for he takes occasion to expose it to ridicule. Some of the opinions, it must be confessed, are quite open to it. Bacon's doctrine, for instance, concerning "angels and spirits," who conceives that "their nature may be investigated by science, including that of *unclean spirits* or demons, which," he says, "hold, in this inquiry, the *same place as poisons do in physics, or vices in ethics!*"—*(De Dig., L.* iii., *c.* 2.*)*—and that, although "he warns against sorcery, or the practice of witchcraft," yet that "the doctrine of fascination, the discovery of futurity from dreams and ecstasies, especially in bad health and deathbed-glimpses—in a word, divination—are branches of science deserving cultivation."—*(Ib. L.* iv., *c.* 3, *and L.* ii., *c.* 2.*)* There is no denying the inconsistency here displayed. Lord Brougham, also says of the *Sylva Sylvarum*, that it is "a striking instance of the inequalities of the human faculties;" and that the work is full of "credulity, superstition, groundless hypothesis, manifest error;" and "nothing at any time given to the world ever exhibited a more entire disregard of all his own rules of philosophizing." But, granting these severe strictures on the *Sylva Sylvarum* to be well-founded, the inconsistency will not prove that Lord Bacon really favoured the doctrine of Final Causes in those works where he *did* entirely regard his own rules of philosophizing. For instance, Lord Brougham must be well acquainted with the following passage in the work on "The Advancement of Learning:"—"If any man shall think, by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things, to attain that light whereby he may *reveal unto himself* the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy: for the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (having regard to the creatures and works themselves) knowledge; but (having regard to God) no perfect knowledge—but wonder, which is broken knowledge. And, therefore, it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, 'that the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun; which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth the stars and celestial globe: so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.'"

Lord Brougham's "Discourse" has produced, as may be conjectured, abundance of animadversions from the press, much praise from some quarters, and much abuse from many whose praise would be an insult. Whoever puts forth a work is, of course, amenable, as far as that work is concerned, to the strictest criticism, and every debatable point is fairly open to discussion; but the disgusting personality and impertinence of party rancour, which still characterise the critiques of the present day, is a disgrace to the age. Among the various opinions and arguments elicited by his Lordship's "Discourse," those most worthy of notice are from Dr Wallace, one of his Majesty's Counsel at Law in Ireland, and from A. C. G. Jobert, member of the Geological Society of France, and author of "Researches relative to the Fossil Mammifers of the Department of Puy de Dome," &c.; and, although these gentlemen are strongly opposed to different parts of his Lordship's reasoning, it is a great satisfaction to find their remarks conveyed in terms of due respect and appreciation. One extract from Mons. Jobert's "Two Words on Lord Brougham's and Dr Paley's Natural

* "It is of the nature of the imagination to combine our original impressions in all possible forms, and to modify these impressions themselves to a very great degree. Man, without this, would not be a rational agent. He would have no apprehension or concern about his own future interest or that of others. Without this faculty of multiplying, varying, extending, combining, and comparing his original passive impressions, he would be utterly blind to the future, and indifferent to it, insensible to everything beyond the present moment, altogether incapable of hope or fear, &c."—*Hazlitt—Principles of Human Action, p.* 31–41. Second Edition.

Theology," is all we can afford space to give; but it is sufficiently characteristic of his style and the line of argument he adopts:—

Paley's work has had a very extensive circulation in England. It has gone through a great many editions, previous to this now preparing under the patronage of Lord Brougham. Nevertheless, this author's arguments are nothing more than one continued sophism. He applies analogical reasoning to phenomena belonging to orders or classes essentially different; he compares things between which no analogy subsists; he groups together facts which are not identical, and which cannot have succeeded each other. He then supposes an impossibility; and when a man supposes an impossibility, he necessarily falls into absurdity.

If I find a watch upon the ground, I shall certainly know, upon examining it, although I may never have seen a watch before, that it has been constructed by a workman. I shall perfectly comprehend that an intellectual power has conceived the plan of its construction—has calculated the force of the spring, the action of the chain, of the works, and their component parts; that these parts have been severally made with a reference to one another, and that they adapt themselves in perfect order, so as to form one harmonious and complete whole. But the idea of the creation of the watch will be accompanied with that of the means employed in constructing it. I shall see that the workman's knowledge—that is to say, the impressions received by his senses—have pointed out to him the elasticity of the metal composing the spring—have made him acquainted with the properties of the lever which regulates the works—that he has thus been able to discover the different motions which the several parts must perform, in order to attain the object which he had in view. I shall perceive that he has realized his plan through the means of organs; that he has measured the dimensions, the forms, and ascertained the connexion of the different parts; that he has fixed and adjusted them; in short, I shall find it impossible to separate the idea of the figure of the work from the figure of the artificer. The idea of the watch will be immediately followed by the idea of a being who has in its construction employed eyes, arms, hands—who has acted upon matter, by arranging a certain number of facts under the conditions requisite to ensure their succeeding each other.

The author very justly argues, that the case is different when we examine the structure of a living being. We may see that external objects act upon the senses, the senses upon the organ of thought; that thought re-acts upon the senses, and the senses upon matter: but we can go no further. "I cannot discover the spring which produces motion, which constitutes the generating fact, as I found it in the watch. I do not see, I cannot picture to myself, what makes me exist, what it is that makes me feel or think, in the same manner as I see and picture to myself the *workman* who made the watch. I can no longer reason by induction; the chain of facts is broken; there no longer exists any analogy; I cannot bring my reason to compare intelligence or life to a steel-spring." After this, what becomes of Paley's celebrated *argument?* The author also objects to Lord Brougham's proposition, that "the eye could not have been made without a knowledge of optics," and that, therefore, the Deity possessed such knowledge. Our knowledge of optics is gained through the medium of the senses; no analogy can, therefore, be said to exist without outraging our notions of the Supreme Power. It is to be regretted that writers on sacred subjects are not sufficiently careful in this respect; as though the habitual contemplation blunted the perception of their irreverent language. Lord Brougham seems aware of this error, which he designates (see page 127) as very liable to become "daring" and "audacious;" and yet, in another part of his book, (page 78,) he actually says, in plain words, that "the agency which we infer from this reasoning" is "the working of something *like our own mind—an intelligence like our own!*" This is by no means qualified by his adding, that it "is incomparably more powerful and more *skilful!*" The use, also, of expressions like the following is highly objectionable:—"We *walk* with the Deity," (page 196;) a "*wholesome* adoration of the great First Cause," (page 197;) see also, in the same page, the comparison of "a long-*lost friend*," whose "existence had been sufficiently proved by one interview," with the the reason for "contemplating the subject," after the evidence of the existence of the Deity had been made sufficiently plain. It is thus seen that one great man can be somewhat inconsistent as well as another. "*Ex divinorum et humanorum malesana admixtione*," &c. (See Lord Brougham's quotation from the *Novum Organum* against Lord Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, page 143 of the "Discourse.")

Mons. Jobert sets out with the position, that "the knowledge of *facts* alone is accessible to man." His meaning is, that man can acquire nothing but the knowledge of *physical* facts. Now, in the first place, this is a *petitio principii* as to the materiality or immateriality of the mind; for surely he will not deny but we have, at least, some knowledge of the operations of the mind, although we know nothing of its essence? He says that "we do not see *causes:* what we call causes, or laws of nature, are but an assemblage of facts." If this be the case, why, upon his principle, should we not be able to see, or attain a knowledge of them?—(we presume that is what he means by the term *see*)—but, if they be not accessible to such knowledge, or sight, how does he know that they are an assemblage of "physical facts?"

In a notice of these "Two Words," which appeared in one of the metropolitan weekly journals, the critic—although declaring himself no admirer of Paley's unphilosophical "twaddle,"* nor even of the method by which Lord Brougham endeavours to ascend to the existence of the First Cause by induction, and speculate upon the Divine attributes and intentions—objects that Mons. Jobert's definition of the Deity appears to be "an assemblage of facts!"—a definition, it must be confessed, of as little spirituality as the blankest materialist needs wish for. He might have added—and those facts are all to be derived from Geology;—for this appears to be Jobert's meaning. But let us see if there be no inconsistency even in a strictly matter-of-fact

* For the information of the admirers of Paley, and in order to enable them to "have their revenge," we should mention that the paper to which we allude, is *Bell's New Weekly Messenger.*

philosopher. In his fourth section, concerning the commencement of the inorganic world, the author propounds that "the earth is an incrusted star, extinguished only at its surface," and supports this proposition with two great names, those of Descartes and Leibnitz. He then recurs, "in idea, to the period when the ethereal matter was condensed to form spheres," and supports this by the opinions of Herschell and Laplace. In his opening sentence, he says—"Whether with the powerful assistance of the telescope, man penetrates into the immensity of space, and, discovering a nebula, studies the first motions of ethereal matter, condensing itself and forming suns and systems," &c. Now, we entirely agree with all these propositions "in idea," and appreciate both the grandeur and probability of the hypothesis; but does the author contend that they are visible and demonstrable facts? The nebula is rather too far off for any telescope that has yet been invented to enable us to discover its true nature, "growth, and hatching." The author, however, manifests a knowledge and love of his subject, that renders us anxious for the appearance of his forthcoming work on Geology.

There is an elaborate article on Lord Brougham's "Discourse," in the last number of a monthly contemporary, which article, with the exception of the letter, signed E. Johnson, that precedes it, must be denominated a clerico-fulminatory attack. In speaking of the noble author, comparisons like the following are instituted:—"mad ambition!" "lightning flash!" "cloven foot!" "insidious viper!" "reptile form of earth-contaminating creep!" "the toad!" &c.; and then we have, in juxta-position, "the pious man!" "the father of a family!" "the instructor of youth!" "the tender mother!" But the secret of all this "forty-parson power" pops out in the expression of the "plundering hand," and is elucidated by the writer's deep reverence for the ceremonies, or "the *forms* of faith," as established by act of Parliament, and performed by his Majesty's servants in every church-royal throughout the British dominions! We are sorry that a periodical, characterized by liberality of mind, just criticism, and nobleness of spirit, should thus have indulged in a strain half as bad as the vulgarity of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*. We do not, of course, object to the writer's *logical* attacks on the "Discourse." On the contrary. No doubt he dislikes the book for the chief reason that we are glad it has appeared, *viz.*, it helps to put the *abusive* Church, and all "its forms," in jeopardy. We conjecture the writer of the article to be the same who, in a notice of Mrs Loudon's "Philanthropic Economy," confers on Lord Brougham the title of *Dagon*. Perhaps this originated in unconscious associations with the introductory remarks of his Lordship's "Discourse," wherein he speaks of sundry theological works projected by himself and Sir Charles *Bell*.

We now come to the "Observations on the Discourse of Lord Brougham," by Thomas Wallace, LL.D. The Doctor is one of His Majesty's Counsel at Law in Ireland, and was not known, we believe, in the literary world, previous to the present publication. He is, undoubtedly, a very acute thinker and reasoner, and deeply read in his subject. His book has met with great attention already, and is likely to continue its circulation with increased interest. His objections, with a few caustic exceptions, are conveyed in that tone of gentlemanly consideration which every scholar ought to adopt in disputation; and might serve as a good model for those critics whose vulgar personality has too long been tolerated by the public.

So far then as his Lordship's work tends to give Natural Theology a high place in human knowledge, and to prove its adequacy and efficacy for those purposes, it is impossible for an honest mind not to wish that his labour may be successful; and it is equally impossible not to lament, if, in discharging this voluntary and arduous task, he should diverge from the straight path which might lead to success, in pursuit of this desirable object; and that—either by aiming to attain what is not within the fair scope of his pursuit, or to display talents, or learning, or address in controversy—he should, instead of accelerating, materially retard his progress towards the goal he aims at, and possibly frustrate, finally, his main purpose.

The first volume of this work is now before the public. It was naturally looked for with the most eager anxiety—great expectations were formed of such an undertaking, on such a subject, by such a man; and assuredly much has been done by it to give Natural Theology as high a place as it is capable of sustaining among the sciences that guide mankind towards that knowledge which, if it do not reach absolute scientific truth, may approach as nearly to it as it is reasonable to expect on subjects that in their nature are not capable of strict demonstration.

Dr Wallace now objects that his Lordship has unnecessarily advocated a proposition which may prove dangerous to sound philosophy and rational religion; viz., that of asserting, not only the immateriality of the mind, or separate and independent existence of the mind and body; but that our belief in the Christian religion, in a future state, and in the existence of the Deity, depends upon such immateriality; thus involving these momentous subjects in a mere *metaphysical speculation*, and theoretically periling their immutable truths upon its demonstration according to his own view of the question. This is certainly a heavy charge; but, with however laudable an intention on the part of his Lordship, we must confess that it is a charge to which numerous passages, particularly in the third and fifth sections of his "Discourse," render him most unequivocally amenable. We shall not enter into the various arguments of the noble author on this subject, nor into the strictures of Dr Wallace; agreeing with the latter, that they are likely to induce "religious controversy." This alone might be sufficient to render such discussions objectionable; and how much more so, when we consider that the dispute is useless in itself, inasmuch as there is not the least appearance that any certainty can be attained on either side! It will not be fair, however, to dismiss these "Observations" without giving the reader some specimen of the author's argumentative powers.

Surely it could not be necessary, in arranging Natural Theology in its proper place among the sciences, to intro-

duce, for *discussion* and *decision*, a metaphysical dogma like this; though it might, possibly, have been permissible, to enumerate among the subjects which fall within the range of that science whatever *established truths* may exist connected with the nature of the soul, and which might furnish matter for *inductive* reasoning to extend or give stability to the science itself—What beneficial purpose could be answered by introducing into such a work a disputed and *most* disputable question, and which *because* it *is* disputed and while it shall continue so, can furnish no inductive matter, either for proof or illustration? Did it not occur to the Noble Lord that the writers on Natural Theology who had preceded him, and, as he admits, omitted to discusss or entertain this metaphysical and vexatious doctrine, did so with design, and because they were of opinion that it was neither necessary nor useful to introduce *doubtful* doctrines, in the hope of extending *certain* knowledge—and that, therefore, the negative precedent was one which ought to be followed? And is it not strange, too, that it should escape his observation that, *possibly*, the introduction of a doctrine teaching us that, if the human soul be material or connected with any modification of matter, that soul *must die with the body, whatever revelation may teach to the contrary*, might, as far as the influence of his argument and doctrine went, tend to weaken and contradict that revelation?

The noble author will certainly find it very difficult to give a satisfactory answer to the above, either on the grounds of religion, logic, or discretion. The following is of a similar character:—

The main ground on which the contest for the immateriality of the soul has been raised, is the belief, or opinion, that the mind would suffer a species of degradation if supposed to be destructible like matter—destructible even as to form and organization. It arises also from the notion that the mind must have some superiority *justly* attributed to its essence, as its functions are apparently so supereminently above what is supposed to be the limited capability of inert matter. Now, it is a curious inquiry, how, among Christian philosophers and Christian teachers, matter should have ever fallen so low in estimation as to be thought unworthy of anything like *identity*, or even *inseparable companionship* with the soul; for certainly belief in the doctrine of the "*Resurrection of the body and its life everlasting* with the soul in the future state," is inconsistent with such a disparaging opinion of matter. Will it not be for the peace of the religious world if the day shall arrive when the minds of men shall be neutralized, and led to hold at least a suspended opinion on a question on which error can produce no mischief, whatever may be the truth? For surely the interests of religion or virtue are in no way endangered by a suspended judgment, or by ignorance on the point, as, at whatever side truth may be, those interests are effectually secured by the belief (which always remains unaffected by the materiality or immateriality of the soul) that there will be a full recompense in a future life for all that has been done well or ill in this.

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If, as the materialist contends, what he calls the mind is nothing more than the thinking power, or *that* in which the power inheres, and that *that* is a certain organization of matter, namely, the brain—the proposition to the materialist, (*i. e.* that *consciousness* of thinking *proves* the existence of *mind*,) in *his sense* of the term, would be true; for certainly the consciousness of thinking would be proof that that without which thought could not exist, does at the moment exist; and if, as the immaterialist contends, the *mind* is not a certain organization of matter, but what he calls an *immaterial* being, distinct from the body, and in which immaterial being the power of thinking, and the *consciousness* of it, which is *thought itself*, inheres—the proposition would be admitted to be true also by him, according to his understanding of the term mind. In other words, each taking the term mind in his *own sense of it*, both would admit it to be true: but the proposition would be *actually* true or false, only with reference to the psychological truth; and it therefore would be true only with respect to one of the parties and false as to the other, though from want of definition it would appear *true* to *both*.

Now, we have precisely the same objection to make against Dr Wallace, that he makes against Lord Brougham: neither of them gives us his definition of *mind*. We, therefore, object to the mode of expression the Doctor uses in the foregoing extract. The *thinking power*, and *that in which the power inheres*, are two different things; the one being the brain, the other the mind. Yet they are joined together by an *or*, as if they were the same. The word *or* is sometimes used to divide, sometimes to express relation; sometimes it adds to the meaning of a phrase, sometimes qualifies; sometimes renders the meaning intended to be conveyed more clear, sometimes confuses. This is the case here.

Under the firm persuasion that the immortality of the soul does not in the least depend upon this, or any other metaphysical dogma; that it depends solely on the will of the Creator, and not on his creature's fancies; and, consequently, not caring whether the principle of thought be material or immaterial, we are disposed, in our capacity of umpire between the respective partisans of the two opinions, to submit the following correction of a portion of the last extract, for the consideration of Dr Wallace, and the material philosophers at large.

If, as the materialist contends, what he calls the mind, is nothing more, than the series of phenomena, which, being separately named, are called perception, memory, judgment, imagination or association, &c., and which, classed together, are called by the general term *mind*, and that these phenomena are the functions performed by a certain organization of matter, *viz.*, the brain—the proposition to the materialist, (*i. e.* that consciousness of the existence of these phenomena proves the existence of mind,) in his sense of the term, would be admitted as true. The consciousness that such phenomena were displayed would be proof, not merely that *that* without which he contends they could not be displayed, (*viz.* the organized brain,) did exist; but also that it was in action and in the due performance of its functions; and these functions being called *mind*, his consciousness of their phenomena would shew him that mind exists. But he would not forget that *mind* is only a *term;* he would not erect a word into an entity. (See Bentham's "Chrestomathia," Part II., Ap. v., sec. 18.) The only entity the materialist perceives, is a living being having an organ performing certain functions, which, classed together, he calls *mind*.

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the above may not be collected from various parts of Dr Wallace's book. He sees clearly enough that the consciousness of possessing a *mind*, proves nothing as to whether that mind is the result of matter or spirit; it is merely his mode of stating the opinion of the materialists—he being a sort of champion of their philosophy, which may be deemed rather inaccurate; and we think he has neglected, throughout his book, sufficiently to shew the verbal fallacy of erecting words into things or substances; which common error we fancy to be the cause of much of the confusion in these subjects and some of the mystery.

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Would it not have been clearer, and certainly more in accordance with the Doctor's own opinions, if, instead of saying, "to form for himself any satisfactory definition or idea of what the essence or substance of the human soul really is"—he had said, to form for himself any satisfactory idea of the mode in which the phenomena of mind are produced?

That the noble author and his close-reasoning opponent, may not retort our accusation, that they have not given a definition of the sense in which they use the term *mind*, we will endeavour to explain ourselves in a few words. After the innumerable and immemorial controversies which this question has occasioned, it is not likely that any definition will readily be tolerated, far less admitted, as the first step towards a "*quies doctrinarum*;" especially one whose only merit will consist in its clearness and simplicity—where the understanding can find safe anchorage, and its unequivocal admission of entire ignorance, where rational metaphysics would otherwise merge into mysticism. We therefore solicit indulgence to a plain-spoken, concise theory, which, however, we confess to be an attempt to reconcile the materialists and spiritualists. The idea is not altogether preposterous; for truth ought to reconcile all parties; and we submit that there may be some truth in the following.

By the term *mind*, as belonging to man, we mean certain phenomena, which he exhibits while he possesses life. These phenomena, separately named, are called his faculties of perception, volition, memory, judgment, imagination, &c. For the sake of convenience, they are classed all together under the general and popular term *mind*. In order to effect the manifestation of mind—in order, that is, to set the aggregate faculties, whose activity produces mind, into such operation as will evolve a result cognizable to man—we believe that the brain must be put into a certain relation with the external universe, through the medium of the senses, which senses communicate to the brain, by means of the nerves, the impressions they receive from external things. Certain conditions being granted as to the brain, (entire *proof* is impossible to be obtained,) and certain conditions being granted as to the external universe, and the brain being brought into relation with that universe through the senses—mind will be manifested. Without such conditions and such relations, we shall perceive no such thing as mind. *How* external things act upon the organs of sense; how the nerves receive their impressions; how they convey them to the brain as the focus, if we may so call it, of perception; how the brain works upon them, re-acts on the servants that have ministered to it, and sends them to bring in more and more food from outward worlds, till the result is a mind which can grasp all these things in a moment, and by a single effort of its will—the brain of that child of dust, that atom called "man," thus, by its natural high prerogative, becoming closely related, both as agent and patient, to the infinite sublimity of the universe—is a mystery of unfathomable grandeur, inferior only to that which awfully veils the Power that framed so wonderful an order, and bestowed a gift so vast!

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"The inductive method consists in only admitting those things which the facts prove to be true, and excludes the supposing things merely because they square with the facts. Whoever makes such suppositions upon observing a certain number of facts, and then varies those suppositions when new facts come to his knowledge, so as to make the theory tally with the observation—whoever thus goes on touching and retouching his theory each time a new fact is observed which does not fall within the original proposition—is a mere framer of hypotheses, not an inductive inquirer—a fancier, and not a philosopher."

There is a very fine passage in Section 1 of Part II. of the "Discourse," on the pleasures to be derived from the study of science, for itself only, and apart from personal and practical considerations; and there are few, we think, who will not peruse it with admiration.

The pleasure derived from ascertaining that the pressure of the air and the creation of a vacuum alike cause the rise of the mercury in the barometer, and give the power to flies of walking on the ceiling of a room, is wholly independent of any practical use obtained from the discovery; inasmuch as it is a pleasure superadded to that of contemplating the doctrine proved by the Torricellian experiment, which had conferred all its practical benefits long before the cause of the fly's power was found out. Thus, again, it is one of the most sublime truths in science, and the contemplation of which, as mere contemplation, affords the greatest pleasure, that the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground keeps the planets in their course, moulds the huge masses of those heavenly bodies into their appointed forms, and reduces to perfect order all the apparent irregularities of the system: so that the handful of sand which for an instant ruffles the surface of the lake, acts by the same law which governs, through myriads of ages, the mighty system composed of myriads of worlds. There is a positive pleasure in generalizing facts and arguments—in perceiving the wonderful production of most unlike results from a few very simple principles—in finding the same powers or agents reappearing in different situations, and producing the most diverse and unexpected effects—in tracing unexpected resemblances and differences—in ascertaining that truths or facts apparently unlike are of the same nature, and observing wherein those apparently similar are various: and this pleasure is quite independent of all considerations relating to practical application; nay, the additional knowledge that those truths are susceptible of a beneficial application, gives a further gratification of the like kind to those who are certain never to have the opportunity of sharing the benefits obtained, and who, indeed, may earnestly desire never to be in the condition of being able to share them. Thus, in addition to the pleasure received from contemplating a truth in animal physiology, we have another gratification from finding that one of its corollaries is the construction of an instrument useful in some painful surgical operation. Yet, assuredly, we have no desire ever to receive advantage from this corollary; and our scientific gratification was wholly without regard to any such view.

His Lordship has appended to his "Discourse" some learned and elaborate notes, in which many original and forcible arguments on various profoundly interesting subjects will be found. Some of them are worthy of deep study.

The refutation of Hume we consider to be, in a measure, successful; and his Lordship effects this in the true spirit of a philosopher, and without any polemical vituperation. His strictures on the "Système de la Nature" would have been more conclusive, had he not confused his argument with assumptions as to the essence of the thinking principle. This note also contains a passage which cannot be passed over in silence. The noble author may possibly denounce us as being infected with the critical *cacoethes carpendi*; but let the reader judge for himself.

It is certain that the whole science of numbers, from the rules of elementary arithmetic up to the highest branches of the modern calculus, could by possibility have been discovered by a person who had never in his life been out of a dark room—who had never touched any body but his own—nay, whose limbs had all his life been so fixed that he had never exercised even upon his own body the sense of touch: indeed, we might even go so far as to say, who had never heard a sound uttered; for the primitive ideas of number might by possibility have suggested themselves to his mind, and been made the grounds of all further calculations. What becomes now of all our knowledge depending on the senses?

Under *such* circumstances, what indeed! But the fact is, our knowledge remains just where it was. In the first place, this hypothetical creature, being a living animal, must breathe, and he might gain the idea of number by the succession of his respirations. Nay, he must feed, and might gain the above idea by the succession of morsels of food, or by mastication. Instead of discovering the *calculus*, however, he would, in all probability, be a complete idiot. In short, it is an unsupposable case; for no being possessing life could be prevented from acquiring some knowledge through his senses. Perhaps this passage is a mere oversight, resulting from hasty composition.

There is also a note, concerning "The Doctrine of Cause and Effect," on which we would venture a few remarks. The noble author indirectly confesses that the grounds of his objection to the completeness of the established doctrine "may admit of some doubt." Be this as it may, let the reader compare the whole of this note with Dr Brown's lucid remarks "On Power, Cause, and Effect."

The examination is, what is the real object of inquiry, when we consider the phenomena of nature as successive; and we find that, by *an original principle of our constitution, we are led*, from *the mere observation of change*, to believe that, where similar circumstances recur, the changes which we observed will also recur in the same order; that there is hence conceived by us to be a permanent relation of one event as invariably antecedent to another event as invariably consequent, and that this permanent relation is all which constitutes power. It is a word, indeed, of much seeming mystery; but all which is supposed to be mysterious and perplexing in it, vanishes when it is regarded in its true light, as only a short *general term*, expressive of invariable antecedence, or, in other words, of that which cannot exist in certain circumstances without being immediately followed by a certain definite event, which we denominate an effect, in reference to the antecedent, which we denominate a cause. To express shortly what appears to me to be the only intelligible meaning of the three most important words in physics—immediate invariable antecedence, is power; the immediate invariable antecedent in any sequence, is a cause; the immediate invariable consequent, is the correlative effect. The form of bodies is the relation of their elements to each other in space; the power of bodies is their relation to each other in time; *and both form and power, if considered separately from the number of elementary corpuscles, and from the changes that arise successively*, are equally *abstractions* of the mind, and no-

thing more. *Errors with respect to the nature of abstraction are among the principal causes that retard the progress of philosophy.* We give a name to some common quality of many substances, and we then suppose that there is in it something real, because we have given it a name, &c.—*Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, Vol. I., Sec. 7.*

Now, his Lordship contends that cause and effect do not simply mean invariable antecedence and sequence, or "constant connexion and succession," but also *our idea* of "one event exerting a power over another by an inherent force." He considers that we derive this notion of power from consciousness of our own volition, "transferring this idea and the relation on which it is founded between our own will and the change produced, to the relations between events wholly external to ourselves—assuming them to be connected, as we feel our volition and our movements are mutually connected."

To examine this question fairly, it will be necessary to recur to the primitive impression, or origin of our consciousness of the power of volition. The first effort an infant makes, is to gain free respiration, and struggle into life and the use of its faculties, by painful contention with the sudden influence of the external elements. But probably the first effort of volition of which it can be conceived to be mentally conscious, is that of gaining nutriment from its mother's breast, or otherwise; and the recurrence of this effort, with the successful result, constitutes its first idea of power, cause, and effect. The child *must* gain this idea in such a manner, or not at all; for, if the effort was not made, and did not prove continually successful, it would die. The idea of the effect following the cause, cannot *precede* our practical knowledge of the fact. The invariable antecedence and sequence of cause and effect, must act upon the consciousness, before the idea of volition as an inherent and efficient power can be acquired. Hence, the idea of general power, cause, and effect, though originating in our associating the changes in external things with our consciousness of volition as an inherent force, can only be *subsequent* to our knowledge of invariable antecedence and sequence. But this knowledge was first acquired through the exertion of our volition; therefore, we derive our first ideas of it from consciousness of volition.

This is the best argument we can offer in favour of his Lordship's proposition; but it does not go far enough. The proposition is still open to objections as to our *always* transferring this consciousness of the inherent force of our volition to external objects and changes. We may continually do this in ordinary circumstances; but not necessarily, and certainly not when speculating on philosophical subjects. Yet it is not quite certain that Dr Brown did not entertain an opinion somewhat similar to his Lordship, if we may judge by his expression, as quoted in the extract from his lectures, that we are led, by *an original principle* in our constitution, to believe, &c. The illustrations, however, which the noble author gives of his own proposition, we do not think at all happy. He says—"Because our will has hitherto had the power to move our limbs, we have acquired the idea of power and of causation. But, if it had *always been otherwise, and that no connexion of succession had ever existed between our volition and our movements,* I do not see how the idea of power or causality could ever have been obtained by us from the sequence of events." Now, in the first place, this is changing and lowering our human condition to a most unfair degree, and rendering us utterly helpless in body and mind. But, granting this imbecility, it would not destroy the consciousness and knowledge to be derived from sensation. It would be changing us from agents and patients, to patients only; but surely we should be able to know something of cause and effect. For instance, suppose such a creature—for we could not call him a man—to be placed on the top of an iceberg in the Polar regions, and that he saw some of Captain Parry's sailors stick a bear's head upon the ridge of another iceberg, and fire at it by way of amusement; suppose, at each report of a musket, the bear's head fell into the water below, to be again replaced, and again knocked down;—would he not have an idea of power, cause, and effect, independent of self-reference? Or, rather, suppose they took a fancy to pelt him with snow-balls or lumps of ice, and that they never missed him—would he not derive a sensible idea of cause and effect from the sequence? Again, his Lordship says, "The mere constant and unvarying succession of two events would not, of itself, be sufficient to make us, even in popular language, denominate the one a cause of the other. Light uniformly follows dark—one o'clock always follows twelve; but no man ever thought of calling, or of deeming night to be the cause of day, or noon of afternoon. The clock pointing to one, is not reckoned the effect of its having previously pointed to twelve, but of a certain mechanism," &c. This is true; but his Lordship omits to notice the *change* which is the necessary concomitant of the idea of cause and effect. Besides—with reference to his own argument—if he means by one o'clock following twelve, that the hands of the clock come to one an hour after they have been at twelve, we may very fairly say that twelve is the cause of one; the works of the clock being so constructed that, because the hands have passed twelve, they will next proceed to one. If he means to reckon his time by the sun, then, again, we may denominate the process a cause and effect; for the earth having turned so far on its axis, brings a certain portion of its surface opposite the sun, and, as it continues turning, its changed position is the cause of one o'clock coming. This is fairly answering one sophistry by another. So, in like manner, of day following night—it is possible that those who first observed the fact that day followed night, began to fancy that night caused day; but seeing, as they would in a few hours, that night also followed day, it is reasonable to suppose they would soon begin to assign the rising of the sun as the

cause of the important change. And thus it only becomes an illustration, such as Dr Brown might have employed, to shew our mistakes about causes, and how we seize on one fact after another in the series of antecedents, and think each, as we advance further and further with the train, is the real cause. For, in this manner, we might go on from the rising of the sun to all the laws of light, and thence to the construction of the organ of vision to perceive the light, and thus on and on, in the interminable series of antecedents, till at last we must rest in one cause—the First Cause of all—the impenetrable Sublimity.

Why should we trouble ourselves with the metaphysical enigma of the materiality or immateriality of the mind? What is the *essential* meaning of those *terms*, those abstractions, called materiality and immateriality? We had better be humble and rational, and give it up. But why should one of the first intellects of the time, one possessing so extensive a knowledge of "men, and books, and things," endeavour to force us into the vain speculation, by affirming that our belief in a First Cause and in a future state, depends upon the proof of the assertion—that the soul must be immaterial? Why *must* it? *How* can immortality, which is in the gift of the Creator, depend upon man's theories of essence? How can our belief in a First Cause depend on our agreeing to a particular definition of a term; for what *is* immateriality? Our disbelief, on such fanciful grounds would surely be the height of presumptuous ignorance. Although far rather disposed—as an individual opinion—to agree with the great philosopher of ideality, that the existence of all external objects depends upon the mind—that their "*esse*" is "*percipi*"—than with the hardened and vigorous materiality of Hobbes—we must, nevertheless, admit that such opinion does not include the slightest conception of what the faculties and phenomena of the mind are in themselves. We are all equally in the dark about matter. In short, we can only affirm that mind is a series of phenomena presented through material media; and matter itself, as Leibnitz says, *un phenoméne bien fondé*. We do not, therefore, see any grounds, especially when these subjects are discussed abstractedly from all practical considerations, for the unphilosophical odium under which matter—of whose inherent nature we are profoundly ignorant—has fallen, in comparison with mind—of whose inherent nature we are profoundly ignorant. That their respective phenomena are wonderfully different, is plain enough; that mind and matter are closely connected together, is equally apparent, from the *manifestation* of the former depending on the latter, and from their incessant action and reaction upon each other. But it is as impossible to understand *how* they can be separate, and, as Lord Brougham says, independent substances, as *how* their present union is effected. Neither will the sublime hypothetical ingenuity of the great German metaphysician account for it, except in a poetical sense. He terms it a "*pre-established harmony*," because there is no understanding how the harmony is established in our present state. The Platonists were more disposed to do justice to both substances, be they what they might, and, therefore, placed the intellectual virtues in "the abstracted soul," and the moral virtues in "the *compositum*;" denying to the pure, essential, unclothed soul, the capacity of good or evil, which they considered as resulting only from the union of soul and body.

But to have done with these fruitless and perplexing speculations, let us turn for security to the nature that is within us; to its hungering after happiness, knowledge, and futurity. May we not say with the finest orator of the time—"I have begun the chase of knowledge: wisdom is of both worlds. To its ardent votary, there is no remoteness in immortal life. The pursuit of knowledge runs unbrokenly from one into the other world. They are also held together by the golden link of continuous affection. God will not leave the soul in the grave. It is but the heart's husk that sees corruption. In pure emotion, I feel that I have a prelibation of futurity, and thereby is emotion purified and sanctified. All these strong impulses of my heart are towards that which is essentially eternal, and the faith of their eternity ennobles those impulses. Strange is it to look back on the influences and mental states of past, of infantile years; to see how they flowed on, strengthening and widening through life; and to reflect that *life is thus the infancy of futurity*, and the originator of its mental condition, its happiness or misery."*

Let us, then, leave the materialist and the immaterialist, to pursue their mystic journey through unmeaning words: we think there is an inherent principle in human nature, far beyond all their best arguments. The more we feel, and the more we think, the stronger becomes the yearning for something beyond the present life; and this feeling and these thoughts, these "longings after immortality," are found to exist, more or less, and modified by circumstances as well as peculiarities of individual nature or idiosyncracy, among all nations. It is as common among most of the Indian tribes, and at least as deeply seated in the heart, as with the most scientific theologians. We see that Nature, as far as we can trace her workings—and the farther we trace them, the more we see the principle—does nothing in vain. Everything, so far as we can discover, perfectly accomplishes its harmonious result, and the end for which it was created; and we may fairly suppose that so strong a feeling as that which impels us to the hope of immortality would not have been implanted in us if it were to be disappointed. We have, at least, as much reason to believe that the most profound and constant aspirations of humanity will fulfil a high progressive destiny, as that a seed will spring up and multiply, or "the sparks fly upwards," and be no more troubled with earth.

* From a "Discourse on Immortality," delivered by W. J. Fox, at the Finsbury Square Chapel, Dec. 15, 1833.

The following lines finely embody the highest spirit of Natural Theology. After speaking of "the grace, the beauty, and the power" of external nature, the writer thus concludes:—

> God did descend to form such excellence—
> We must ascend to comprehend it done.
> Then what is He who mouldeth all these things,
> Merely as 'twere for exercise of truth?
> And what are we who look on them, and die?
> The children of His mercy: *nor forlorn*
> *And cold into our bosoms will return*
> *Our mortal yearnings, seeing we're allied*
> *To all the truth and beauty He hath made:*
> *For He who fashion'd us from forth his love,*
> *Made us so fair, surrounded us with good,*
> *Out of His love will think of us in death.*
>
> *Drama of Joseph and his Brethren*—1824.

HOLIDAYS.

In this stiff-necked and perverse generation, when so much is heard of Christian doctrine, and so little of Christian practice—while so many of the puritanical pretend, like Cromwell, to be seeking the Lord, when they are only seeking the cork-screw—what is becoming of the word "Holiday?" Our babes and sucklings, apparently aware that pantomimes and plumb-cake are becoming an abomination in the land—the one being accounted too light, the other too heavy for the appetites of the sapient of our times—are wise enough to talk of the "Christmas *vacation*," where once the associated ideas of Joe Grimaldi and Twelfth Day enabled them to speak feelingly of the "Christmas *Holidays*"—for "*nous avons changé tout cela!*"

"Holy-days" are no longer made a season of innocent enjoyment; and the familiar abbreviation of "holiday" ceases to be a synonyme. St Andrew Agnew is so virtuous that there are "no longer cakes and ale;" and "ginger," instead of being "hot in the mouth," is grown as insipid as magnesia.

Alack, poor people! shall your chimes never again ring merrily? must an eternal knell be tolled in your ears? Because ye are "wise," can ye not be "merry?"—or rather, because knowledge is diffused among you, shall wisdom—that best of wisdom, cheerfulness—be banished from your neighbourhood? Is cricket folly?—foot-ball folly?—golf folly? Must the young who dance, the old who sing, of needs be foolish? Go ask of the Seven Sages whether they denounced in their schools the practice of athletic exercises; go ask the greatest legislators of all civilized countries whether they have disdained to provide for the diversion of the people.

There is, in fact, a spirit of Quorum and most Dogberry-like dictation in the land, which would fain induce us to believe that, in Great Britain, "holiday-making" stands exclusively for drunkenness; that while, in a land overflowing with wine and brandy-wine, the rural festivals are harmless and without blame, with us they form a source of prodigious wickedness; that because, in a few of the more desperate provinces of Ireland, broken heads and broken laws result from wakes and fairs, a hurling match must needs incite to mischief among the sober-suited denizens of the land of cakes; or a barnful of strolling players (including, perhaps, an Edmund Kean and a Miss O'Neill) create incendiaries and pick-pockets among the humdrum gaffers and gammers of pudding-fed Yorkshire; and that the notes of a fiddle, like those of the Orphean lyre, cause sticks and stones to fly about; and that a game of dominoes is an invention of the same Satan who, Anno Domini 1835, finds so much to make game of, in those venerable Domini, the House of Lords. Mark how the great unpaid, like Fine-Ear in the fairy tale, forehear coming mischief, casting its discord before, in the Nightingale Club of the King's-Head public house! inasmuch as the King's Theatre is the only public-house where the concord of sweet sounds threatens no evil to Church and State; nay, music and small beer are supposed to become as fatal in combination as sulphur and saltpetre, potassium and sodium. "*Et cependant*," as Béranger sings to the legislators of France:—

> "*Pour leur consoler du lot que vous leur faites,*
> *Le pauvre peuple a tant besoin de chansons!*"

How cheering to the eye, and ear, and heart, meanwhile, are the fêtes or "holidays" of France! And in what do they consist, but music, dancing, and gingerbread? An assemblage of young and old, from the grandsire in his dotage, to the grandchild in its infancy, in which drunkenness, imprecation, and indecency are unheard of, is united, on occasion of a great church festival, on some village green, or the open suburb of some manufacturing town; or, during the summer season, to enjoy the leisure of a holiday, after the close of the religious observances of the day. From such meetings neither riot nor intemperance are ever known to arise, even in the very outskirts of a corrupt metropolis; and the utmost stretch of gambling consists in adventuring a penny for the privilege of shooting with an air gun, or lodging an India rubber ball in a basket—the prize of the successful adventurer being a paper of macaroons, or an artificial rose, to present to the lady of his thoughts! It may be that the climate goes for something; that the fogs of our island demand potations more stimulant in counteraction, than weak lemonade and liquorice water; and that, where the labourer is able to dine sufficiently on a few lettuce leaves, or an apple, with a slice of sour bread, he can better spare his pence for the cakes and ale of "holidays." But must the recreations of the poor be, therefore, legislatively interdicted in England? Must they be fined and mulcted into a due recognition of their own wretchedness? Because their bread is taxed, must they be set in the stocks for occasionally setting tooth in a sly morsel of cake? Because their daily cry, doleful as that of the pelican in the wilderness, is

"Wo, wo, wo!" shall their voices never be heard in the sweet troll of "Nancy Dawson" or "Hearts of Oak" at the Mermaid? Because "they who play at bowls must expect rubbers," does it follow that those who play at ninepins should be knocked down by the constable?

It is a libel upon the nation to assert that the English are an unamusable people. They are neither puritans born, nor achieve puritanism; but they have puritanism thrust upon them. If they do not cry out, like the French, for "*du pain et des spectacles*," they demand recreation; proverbially protesting that "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." It is not the people who have removed their May-poles, banished their Nine-men's-morris, abjured the plumb-broth of Yule-tide, burned the mystic mistletoe, and renounced Shrove Tuesday and her pancakes. The precisians who have done this are men having authority—men whose word is ever "We are the people"—men who would fain whip the dogs away from the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, provided they be plebeian dogs, and curs of low degree.

Give to the rich and great their Crockford's and their Newmarket—their Epsom and White's—their St Leger and Traveller's Club; give them their Almack's and their Colosseum—their Italian Opera and Ancient Concert—their Honey-hive at the Queen's Theatre—their Nisbet and their Vestris; let them Mazurka and Tomfool it as they list; let them die of a Grisi in aromatic pain, or go Malibran-mad as March hares; let them enliven their promenades in Kensington and the Horticultural Gardens with the kettledrums of the Life Guards, or import little Collinet for their fêtes, at the hire of five guineas an inch! But let not the "oaten stop and pastoral song" be silenced. Let the people have "glimpses that will make them less forlorn," of Pan and his pipe. Away with Justice Midas and his decrees! We want not "Hiren here;" but we cling to the homely enjoyment of our ancient Holidays.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO "MURTAGH THE PIOUS."

Wend thy way westerly, Parson O'Mulligan;
Hie thee home, hypocrite, forth and away!
Speed to the land of the bog and the bull, again—
Scotland ejects thee for ever and aye.

Renegade Romanist, why dost thou trouble us?
Long-winded speeches we mortally hate.
Slip, like an eel, through our fingers, and double us—
We'll wash off thy slime in the first mountain *spate*.

Why dost thou congregate good Presbyterians,
To list to intolerance, rancour, and bile?
Banishing peace, like old Father O'Leary, hence,
Laughing, mayhap, in thy sleeve all the while.

Be off to the priest-ridden island that cradled thee;
Tip us no more of thy blarney and brogue;
That thousand *per ann.* for thy "mission" has addled thee—
Who be thy paymasters?—answer me, ——.

Pattern of gentleness, meekness, and piety,
Steam, like a rocket, away from our shore;
Or take a balloon, for the sake of variety—
Scotland is sick of thee, Murtagh *asthore*.

Listen, for once, to a nation's entreaties—
Speed, like the wind, o'er the channel, *agrah;*
Hasten, like light, to the island of *praties*—
And, the top of the morn to thee, Murtagh *go bragh!*

Pack up thy traps, and be off in a jiffy;
The lambs of thy flock are all bleating for thee;
The *ould* Orange Boys, on the banks of the Liffy,
Shall welcome thee gloriously, *cushla machree!*

Trinity's bells shall peal away merrily—
Those of St Patrick's the chorus shall join—
The Beresford harp shall twang away cheerily,
And the pipers shall strike up "The Water of Boyne."

Wend thy way westerly, Murtagh O'Mulligan—
Hie thee home, hypocrite, forth and away!
Speed to the land of the bog and the bull, again—
Scotland ejects thee for ever and aye.

TRADITIONARY BALLADS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

No. VI.—THE FOREST LORD.

A Tale for a Christmas Night.

Now, listen, all ye children dear,
To the tale that I shall tell—
A gentle tale of wondrous things,
That once in France befell.

PART I.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

The brother to the sister spake:—
"There are none who for us care:
Let us go out into the world,
And seek our fortunes there.

"The world is large, I've heard them say,
And wide as it can be;
There must be room, my sister dear,
In it, for thee and me!"

The sister to the brother spake:—
"Oh, brother, dear," she cried,
"We never have known a happy day
Since our sweet mother died.

"Our father lies within the wood,
Beneath the elmin five;—
'Twas a noble life we led i' th' wood,
When the father was alive!

"Our mother lies beneath the sod,
All under the white-rose tree;
And, in all the world, there is never a one
To care for thee and me!"

Now they have neither house nor land,
Nor gold, nor silver fair;
And none will give a single groat
Unto the lonely pair.

Said one—" Your father lived i' th' wood—
A hunter wild was he ;
The while I delved, he shot the deer :—
Ye shall have nought from me !"

Said one—" Your mother pinned her hair
All with a golden pin ;
I wore a curch of linen cloth :—
Ye nought from me shall win."

All angry grew the brother's soul,
But never a word he said,
But he took his sister by the hand,
And to the wood they sped.

And many and many a day they went,
Thorough the lonesome wood ;
And none were there to pity them,
Or give them counsel good.

No house was there that sheltered them—
No kindly hand that fed ;
They ate the forest berries crude,
And the forest was their bed.

And weary, weary grew they both,
As hand in hand they went ;
Yet neither to the other told
How they were travel-spent.

At length they saw a noble hart
Fly past them like the wind—
Nor were they aware of hunters strong,
A-riding up behind.

Said the brother, with a merry laugh—
" I'll kill that noble deer,
And make a fire, as we were wont,
And dress the venison here !"

With that he slung a forest-stone,
Like an arrow from a bow—
The flying deer he made a bound,
Then on the turf lay low.

With that uprose a furious cry,
From the hunters fierce and brown ;
And each man from his panting steed
Leaped in a moment down.

They seized the brother by the arm—
The sister pale with fear—
And swore that he should die that day,
For killing of the deer.

All with their heavy bows of steel,
The noble boy they beat ;
And spurned the sister as she knelt
To pray for mercy sweet.

Then up they took the bleeding deer,
From the greensward where it lay ;
And springing to their pawing steeds,
They galloped thence away.

PART II.

THE HALL OF THE ELMIN TREES.

Upon a little bed of moss,
The brother pale is sleeping ;
And o'er him bends his sister dear—
But she has done with weeping.

" He will not die," she whispers low ;
" He looks not like our mother,
Nor like our father when he died—
I shall not lose my brother !"

And then from off the bushes green,
Within the forest woody,
She gather'd berries many a one,
All juicy, ripe, and ruddy.

And honey from the wild-bees' nest—
She knew he loved it dearest ;
And roots that had a healing power ;
And water of the clearest.

She twined the leafy branches round—
A greenwood chamber making ;
Then sate she down among the moss,
To wait for his awaking.

All day he slept ; but with the eve
He woke, and laugh'd outright ;
For his cruel pains had left him then,
And he was healed quite.

" Now," said the little sister dear,
" About this spot we'll bide ;
The savage hunters come not here,
A-riding in their pride."

Then her brother turned him round about,
And, " Sister dear," quoth he,
" I'll make those savage hunters yet
To have a fear of me !"

Then he took his sister by the hand,
And onward did they go,
Until they came to the elmins five,
That over the grave did grow ;

Until they came to the white-rose tree
That blossom'd all the year :
Then spoke the brother, stern and strong,
Unto the sister dear—

" Five wands from off the elmin trees"—
And he cut them while he spake—
" Five wands from off the elmin trees
My forest-hall shall make.

" And a rose from off the white-rose tree"—
And he plucked the while a flower—
" One rose from off the white-rose tree
Shall make for thee a bower.

" The Duke is lord in Burgundy,
The King o'er France doth reign—
But I'll be lord of the forest wide,
And lead a gallant train !"

Then he took his sister by the hand,
And back again did go,
Unto the quiet place that lay
Within the forest low.

And the five wands of the elmin trees
He stuck into the ground ;
And the leaves from off the white rose
He scattered all around.

And aye they grew, and aye they thruv ;
And a wonder 'twas to see
The five dry wands of elmin wood,
Each shot into a tree.

And every leaf of that white rose
It sprang into a flower ;
And the flowers all into trees did grow,
And made a lady's bower.

And the five tops of the elmin trees
He tied into a dome :
" And this," the noble brother spake,
" Shall be our forest-home."

PART III.

THE FOREST LORD.

" Now, who is it that rules this land ?"
A holy hermit cried ;—
" Who is the lord of this green wood ;
For here I would abide ?"

" 'Tis a noble boy," the people said,
" Who now doth rule the wood :
Thou mayst scoop thy cell, and bless thy well,
For he will do thee good !"

" Now, who is he that rules this land ?"
A peasant-man did cry ;
" For our liege lord is stern and bad,
And hither I would fly !"

" 'Tis a noble youth," the people spake;
" Thou need'st not be afraid,
For all oppressed and injured men
Fly unto him for aid.

" And he hath a band of merry men,
Who under the branches fare—
'Tis a pleasant life that he and his men
Lead in the forest there!"

" Now, where is one shall do me right?"
A widow pale she cried:
" Oh, where is one to take my part,
Against a man of pride!"

" Come down with us to the forest green,
To the hall of the elmin tree;
Come down with us!" the people cried,
" And a champion thou shalt see!"

All down in the forest green and still
What joy it was to go;
And to see all round, among the trees,
A hamlet still and low!

To see the women at their doors,
A-spinning in the sun,
And the brawny peasants wrestling,
When the daily work was done!

What joy to hear the hermit's hymn
Come from his mossy cell;
And to see the bending traveller
Drink at the wayside well!

What joy to hear the happy voice
Of children at their play;
Or the quiet low of peaceful herds
That in the forest stray!

But a greater joy it was to see,
All clothed in forest-green,
The sister dear so beautiful,
That was fit to be a queen.

But the greatest joy of all it was,
The noble boy to see,
Who thus his pleasant dwelling made
Within the forest free!

The savage hunters fear him now,
Who were so fierce afore;
For sternly thus the boy he spoke—
" These men shall hunt no more!

" Now go ye down, my fellows brave,
And out these hunters seek;
For not again these cruel men
Shall lord it o'er the weak!"

They took those hunters in their den—
Those cruel men of blood;
And trembling, pale, and terrified,
Before the boy they stood.

" We did not know, indeed," said they,
" That thou wouldst be a king;
We did not know, or else, be sure,
We had not done this thing!"

The noble boy grew darkly red—
" Now shame upon you fall!"
Said he, " for that ye have misused
The feeble and the small!

" Ye shall be men of power no more,
As ye were wont to be—
Ye shall be poor and weak yourselves,
And subject unto me!"

He made them plough the forest bower;
The wood he made them fell;
And, for the feeble and the poor,
Fetch water from the well.

The Duke was lord of Burgundy,
The King in France did reign;
But the Boy he was the forest-lord,
And led a gallant train!

WILLIAM SHARMAN CRAWFORD, ESQ. M.P. UPON THE IRISH TITHE BILL.

Mr Sharman Crawford, the liberal, enlightened, and popular member for Dundalk, has addressed a series of letters to Mr Brett, one of his constituents, upon Lord John Russell's Irish Tithe Bill, which was passed by the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Peers, in the late session of Parliament. Mr Crawford, (who, it should be recollected, is a Protestant,) does not consider that bill worth struggling for or regretting. He looks upon its main principles, and its leading provisions, nearly in the same light with our contributor, Mr Ensor; and, as we think, he makes out a very strong case. He remarks—

It is said the settlement of the tithe question is loaded with difficulties insurmountable. I see no difficulties, except those produced by the compromise of principle—the endeavour to remove an evil without extirpating the root. You cut the top off a thistle, and the decapitated stump sends forth its ramifications, in multiplied branches, producing blossoms and seed, and diffusing more extensively its noxious qualities:—so with this moral evil of the tithe system—the more you attempt its modification, without attacking the principle from which it springs, the more you increase its detrimental operation—the greater the difficulties you create. In any plan for the remedy of this system, two objects are specially to be kept in view. 1st, The relief of persons not in communion with the Established Church, from all claims for the uses of that Church. 2d, The indemnification of existing interests or vested rights, affected or injured by such arrangements as may be necessary for the attainment of the first object. Now, the relief of persons not belonging to the Establishment, from the payment of the clergy of that Church, can only be effected by the total abolition of tithes, or any composition for tithes, as an *ecclesiastical payment*—or else by appropriating the tithes, or tithe composition, paid by each individual, to the uses of his own Church. The latter plan might be practicable—but it would, probably, be attended with great difficulties, without giving satisfaction to any of the parties concerned.

This, to us, appears unanswerable. Mr Crawford holds our own opinion of the inefficiency of a bill with which Ireland was not, and ought not to have been contented; and which was only worthy of a trial, upon the principle of tactics avowed by Mr O'Connell—that, next to being in the right ourselves, is putting the enemy manifestly in the wrong. But this, as it is not the highest, is not always the most politic motive of action. Mr Sharman Crawford objects to what is, at best, in its details, a trimming and compromising unsatisfactory measure, though upon grounds widely different from those which made the Peers vote it out. They disliked it, because it gave, or intended to give, temporary relief; he, because it gives no adequate relief, and holds out no prospect of any. One very important part of these letters, is the warning Mr Crawford gives to his countrymen,

to speak out in time, and not to suffer themselves to seem parties in measures which their hearts disclaim. Despair is so much the habitual feeling of Ireland, that the first vague acts and professions of any new popular government, are apt to produce a violent reaction. The drowning wretch smiles as he catches at the straw, and blesses the slender chance of rescue. A popular lord-lieutenant is received in a style of exaggerated compliment, which misleads, for a short time, alike those who pay and those who receive excessive praise for the mere credit of good intentions. Disappointment follows, and each heaps blame on the other. In stay of this deception, comes the warning of the Member for Dundalk; which, though it only relates immediately to the Tithe Bill, is applicable to a much wider range of objects.

"Let Ireland now remember, that those who have offered her this bill, proclaim, with the same voice, that the Established Church of Ireland is to be an everlasting burden on her shoulders, and that the trifling mitigation now offered, is *resumable*, as occasion may require. Is she to prostrate herself for such a bargain?—Is she to submit a willing neck to the yoke of bondage, and to render herself unworthy of the support of any true friend of religious freedom? I admit that Ireland has now a Government which has manifested, by various acts, a disposition to promote a more kindly and equitable administration of the powers of the country. Let the people, then, act honestly and candidly by this Government—and not by silence or flattery, induce propositions to be acted on, which cannot be compatible with their feelings or their interests. The time is approaching, when the people of Ireland must again speak out, freely and constitutionally, but *determinately*; when it shall be the duty of the various constituencies, to instruct their representatives on the course which she calls upon them to pursue in the approaching session of Parliament. Has Ireland ever gained anything by the compromise of her rights? Has she not now a greater power of enforcing her claims, than she ever before possessed, if she shall only be true to her own cause? If she do not degrade herself, by abject submission or dereliction of principle, the victory is in her hands, by a peaceful and constitutional struggle."

We must not omit to notice that Mr Crawford has not laid sufficient stress upon one great principle of this rejected bill, and that which mainly led Lord Stanley and his allies to oppose it—viz., the distinct, if tacit admission, that church property is national property, and, as such, is to be dealt with at the discretion of Parliament. This would have effected one breach in the triple battlements with which that intolerable Establishment has surrounded itself.—We should have felt it our duty to go more fully into these letters, had they not appeared in so accessible a form, and also, we believe, been circulated in some of the Irish newspapers.

NO POPERY!—A NEW SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF THE SYNOD OF ABERDEEN; REVISED AND CORRECTED BY A MEMBER OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PAISLEY.

AIR—The German Burschen Melody—*Crambambuli.*

No Popery!—what music greeteth
With sweeter sound a Tory's ears?
No Popery!—what tocsin beateth
More loud tattoos to Tory fears?
By day, by night, we shout, we cry,
By day, by night, the old wolf-cry—
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

When from our sacred sleep they wake us—
"Good, easy Churchmen, sleep no more!"
When from our beds of down they shake us,
And heed no yawn, and heed no snore—
We bawl, as if to save our lives,
To melting maids and deaf old wives—
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

When Freedom's form divine, appearing,
Is champion'd on by stout King Dan,
And sons of Faith and Hope are rearing
The standard of the rights of man—
Then, loud and louder still, we bawl,
As if the Devil's self did call—
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

When eyes of love, and hearts of feeling,
Back shudder from Rathcormac's gore,
And Britain, to high Heaven appealing,
Swears "Erin's sons shall bleed no more!"
Then, loud we preach of revolutions,
Spoliations, persecutions—
With No—no Popery!—No Popery!

If Erin's slaughter'd sons lay bleeding,
Thick as the Cossacks strew'd the Poles—
What matters that?—our sons are feeding
On benefices without souls.
Toujours fideles et sans souci—
Drink wine, and cry, No Popery!
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

When men may fight no more with pleasure
The wordy war of hostile creeds,
And mortals erring mortals measure
No more by dogmas, but by deeds—
Still ring we on the endless change,
Old Mother Church, avenge! avenge!—
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

When Protestant concedes to Papist
The equal rights of brotherhood,
Rouse we, both Churchman and Red-tapist,
Loud to denounce the hellish brood.
More loud we call—The Church in danger!
Rouse ye! rouse ye! to avenge her!—
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

And, when each distant tribe and nation,
All brethren of the human race,
One God-predestined consummation,
In peace millennial, shall embrace—
Still, still, we bawl, and howl, and growl,
And shout and spout, and cant and rant—
No Po-po-popery!—No Popery!

VERSES TO A LAPWING.

HAVE I disturbed thy peace, poor mother-bird,
And sent a thrill of terror through thy breast
By my intruding footsteps, rustling, heard
Beside thy nursing nest?
Thy plumes are fluttered with excess of fear,
As, in thy circling flight, below, on high,
Thou pourest forth into the moorland's ear
Thine agitated cry!

Poor trembler! from a holy source hath sprung
Thine anxious fears—all selfish thoughts above—
Thy little heart beats for thy tender young,
The small ones of thy love!

Ah! thou hast watched and fed them with a joy
That knew and panted for no higher bliss;
Nor time, nor cold, nor hunger could destroy
Thy trembling watchfulness.

And thou hast screened them, 'neath thy downy breast,
From the chill breathing of the evening skies;
And, 'midst this barren moor, thy nurslings' nest
To thee seems Paradise!

Go—press them closely to thy beating heart,
And whisper comfort to thine anxious mate,
Who wandereth o'er the marshy waste, apart,
Scared and disconsolate.

That man with beasts of prey alone should herd,
Who, pitiless as some unfeeling stone,
Could break the heart of one small summer bird,
In its spoiled nest, alone!

May man—the general spoiler—never reach
Thy happy dwelling in the fragrant lea;
Still to the wife and mother mayst thou teach
Maternal piety!

Till, all your work of love and joy complete,
You and your mate behold, with sparkling eyes,
Your young ones in the plumy race compete,
Up in the sunny skies.

I leave my blessing with ye, bright-plumed pair!
May your short life one happy Sabbath be!
Go—bear to thy soft nest mine earnest prayer
For thy small family! W. S. D.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE sunlight of a harvest-eve
Is sleeping on the hill;
And there is mirth in ev'ry dell,
And song in ev'ry rill—
The mead, the cliff, the sunny brae,
Where rose my boyhood's strain!—
Back—back—through steel, and flame, and flood,
The Wand'rer comes again!

A stream—a glen—a woodland nook—
A cottage clad in leaves,
With the red-rose floating o'er its sill,
And the swallow in its eaves;—
And, hark! a song of other days—
A melancholy tune—
Lone as the hymning of the woods
At midnight to the moon!

Oh! wide, wide have my wanderings been,
Since last I heard that strain—
The lone home-anthem raised of yore
At our starlit lattice-pane!
I've passed since then o'er land and wave,
By storied stream and shore;
But the looks were ne'er forgot, that blest
My father's hearth of yore.

A wild and troubled youth was mine,
A manhood dark and strange—
Filled with the fever-thirst of fame,
The love of chance and change—
High dreams of battle on the land,
Of peril on the sea;
And I left my weeping sister's arms,
Beneath our old elm-tree.

Ours was the path of storm and cloud,
By breach and battered wall;
The conqueror's triumphal hymn
O'er dome and turret's fall;
The long, lone march, in shower and shine,
Through wold and wintry stream,
When a thousand lances flashing rose
In the sunlight's farewell-gleam!

In vain the trumpet shook the air,
Blent with the war-drum's din;
Their stormy welcome might not quell
The thoughts that raged within!
My native vale—my aged sire—
Were ever in my dreams;
And she, the worshipped one of old,
In life's first passion-gleams!

Oh!—in the loud hurrah of war,
And in the hour of dread,
When the brooding moon looked calmly down
On the dying and the dead—
On the sea-wave, when from my bark
Flashed high the fiery foam,
And the mad winds were piping loud—
My dreams were still of home!

And now, I come—a lonely man;
My toil and strife are o'er;
Above the thunders of the fight
My shout will rise no more;
My pennon to the breeze may float,
My war-boat skim the main—
To the world's cares they may not win
My spirit back again!

Ay! gaze upon my channelled cheek,
And on my fevered brow,
And think of the fierce agony
That warreth on below—
I look up to the shining stars,
And to the glorious moon,
And turn again to earth, and pray
For death as for a boon.

Oh! if thy thoughts have ever ranged
From thy own native land,
Pause! Wanderer, ere thy boat's unmoored—
Leap back upon the strand:
Better! oh, better far! a cot,
With true hearts round its board,
Than the goblet and the flashing wine
In midnight revels poured. S.

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE ANNUALS.

THE greater part of the *Annuals* for 1836 have appeared. They are all wonderfully like their prototypes in their literary contents, and the embellishments are, to say the least, not finer than we have seen them. The fact is, that over-competition is as perilous in the ornamental department of book-making, as non-competition; and it has seriously injured the *Annuals*.

Friendship's Offering

Reminds us of the loss of its late amiable editor, Mr Thomas Pringle—not that the work has suffered, but that the readers miss their old friend. Among the best of the tales are "My Schoolmaster's Daughter," by the author of "Truckleborough Hall;" and the "Countess," by Mrs Norton, a story pointing the old moral of the danger of plebeians aspiring to noble matrimonial alliances. By the way, we must demur to the secondary moral lesson inculcated in many of these tales. If it is to be ruled that every fashionable *roué*, after a life debased by profligacy and extravagance, and the practice of the worst vices

i to be, when ruined in health and fortune, taken back to the bosom of that all-enduring angel, the wife he has abandoned; and to be loved, honoured, and cherished with all duty and affection—what reward remains for unswerving conjugal affection and fidelity in husbands? To be sure, the bad husband generally dies in the arms of his angelic wife in a year or two; and when her tears are dried, her grief appeased, and the proper period of mourning expired, she, like the "Countess," obtains the reward of her virtues in the hand of her worthy early lover, who is still a bachelor for her sake. But are her virtues really such? Or is it right to disguise the necessity which, in the present condition of women, makes it expedient for almost every wife to patch up a truce with the most profligate husband under the specious name of heroic virtue? Virtue is defrauded of her rights and her support, when a broad distinction is not drawn between the unerring and pure, and the most penitent sinner that ever died. All England was in a storm of virtuous indignation at the dullish German play of "The Stranger;" but the moral of some of our fashionable novels and tales is just that of the offending drama, with the sexes reversed. And this reversal certainly makes an immense difference; yet not one so great as to justify these favourite man-flattering catastrophes.

Friendship's Offering contains many clever poetical pieces, from which we select the following, by T. K. Hervey.

THE SONG OF MAB.

"Build me a barge of the bracken tree,
As light as the wing of the lone cuckoo;
To sail by the moon all merrily,
Over the foaming summer dew.

"With an alder-leaf on a moorcock's plume,
A marsh-flower at the stern,
And a till of the snow-white musheroom,
And a flag of the yellow fern.

"Its cable shall be of the water-weed,
That grew in a silver lake;
And light oars of the hollow reed
Leave music in its wake.

* * * *

"Lo! the moon and a single star that strays
To the rim of its golden urn—
Like a nymph to fill her Grecian vase,
And silently return!

"The mariners all in my bracken bark,
Have eyes of the northern blue,
And locks that flame, when the night is dark,
With an orient amber hue.

"Their jackets are made of the oak-leaf green,
And their helms of the acorn shell,
And their plumes of the thistle-down, between
The thyme and the heather-bell."

We shall stint us here. Indeed, we should not be surprised if some of our readers mistake this specimen of fanciful poetry, for one of nonsense verses. The volume boasts several elegant pictures, and a few sweet and natural ones. As a *bit* of art, a portrait of *Mrs Lecester Stanhope*, by Stone, is the most remarkable. It is exquisitely engraved, and a very fair representation of a refined and beautiful *petite maitresse* of the nineteenth century. Every accessary is got up with such studied simplicity—even to the gumming down of the ringlet of six or seven hairs on the top of the fair cheek—that the whole is perfect of its kind. "Constance" is a bouncing, full-dressed beauty, in "rich white satin," to which the prose sketch is not remarkably well adapted—or she to it. The picture of the "Countess" is as fine and languishing as a fashion for the month—but a good picture at the same time; and, in "Arabella," we have one beautiful and natural female. "The Pet Squirrel," to which Miss Stickney supplies a few pretty lines, is a sweet little picture. "The Friends," two girls reading Shakspeare, is a truthful, and, therefore, a pleasing sketch. Upon the whole, *Friendship's Offering* keeps up its character, as a tasteful and elegant memorial work.

The Forget me Not

Keeps alive its claim upon remembrance in many pleasant ways, which, if diverging from the strict line of the *Annual*, do not, for that, commit a trespass. "A Chinese Visitation," which is of this latitudinarian cast, is a clever, amusing sketch, such as one likes to meet in a book of travels. "Life in the Woods" is adventures with bears, panthers, and pumas, in the style of Colonel Crockett. "Juliana" is a rather clever tale, in which poetical justice is done in behalf of the despised Cinderella of a fashionable bevy of sisters. There appears to us to have been some capital mistake about the tale, entitled "Glengorroch."

We cannot enumerate all the contents of the volume, which, so far as names go, is highly graced, though the worship of mere names was never lower than at this moment. A capital picture of a young girl masquerading as an old woman, is called "The Actress at the Duke's," and has a very clever story attached to it by Mr Jerrold. "Our Helper," is another lively extravaganza, by Isabel Hill, though we question if every reader will comprehend the *denouement*. The verse is by Dr Bowring, Montgomery of Sheffield, Miss Landon, Mary Howitt, Delta, Hogg, Hervey, and others of lesser note; but we find no verses more beautiful than the following, written by Mrs Charles Gore, "On the Marriage of a Young Lady, whose Mother died during her Childhood."

"Ah, not one filial thought of *her*!
Not one among those streaming tears,
For the forgotten cherisher
Of all thy helpless infant years!
A rosebud blooming, where the rose
Faded in fragrant grace but now,
Unto its parent blossom shews
No greater heedlessness than thou.

"Yet, though bright hours be thine to-day,
Though passion's vows thy feelings move,
Though soft endearments soothe—away!
No love is like a mother's love.
Of all who round thy bridal press
With gratulating accents, none—
None tremble for thy happiness,
Or pray for it, as she had done!

"Loved as thou art, and fair and young—
So loved, so young, so fair was she,
When, stealing from the world, she hung
Enraptured o'er thine infancy;
While pleasure's minions thronged around,
By all their flatteries unbeguiled—
The plaudits of the world were drowned
In the soft wailing of her child.

"Oh! how she watched each growing charm,
Each wakening glance, each dawning thought!
While cradled in her circling arm,
Her dreams thy future fortunes wrought!
What kisses on thy brow were pressed—
What clinging, clasping tenderness!
Until thy little lip confessed
Impatience of the long caress.

"And when the hour of sickness came,
To warn us of a fatal blow,
Till, as we marked her wasting frame,
Our smiles grew faint, our voices low—
We had not guess'd what auguries
Might in the sufferer's bosom be,
But for the wistful, tearful eyes
With which she used to gaze on thee.

* * * * *

"Such, such was she thou couldst forget,
Even on a sacred day like this!—
Go! bend in supplication, yet,
To Him with whom she dwells in bliss.
Go! kneel beside the lowly sod
Where rests the proselyte of Heaven,
And ask forgiveness of thy God—
Thy gentle mother *has* forgiven."

Heath's Picturesque Annual.

The editor of this Annual, always one of the best in pictorial embellishment, must have been reading the signs of the times in relation to this description of periodicals. Hence he has this season modified, and, in so doing, improved its character. The *Picturesque Annual* of 1836 is neither more nor less than a beautifully illustrated guide-book to the chief cities of Russia; got up in the elegant manner of some late works of this nature. Mr Leitch Ritchie is, therefore, an author, this time, of a book of travels, and not to be considered the mere editor of a miscellaneous collection of sketches by different hands. The twenty-five engravings are from architectural drawings by *Vickers*, of the more striking objects in St Petersburgh and Moscow. If hard in the outline, they are clever and distinct, and appear to convey a vivid idea of the novel scenes delineated. With the exception of the present state of the principal towns, Mr Ritchie does not add much to the sum of previous information respecting Russia; and a work of this nature is no fit place for political speculation. Perhaps he may not have wished to shut the door against a return, which greater freedom of remark would infallibly have done. This *Annual* is decorated externally in that substantial style which fits it either for the library or the drawing-room table; and in every department unites the useful with the pleasing. We shall cite one passage as illustrative of our meaning:—

About mid-day we halted for dinner at an inn in the middle of the forest. The inns on this road are all of the same construction; and although very unlike such places in England, are by no means uncomfortable. The coachman knocks at an immense door, and horses, carriage, and all, are driven into the house. The traveller finds himself in a vast oblong hall, surrounded by the equipages of other travellers, and, at the farther end of which, there is another door for his exit. The postilions are mending their tackle, the horses feeding, and flights of fowls fluttering and screaming around as they contest with one another the scattered grains of corn. Confused by the noise and darkness visible of the place, he is guided by his coachman to a side door, which opens into the portion of the house destined for the reception of two-legged guests; and here he finds a suite, generally of three or four large rooms, in any one of which he may establish himself for his meal.

The furniture of these rooms, although cheap, is extremely handsome; the chairs and tables being made of birch brilliantly polished, and, when new, bearing a strong resemblance to satinwood. The walls are covered with bad prints, chiefly English, and the window-sills with flowering plants, even in the depth of winter. During that season, and, indeed, for eight months of the year, every apartment is a true hot-house, the atmosphere being kept up to a certain high temperature by stoves. The windows are double—that is to say, there are two glazed window-frames in each aperture, a single pane of which is made to open, so as to render a change of atmosphere in the room at least possible; while every other joint or seam is carefully pasted over with paper. In each apartment, it must be added, there are three or four beds; but these, being extremely narrow, take up no more room than a sofa, as it is not the custom here for the husband and wife to occupy the same couch.

My dinner consisted of a white soup, made of milk, butter, vegetables, and *sucking pig*, together with a portion of roasted turkey. The meal, upon the whole, notwithstanding the blackness and sourness of the bread, was very acceptable to a hungry traveller; but, alas! with me it was "*tonjours perdrix!*"—for five consecutive days I could get nothing else to eat than white soup and roasted turkey.

At the inn where I slept, I found a clean and comfortable bed, although the chambermaid had the atrocity almost to insist upon my sleeping in one close to the hot stove; and I was lulled to sleep by the songs of a large company of peasants assembled in the kitchen. Some of them sung in parts, while the others contributed to the chorus. The music was in general, simple and mournful, and many of the voices were singularly sweet.

In the morning, as we resumed our journey, I felt very sensibly that I had been travelling northward for some weeks. When I left Paris, the weather was almost disagreeably warm; while here the pools by the road-side were covered with ice, and the trees clothed in their winter finery of hoar frost. As the beams of the early sun slanted through the branches, the effect was the most beautiful imaginable. The fable of the magician's garden seemed to be realized, for every leaf was hung with sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. The trees were chiefly pines, with here and there a few birches, gleaming with a spectral whitenesss through the mysterious gloom; and below there was almost always an underwood of juniper, and a rich green carpet of *blackberry bushes*.

We at length emerged from this seemingly interminable forest, and the view opened suddenly, disclosing numerous farmsteads and cottages scattered over the face of a rather picturesque country. The road led across a rapid stream, somewhat violent in winter, if one may judge by the strength of the breakwaters. These did not form a part of the bridge; but, as is customary in Russia, were constructed at a distance of a good many feet. This description of view was closed by the first country seat I had seen since passing the frontiers. The ground story of the building was white, and the upper red; but, notwithstanding, the effect was far from being disagreeable. Beyond this the scene changed into a most desolate heath, interspersed with small pools, with woods and hills in the distance.

At the inn where we dined this day the room was hung with living ivy, festooned with great regularity. It grew in little pots placed on the sills of the numerous windows. Having desired to taste at dinner some London porter of which the hostess boasted, it was set before me with sugar and a spoon; and, seeing me reject these appendages, the good woman lingered in the room with evident curiosity to watch how the nasty foreigner could otherwise swallow such a potion. This mode of serving English porter I afterwards found to be customary even in the larger towns.

The scenery now improved every step we advanced, till it became absolutely picturesque, exhibiting all the varieties of hill and valley, wood and lake, with here and there patches of cultivated ground. At every house we passed there was one unfailing appendage—a swing; and the peasantry might be correctly described as being divided into two classes, those who were swinging, and those who were waiting for a swing. I observed a mother, passing by with her child at her breast, eye longingly the tempting apparatus. At that moment the seat became vacant, and giving the baby to another to hold, she ran to indulge herself in a swing. The girl who waited at dinner, when standing by the window, saw the swing unoccupied; and, pretending to be called, immediately left the room. I saw her dart across the road, and into the swing; and, when she had made three or four aerial courses, she came back satisfied. The men swing, standing upon the seat, sometimes several at a time; the women in a sitting posture.

This machine is occasionally made of hewn wood, in the form of a gallows; but, in general, it consists of a branch of a tree fastened transversely between two pines near the top, with two slender trees hanging down from it, instead of ropes, connected at the bottom by what serves for the seat. Neither hemp nor iron enters into the construction, the fastenings being all of tough roots and lichens.

The Historical Keepsake

Is an annual made up of stories from history, in the manner of Sir Walter Scott's stories from the annals of Scotland. This romance of history cannot fail to be attractive and beneficial to young people. The author, Mr Dalby, does not limit himself to any one country, but ranges at pleasure, and selects wherever he finds a subject to suit his purpose. The work is embellished by wood-engravings, not in the first style of art, but such as may engage the attention of juvenile readers. Some of the stories are told with spirit, reality, and dramatic effect; and are really interesting, even to those who are already familiar with the facts. This is far from being the worst species of *Annual*.

Cruickshank's Comic Almanac.

It was impossible that the Almanac for 1836 could exceed that for 1835, in *fun*, *humour*, or *drollery*; and it is marvellous that it displays so much new invention in the illustration of the months, while still keeping to London, and city life. April shows strings of holiday beaux and belles, running or descending, with momentarily increased impetus, downhill, at Greenwich park, in all manner of attitudes; and is abundantly laughable. The ladies' bonnets flying, and petticoats blown every way, are even more amusing than the foundered wrecks scattered at the bottom. *Michaelmas*-day, or September, shews feather-beds, tables, boxes, bird-cages, and frying-pans, all moving off as if of their own accord, and by *moonlight*, while the church clock points to twelve. A pair of legs

may be discovered under a mountain of bedding—but no more. A young girl is loaded with her own bandbox and the tea-kettle; and an old woman lugs along a bawling child, the gridiron, and a load of bundles of what the Americans call *plunder*, and the Highlanders, *spreacherie*. The "Annual Register of Remarkable Occurrences, with a selection of Advertisements and Newspaper Puffing Paragraphs," which is appended, contains many clever hits. Among the most remarkable, is the following:—"March 12th. An elderly gentleman, crossing Fleet Street, was driven through by the *Perseverance* Omnibus. He was carried into the nearest shop, and after taking six boxes of Morison's pills, he expressed a determination to keep the orifice open, so as not to be an obstruction to carriages in future."

Records of a Route through France and Italy, with Sketches of Catholicism. By William Rae Wilson. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman.

Mr Rae Wilson is now a traveller of some mark and standing. The routes he has hitherto chosen were recommended by comparative novelty, if not by higher motives. The hacknied track he has followed here, seems selected for different reasons. Although there may be nothing new in the ground, some fresh impressions may arise in his peculiarly warped mind in viewing it. Or if nothing does arise spontaneously, he is happy in contrivances to lug in, per force, what may have no more relation to the subject of his travels, than it suits his convenience to establish. He wishes, in his own way, to co-operate with the Rev. Murtagh O'Sullivan and Mr M'Ghee, and he dedicates his labours to the Queen. It is a pity that Mr Rae Wilson has vitiated his work by this narrow and crooked spirit, for there is much in his narrative that is both lively and entertaining; and even his discursive propensities would help to enliven his pages, were it not for their frequent petulance and waspishness. He hates the French, and especially the Parisians, as much as if they still wore wooden shoes, and for reasons about equally cogent. Yet he is candid. "To say that there is no morality at all in France, that the domestic virtues are entirely disregarded, that licentiousness is universal, would undoubtedly be exaggeration; in fact, such a state of society could hardly exist. Yet it is surely quite sufficient charge to say that the licentiousness *forms the rule*, and the morality merely *the exception to it*." This is certainly "quite sufficient," and tolerably conclusive.

Nothing in Paris finds favour in the eyes of the traveller. All is naught, when compared with London, and he discovers but one improvement we might borrow from the French and from the Catholics, and that is avoiding the invidious distinction between poor and rich, or between the well-dressed and the meanly attired, which is the custom of our churches. "The pomp and pride of many private pews in our English churches," says the traveller, "are almost a satire upon the profession of Christian humility, and also upon that of *social* worship;" and we have often said the same thing; but before Mr Rae Wilson sees this evil reformed, we shall first see many reforms of a nature that he would not approve so much. He owns that more worldly pride is exhibited in a plain English church than in a Catholic cathedral; for in the decorations and splendour of the latter, all the worshippers are interested and are comprehended. If all the desultory remarks and vituperation of individuals and books, which lay a thousand miles out of the traveller's road, were omitted, his work would be cut down a full third, and improved by the quantity subtracted.

Mr Rae Wilson proceeded for Italy, by Lyons, (which he represents as for ever ruined by the late insurrections,) Chamberry, and Turin, to Genoa, and from thence to Leghorn and Naples. His narrative is sufficiently lively, and he wants not the skill of placing remarkable objects in striking and novel aspects; so that the reader would get on exceedingly well with him, were it not for the ever-recurring temptation into which he falls, of tritely lifting up his testimony against the vices or faults of some person or other, of whom one is no more thinking than of the dead Pharaohs. At Pisa, he must stop to pour out torrents of abuse upon Lord Byron—much of it very just and well expressed, no doubt, if his Lordship and his mistresses, and the concoction of Don Juan, had any business in the page which should lead us on to Leghorn. The most amusing chapters of the work are those devoted to Naples, from which we shall give an extract.

Although the number of inhabitants does not exceed four hundred thousand, and by some has been estimated at much less, Naples appears far more populous than Paris or London; for here almost everybody is out of doors; shoemakers, and various other artisans, work at their respective trades in the streets. On my remarking this to a friend, he observed:—"True; the people here seem to have built houses only that they may keep out of them, and crowd together in the streets, for the sake of making which the houses themselves, I suspect, have been erected. The whole city is ambulatory—all are peripatetics." In most other places, let the throng be ever so great, you see people walking on, and the chief noise arises from the rattling of carriages; here, on the contrary, especially in the Strada di Toledo, every one is in a bustle for the nonce, and most vehemently so. Their tongues, too, are quite as active, or even more so than their feet; for those who are sitting or standing about are invariably talking, and of course gesticulating—both with extraordinary vehemence; for Neapolitan talking is what elsewhere would be termed vociferating and screeching.

No wonder their Punchinello is so great a favourite with them—all ranks, the highest as well as the lowest—since he is but a personification of the national character, and by no means an exaggerated one. Women and children are not the least efficient performers in this *al fresco* street concert, and their voices make up in frequency and shrillness for what they lack in depth of bass. Add to this, the continual bawling of hundreds of Stentorian lungs, whose owners are hawking about fruit and innumerable other retail commodities; and, as if all this were not quite sufficient, both the throng and the concert are further swelled by numbers of donkeys, each of which has a large bell attached to its neck. Let the reader conceive the effect of a thousand postmen's bells ringing at once, and all day long, and he will obtain some notion of the music of the Strada di Toledo. There is, to be sure, one counterbalancing advantage—namely, that the noise of carriages is quite drowned by this congregation of dins—masculine, feminine, adult, infantine, asinine—at least asino-tintinabular. And this circumstance again points out how indispensable it is for a pedestrian to be ever upon the alert, and to abstain from reveries and musings, lest some vehicle should cut them short by driving over him—the unfortunate *absentee*. In fact, no ordinary presence of mind is required for perambulating this part of the town, amid an atmosphere of stunning noise and tumult, which are such, that, as Webb remarks, they "sink Charing-Cross to the level of *still life*." Nor is the eye *stunned* much less than the ear, so incessant and so varied is the procession of magic-lantern figures and groups one here beholds. Lazzaroni, monks, porters, beggars, pickpockets, hawkers, idlers, busy-bodies, wheelbarrows, cabriolets, donkeys, carriages—all pour in swarms from the neighbouring streets into the Toledo. Here you observe handsome modern shops and *cafes*; a little farther on you come to a range of butchers' shops, which, although they bespeak abundance of good cheer, and the Neapolitans' inclination for it, and notwithstanding that some fancy is shewn in decking them out, are not particularly inviting objects for delicate folks. In some of them may be seen a row of hogs hung up just after being killed, and the blood draining from them; in others, the entrails of animals and long chains of sausages suspended like garlands, and macaroni hanging like ropes. And, as if a third sense should not be unregaled, where two others are filled to repletion, a passenger may enjoy gratuitously the mingled effluvia arising from broiling, frying, and cooking in the open air; for such culinary operations are here performed in the street, by those who are always ready to furnish a customer with an *impromptu* dinner. No one can accuse the Neapolitans of being an artificial people, for they do almost everything as naturally and unceremoniously as possible. The lower orders work, eat, drink, scold, and quarrel in the streets: they have no curtain lectures among them, but all are *pro bono publico*, and for the edification of the numerous by-standers. Occasionally a short pause intervenes: a procession of some brotherhood, with long hoods over their faces, and bearing their holy standards and ensigns, comes in sight; and the populace, who have just been laughing or quarrelling, begin to fall down on their knees, and beat their bosoms in the most zealous manner; for who shall say that they are not devout, if thumps and bruised knees constitute devotion? These symptoms of devotion, however, seemed to be confined to them, for the upper classes take no notice of such exhibitions; nay, some—as far as they dare venture to do so—express their contempt of them.

Mr Rae Wilson has no patience with the stupid, Popish miracle of St Januarius. He forgets that these tricks of priestcraft and superstitious mummery are no more connected with the Catholic faith than were the murders at Rathcormac with the Protestant religion. Both are alike consequences of corruption and pollution introduced by unprincipled men, for selfish objects. After spending a considerable time in Naples, and in examining the antiquities of its interesting vicinity, Mr Wilson went to Sicily by steam, and sojourned for a short time at Messina and Palermo. This trip affords materials for several amusing chapters, and more *Sketches of Catholicism*. Returning to Naples, he proceeded to Rome, and thence to Florence and Venice; where he concludes, by pleading his alarm at the inroads Catholicism is making, in excuse for the contempt and petulance which he has expressed for a religion, which he says, "To the worldly and sensual, holds out the most seductive bribes, promising them the fullest indulgence of their appetites in this

world, with full assurance of blessedness in the next, upon the easiest terms imaginable."

Does Mr Rae Wilson mean to say that this is an accurate account of the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church? He may be assured that such statements will only disgust candid minds, and injure a cause which calumny and railing never can advance.

Though these travels contain a great deal of what we consider extraneous and objectionable matter, it is fair to say they bear no sign of book-making in the make-bulk sense; and do not reckon among those modern expensive works, where the proper contents of one volume are spread out into two or three. The engravings are good.

The Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling,

With the first part of which we were so much delighted, is now completed by the publication of a second volume. But, alas! in this one—

> The era of enchantment 's run,
> Life's real business is begun.

The first volume ended with the marriage of Heinrich, his taking possession of his new house, and entering upon the profession of a physician. The struggles of his domestic and professional life, and the history of his friends, his children, and his three wives—for no sooner is one Mrs Stilling called away, than the vacancy is instantly supplied—make up the materials of a narrative, which, with little of that glow of poetry and romance which shone around his early years, is full of deep interest and instructive example. It is a tale of real, every-day life, dressed in German costume; and, if it be not the most engaging, is, nevertheless, the most curious and valuable portion of the autobiography. The simplicity and candour of the revelations of Professor Stilling go far to persuade us that Galt's "Memoirs of Micah Balquidder" may, after all, be a genuine piece of private history.

The Earth, its Physical Condition, and most Remarkable Phenomena. By W. Mullinger Higgins. London: Orr & Smith.

We have been highly pleased with this work. Its contents are comprehensive, and well-arranged. It combines the philosophic with the practical, and contains a vast mass of the sort of information likely to attract, and certain to benefit either the young student, or persons of whatever age, uninitiated in natural science. Many of its sections are illustrated by neat and accurate engravings of the objects described. In short, this is a book worthy of being put into the hands of young persons, both to excite and gratify a liberal curiosity; and to form a safe and pleasant stepping-stone at the entrance to the path of science.

The Philosophy of History. By Frederick Von Schlegel. London: Saunders & Otley. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work forms the substance of a course of Lectures delivered at Vienna in 1828. It has been translated by James Burton Robertson, Esq., who has prefixed a memoir of the author. Mr Burton Robertson is influenced by various motives in his high admiration of the younger Schlegel. He is a Catholic, we presume; a warm friend of what is nicknamed *social order*; and, apparently a co-disciple of the Abbé de la Mennais, and the amiable visionary, La Martine. Though Schlegel is diminishing in fame, this translation will still interest German scholars and curious readers.

Reminiscences of an Old Traveller. By Thomas Brown, Esq. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Edinburgh: John Anderson, Jun.

This book must have its admirers, since here is a second edition of it, which is, at the same time, a decided improvement upon the first. Mr Brown gives travellers some useful information, and good advice and cautions, of which they may reap the benefit; and he furnishes tables of the comparative rates of living in many different towns on the Continent, with the expense of posting, &c. &c. Mr Brown is a very loyal and proper person, and was the school-fellow of Sir Walter Scott. Himself and his illustrious school-fellow, afford another indirect proof of the value of classical education. Mr Brown's reminiscences range from Naples to St Petersburg.

The Hour of Retribution, with other Poems. By Dugald Moore.

Few words are needed in announcing Mr Moore's *fifth volume*—for he is, we believe, the author of not fewer volumes of verse. He is now, at least, as well known to the Scottish public as to ourselves; and, as a writer, he has been fairly, and even flatteringly appreciated. The principal poem in this new volume, is dramatic and tragic, and lacks not a certain portion of power. Two-thirds of the volume is filled by occasional short pieces of varying merit. Some fine verses are addressed "To the Nile;" and, in general, the subjects are of a higher cast than those we have been accustomed to see Mr Moore select. Among them, we would enumerate, as deserving of especial praise, "The World," "The African Lion," "The Condor," and "The New-Discovered Isle."

Combe's Constitution of Man.

A fourth edition of Mr Combe's "Constitution of Man" has been published, at the easy price of one shilling and sixpence; and is entitled "The People's Edition." This is one practical proof of the utility of cheap publication. The first edition, which cost five or six shillings, did not find its way into circulation for a good many years, while a large edition, at two shillings and sixpence, run off in a few months; and this still cheaper one has followed.

WORKS IN SERIES.

Grimshawe's Cowper.

Messrs Saunders & Otley have happily completed this beautiful work; which, take it for all in all, will long remain the most desirable edition of the favourite poet of England. Nothing can exceed the beauty of its typography, and the finished elegance of its embellishments; but this is merit secondary to the possession of many of those precious original letters, which no other publisher will, for many years, be entitled to give, and which certainly impart a value to this edition, for the want of which nothing whatever can atone to the admirers of Cowper as a man and a poet.

Boswell's Johnson.

The eighth volume of BOSWELL'S JOHNSON has been published. The embellishments are the *Walls of Chester* and *Johnson* once more. He is *tete-a-tete* with Boswell in the parlour of Bolt Court. This volume is one peculiarly rich in the wisdom of life, and in sound vigorous thinking. We give one sentence which, at the present moment, is not unapt:—"He *repeated* his observation, that the differences among Christians are really of no consequence." "For instance," said he, "if a Protestant objects to a Papist—'You worship images'—the Papist can answer—'I do not insist on your doing it: you may be a very good Papist without it; I do it only as a help to my devotion.'" Boswell had a Stirlingshire road-bill to argue for, before the House of Commons. He asked Johnson's advice as to how he should address the legislators in Parliament with most effect? "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "you should be provided with a good deal of extraneous matter, which you are to produce occasionally, so as to fill up the time; for you must consider *that they will not listen much.* If you begin with the strength of your cause, it may be done before they begin to listen." The advice of Wilkes on the same point was—"Be as impudent as you can, as merry as you can, and say whatever comes uppermost. Jack Lee is the best heard there of any counsel, and he is always abusing them." Speaking of landed gentlemen spending their revenues in London, (not in France—not in Italy,) and Boswell remarking that he saw no obligation on a landed proprietor to remain at home, because he did no injury to his country by living in the metropolis, he observed—"Why, Sir, he does no injury to his country in general, because the money which he draws from it gets back again in circulation; but to his particular district, his particular parish, he does an injury. All that he has to give is not given to those who have the first claim to it.

And, though I have said the money circulates back, it is a long time before that happens. Then, Sir, a man of family and estate ought to consider himself as having the charge of a district, over which he is to diffuse civility and happiness." This settles the question of *absenteeism* more effectually than the bulky pamphlets of some theoretical economists.

Speaking of his "Lives of the Poets," he says—"I got my Lives, not yet quite printed, put neatly together, and sent them to the King. What he says of them, I know not. If the King is a Whig, he will not like them; but is any King a Whig?" In this country a Whig has hitherto been understood to signify a person attached to civil and religious liberty, and the extension of popular rights. It might well be asked by so shrewd a man as Johnson—"Is any King a Whig?" There is keen satire in the question. One day when Johnson was passing a fishmonger's who was skinning an eel, he heard him "curse it because it would not lie still." Here is a subject for the pen of Elliott—this cursing by the flayers of the restless eel which won't lie still. The modern cursing of the fishmonger outdoes the henwife's ancient favourite rhyme to the chickens—"Dilly, dilly, dilly—come out and be killed!"

Selections from Cobbett's Political Works.

Mr Cobbett's family have commenced publishing the chosen portions of his writings in sixpenny numbers. They intend to condense his hundred and more volumes into six. It is not necessary for us to enter into the nature of those *unique* writings, to which we have so fully and recently called the attention of our readers, and with which we are not yet altogether done. It is rather unfortunate that chronological order compels the Messrs Cobbett to begin with what is the most offensive part of their father's works, and with what will be apt to revolt many of his warmest admirers: but Cobbett is not set up as a character of perfect and unchanging public virtue and enlightened principle, but as a man to be taken as he existed; and to whom, take him for all in all, no peer is to be found. As we are earnestly desirous of the success of this publication, we take leave to hint that the editors, in the small *pennyworth* they give of unprotected works, do not look with sufficient care to the present state of the markets. Still no selection can have nearly the value of theirs, from the notes they are able to give, and their intimate knowledge of their father's life and mind, as well as of his writings.

*** *Several books which have reached us late, and others which require a lengthened notice, are unavoidably kept over till next month.*

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the boastings of the Tories, it is perfectly certain that the Liberals have gained greatly at the late registrations. Last year, the Reformers were too confident in their own strength, and neglected to qualify; but the throwing out of Lord Melbourne's Administration has taught them that the Tories have yet power enough for evil. The elections, under the new Municipal Act, for which both parties are actively preparing, will, we cannot doubt, still farther increase the numbers of the Liberals; but no exertion should be spared to secure a triumphant majority of Liberal representatives, in the event of a dissolution of Parliament. It is not likely that Ministers will long go on with a House of Commons elected by their opponents, and at a time when the Liberals were taken unprepared and by surprise. A dissolution may, therefore, be expected, at the latest, by the end of the ensuing year; and preparations must shortly be made, to enable persons, not yet qualified, to be put on the roll at the next annual registration.

The falling state of Toryism is apparent from the desire expressed by their organs of the press to form a coalition Ministry. The *Standard* lately remarked—"If Ministers should pursue a moderate course in Parliament, and administer the government of the country with ordinary moderation, the Conservatives must, perforce, support them. We, therefore, should not regret to see—and we believe we speak the Conservative sense of the country—we could even wish to see a safe Whig government, such as the Conservatives of the country could support." The *Times* farther states that Lord Melbourne might have had last year, and insinuates that he may still have, when he chooses, Sir Robert Peel for a colleague. So that, after all the abuse of the Whigs, the Tories would be very glad to sneak into office under their wing, if they could. The real objects of these overtures, however, probably, is to induce the Ministry to adopt a Conservative course of policy, and render themselves obnoxious to the country: then the Tories will play them the same trick they did last November. Nothing has hitherto prevented them from attempting it, but the cordial support the Whigs are at present receiving from O'Connell and the Radicals: let that support be withdrawn, and instantly we shall see the Tories again in power.

During the vacation of Parliament, political dinners form the great subject of interest—and there have been this year fully the usual number. One of the latest, as well as of the most important, was that given by the Reformers of Bristol to Lord John Russell, on the 10th November. The demand for tickets was so great, that, although the room was capable of containing four or five hundred persons, numerous applications were necessarily refused. The especial object of the dinner was to present Lord John Russell with a splendid silver candelabrum, the money for purchasing which had been raised by subscriptions of 6d. each in Bristol. The health of the Princess Victoria was very warmly received; and on that of the Duke of Sussex being proposed, the whole company rose and cheered vehemently. Lord John triumphantly defended his own consistency on the Irish Church question. He shewed that, as long ago as 1824, he had supported Mr Hume's motion for a reduction of the expense of the Irish clergy; and dexterously and fairly retorted the charge of truckling to O'Connell, on Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, who yielded Catholic Emancipation, against their own convictions, as they themselves admitted, to superior power. His Lordship's speech has deservedly given considerable satisfaction to all classes of Liberals.

On the 11th November, 700 electors of Bath entertained Mr Hume, Mr Roebuck, General Palmer, and Colonel Napier, the historian of the war in Spain. We are glad the Radicals have so brave a soldier and so able a tactician as the Colonel on their side. The chairman, in proposing the health of the Princess Victoria, made some remarks on the treasonable designs of the Orangemen, and the determination of the Radicals to support the hereditary succession to the throne, which were received with great enthusiasm. When the toast of the Duke of Sussex was given, there were loud cries of "No Cumberland." Colonel Napier returned thanks for the toast, "The Army and Navy;" and his speech shewed that he is no less remarkable as an eloquent speaker, than as a soldier and writer. He defended the army against the libellous assertions of the Tories, that they were ready to assist them in putting down all reform. He animadverted on the absurd provisions of the Reform Act, whereby an overseer, by neglecting to sign the list of voters, had it in his power materially to diminish the constituency. He himself was at that moment disfranchised by such a neglect; and no fewer than twenty-eight parishes in East Somerset were in a similar predicament. In speaking of the Duke of Wellington, he said that, however gallant, however brave, however invincible the English armies were in the Peninsula, they owed as much at least to the Duke of Wellington as he owed to them;

but he did not, on that account, advise the meeting to submit to the Duke's politics. As to the House of Lords, what were they but servants?—upper servants, if the meeting pleased—to be treated with all respect when they did their duty; but when they turned upon those they ought to serve, to be rebuked and reminded, for their edification, that England once did very well without Lords, and might do so again.——Mr Roebuck alluded to the difficulties a friend of the people had to contend with in the House of Commons, where the people had very few real friends. He never would be satisfied until the whole political power of the country was placed in the hands of the people; and he proposed that, if the Lords should again treat any measure as they had treated the Municipal Bill, the Commons should repass the bill; and then, without more ado, it should become the law of the land. Mr Hume was not in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords; it would be enough if they were made responsible. He was in favour of the constitution of King, Lords, and Commons.

The agriculturists of the southern division of Shropshire, gave their Member, Lord Darlington, a dinner at Bridgenorth, on the 24th October. His Lordship told the company that every other interest except the agricultural was flourishing. There was, in the House of Commons, a decided majority of friends to agricultural protection, but nothing had been done, because they were not agreed what was the cause of the agricultural distress, and they were still less agreed as to what were the proper remedies for that distress. He was convinced that almost all the causes of that distress proceeded from the state of the currency. The time had now arrived when every landlord and landed occupier in the country would be totally ruined unless some alteration was made. The same opinion as to the cause of the agricultural distress is entertained by many of the English Agricultural Associations.

Mr Burton, the Liberal Member for Beverley, was entertained by his constituents on the 15th October. He spoke very freely of the House of Peers, and, after animadverting on their conduct in throwing out measures of reform passed by the Commons, he said—"The day is coming, and that fast, when there must be—I cannot say how it may be done—but there must be an alteration, I will call it, in the House of Lords. I trust to God the Lords will see their folly, and reform themselves. I know, if they do not, that the Reformers—that the people of England—will do it for them. For I should wish to know why one House is not to be reformed as well as the other? Canning said, that the House of Lords, as constituted, could not exist with a reformed House of Commons; nor can it, nor will it." These remarks were received with enthusiastic cheering, as well as the toasts of Mr O'Connell, Colonel Thompson and Mr Hutt, and "Lord Mulgrave and even-handed justice to Ireland."

Other dinners of the Liberals have taken place in almost every part of the kingdom. Colonel Tynte and Mr Leader have been entertained by the Reformers at Bridgewater, Captain Pechell at Brighton, Mr Charles Hindley at Ashton-under-Lyne. A series of resolutions, highly complimentary to him, were passed at a meeting comprising upwards of 4500 persons. The dinner party consisted of 300 persons, among whom were many men of great wealth and influence. The liberal toasts, and, among others, "A speedy and Radical reform of the House of Lords," were drunk with much enthusiasm. On the 20th October, Mr Potter, M.P. for Wigan, dined with 400 non-electors of that town. The toasts were of a Radical complexion—"Household Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and Triennial Parliaments," being the favourite.

Judging from the very liberal opinions expressed, and the hearty reception they meet with at public dinners, we conceive it is impossible to deny that the cause of the people is making the most rapid strides, and no power on earth can permanently stop its progress. But, as it is of the utmost importance that its progress should be retarded as little as possible, Reform Associations and joint stock purses should be formed in every part of the kingdom, to oppose the efforts of the Tories. We are convinced that the difficulty of raising funds for electioneering purposes is much less than is anticipated. The only difficulty is to organize a proper system of collection and management; for the number of Liberals is now so great, that individual subscriptions, so small as scarcely to be felt by the poorest person, would raise a fund more than adequate to cope with the boasted wealth of the Tories, enriched as they have been by the plunder of the nation for half a century. The truth is, that the middling and working classes have among them greatly more wealth than the aristocracy, whether of land or money. There cannot be fewer than five millions of adult males in the middling and working classes of the three kingdoms; and, estimating the income of each adult male, without allowing anything for women and children, at £40 a-year, we have a total revenue of 200 millions for these two classes, while the whole landed aristocracy, Whig and Tory, have not 50 millions.

Before closing the subject of dinners, we must not omit to notice that given on the 21st October, by 500 Tories of Exeter and the neighbourhood, to their representative, Sir William Follett. Sir William spoke at great length, and, as Lord John Russell remarked, "with a contemptuous confidence in the ignorance of his hearers;" for he was evidently more anxious to assert what was striking than what was true. Of the after dinner orations of a Church of England clergyman, the Reverend Precentor Low, we take the following specimen. After preaching, in the usual style, that the question was, whether there was to be a Church or no Church, King or no King, &c. &c., he proceeded—"The Irish Church was very near being given, last Session, as a sop to the Irish Papists. He remembered having read, *when a schoolboy*, he believed it was in Virgil, *that the way to go easily to hell* was to administer a sop to Cerberus. The Ministers seemed anxious to follow that course, and give the Irish Church as a sop to O'Connell, the Irish Cerberus, as he might call him; *but it became them to take heed they did not involve themselves in a like fate.*"

The Orange Tories.—Thanks to the exertions of Mr Hume, the exposures made in the investigation before the Committee of the House of Commons, has led to dissension among the Orangemen, which will, in all probability, not only break up this nefarious association, but lead to a discovery of their treasonable designs. Mr Joseph Haywood of Sheffield, now or lately Grand Master and Grand Secretary of the first central body of Yorkshire Orangemen, has published a letter, charging Colonel Fairman, the trusted official of Cumberland and Kenyon, with sounding the brethren as to the propriety of deposing the present king, setting aside the Princess Victoria, and placing the Duke of Cumberland on the throne. Fairman has denied the charge; but Haywood has offered to verify it by the oaths of three Orangemen. In another letter, Haywood accuses Fairman of having told the Orangemen of Barnsley, in Yorkshire, in 1832, "that there was a young girl of fifteen, who was heir to the throne; *but it was expected that not she, but the Duke, their Grand Master, should be called to the throne*; and, at the same time, he directed that the health of the King, William the Fourth, be dispensed with in future." It will be recollected that this Fairman was sent, at the expense of the Orange Association, into Scotland, in the year 1832, and again in 1833; and that he resided a considerable time at Gordon Castle, the seat of the Deputy Grand Master for Scotland. It is surely the duty of Government to secure the Grand Master and his Deputies, as soon as they return from their conference with the despots at Kalisch, and have this matter probed to the bottom. The charge is nothing else than one of high treason, and cannot be passed over. Why is Fairman not laid fast in the meantime?

Mr Buckingham, M.P.—The merchants and manufacturers of Sheffield are getting up a petition to the House of Commons, praying that justice may be done to their liberal representative, Mr Buckingham, by the East India Company, and that they may be compelled to grant him that compensation for the injury and pecuniary loss inflicted, which a select Committee of the House declared was due. When this Report was laid before the Com-

pany, they refused to grant any compensation, or to entertain the proposition in any shape. The object of the Sheffield petition is so pure and generous in itself, and so important to public justice, that it is expected other communities will co-operate in making the recommendation of a Committee of Parliament something more than a dead letter, or a thing for the Leadenhall princes to spurn. The House of Commons owes it to its own dignity to see that the recommendation, or, in other words, the award of its Committee, be carried into effect.

SCOTLAND.

In the recent municipal elections, the Tories, notwithstanding every effort, have been signally defeated. The only exception is at Cupar in Fife, where the Tory lairds in the vicinity of the town made so many votes on their property, that they were enabled to outvote the Liberals. This shews the danger of the provision which allows persons residing within seven miles of the burgh to vote. At Dundee, the guildry voted by ballot, and no difficulty was found in carrying this mode of voting into operation.

The Fife Tories have been consoling Colonel Lindsay for his defeats at the last two elections for the county, by giving him a dinner, and presenting him with a piece of plate. This is the Colonel on whom Lord John Russell lately conferred the command of the Fife militia!

Mr Cutlar Fergusson.—The electors of Castle-Douglas and its vicinity gave this gentleman a public dinner on the 26th October. He defended the conduct of Ministers, and denied that, on Lord Melbourne taking office, he was bound to O'Connell more than to the nation by his public professions and principles. He asked, if those who talked so much of their political integrity would have refused the support of O'Connell? He believed that when Tory Governments had applauded Hunt and Cobbett to the echo, for the sake of winning them over, they would gladly have accepted the support of the Member for Dublin, had it been offered.

Mr Stewart M'Kenzie was entertained by the electors of Ross and Cromarty at Dingwall, on the 28th October. His speech has been characterised as *moderate*; but it was probably as liberal as the electors of these northern counties, where Toryism is yet powerful, were prepared for. He deprecated any new-modelling of the House of Peers, as uncalled for and unsafe; and he expressed his conviction that the Peers would reform themselves! When or by what means, he did not inform his audience. Mr Roderick M'Leod, M.P., who was in the chair, reprehended the attempts of Scotch Presbyterians to support the abuses of the Irish Church. He expressed his opinion, that such attempts were even sinful. Nothing could interest us, or benefit us more, than that justice should be done to Ireland. By enabling us to diminish the army, taxation might be reduced, while the strength of the empire would be increased. Many other political dinners have taken place within the last month. Mr Fox Maule has been entertained by his constituents at several places in he extensive county of Perth. Mr Chalmers of Auldbar dined with a number of the electors at Forfar, and has received an address from the Provost, Magistrates, and Electors of Arbroath, in which they justly express their high sense of the faithful and consistent manner in which he has discharged his duties, in conformity with the public declarations he made at his election. At Edinburgh, both Whigs and Tories seem to have been afraid to attempt a political dinner, after the splendid success of that given to O'Connell. The former talked of giving a dinner to the Members for Edinburgh, or at least to Sir John Campbell: but he was allowed to depart without any invitation. The Tories attempted to get up a dinner to Sir George Clerk, first in Edinburgh, but it would not do; they then attempted it in Dalkeith, under the auspices of the Duke of Buccleuch, but were equally unsuccessful; and now the place of the intended dinner is transferred to Pennycuick, a hamlet of some fifteen or twenty houses, on Sir George's own estate. It will, no doubt, be a very snug affair, as there is certainly not a room in the place which will hold fifty people.

Orangeism does not seem likely to succeed in Scotland. O'Sullivan was received by very meagre audiences in Perth and Aberdeen. In the former town, the proceedings were brought to a close amidst disturbance and confusion; and a meeting, attended by eight hundred persons, was subsequently held, at which resolutions were passed, condemning the conduct of the ministers of the Scotch Church in leaguing themselves with Prelacy, a faith which their ancestors had joined in a solemn league and covenant to suppress, and had shed their best blood in driving from the land. At Glasgow, Bailie Mitchell, who had been inadvertently wheedled over to second a resolution at the Orange meeting there, was turned out of office by his constituents for his folly.

The Scotch Kirk has always got great credit for its purity; and it is, no doubt, pure when compared with the Churches of England or Ireland: but the proceedings of its ministers, since the Reform Bill has passed, and more particularly since the endowment scheme was promulgated, shew the necessity of a thorough reform. Of the 1000 or 1200 established clergy in Scotland, there is certainly not fifty who are not ready to join the Tories in putting down all Reform, and bringing back the days of corruption and tyranny. Under the false and fraudulent pretence that Catholicism is on the increase, while hardly a single instance of a conversion to that faith can be pointed out, they have not hesitated to join with Episcopalians, whom the injunctions of their Church warn them to avoid, and with Orangemen, whose treasonable designs are apparent to every one, in opposing the reformation of the acknowledged and undeniable abuses of the Irish Establishment. They have openly, in their Church Courts, recommended the institution of Protestant—that is to say, Orange—Associations, and they have persecuted every one within their reach who entertains liberal opinions. Nothing could be more ridiculous, did it not prove the atrocious and malignant spirit with which our ghostly directors are animated, than the late proceedings against the Rev. Mr Brewster, for attending the O'Connell dinner in Glasgow, and against Mr Horsman, for calling at the door of the schoolmaster of the parish on the evening of the Assembly's Fast. Was there ever any thing in the whole history of persecution so bigoted and intolerant as the resolution with which the Presbytery of Paisley have disgraced their minutes?—"That the Presbytery of Paisley disapprove of the conduct of Mr Brewster, one of their members, in his attending a public dinner given to Daniel O'Connell, M.P., because such conduct was *unseemly, disrespectful, and calculated to injure the Church of Scotland.*"

Mr Buchan of Kelloe, with a presumption and want of Christian charity, equalled only by the absurdity of the assertion, stated, at a meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly, that O'Connell was an impious man, and that he (Buchan) was surprised that the Government did not punish him for polluting the soil of Scotland by his presence. O'Connell, in an admirable letter, has dared Buchan to the proof of the charge of impiety, and read him a lesson, on the text—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," which he will not soon forget. Can any of our correspondents inform us for what parish Mr B. is an elder? We are informed he resigned his eldership in the parish of Edrom some years ago.

IRELAND.

O'Connell Tribute.—A meeting of the inhabitants of several parishes in Dublin, was held on the 6th inst., for the purpose of making preparatory arrangements to secure an effective collection of the tribute. The *Rint*, this year, is likely to exceed £20,000. Such a glorious testimony of a nation's appreciation of the services of a patriot, was never before exhibited. The people of Ireland and O'Connell have equal reason to be proud of the *Rint*. It appears that the sum collected for defraying the expenses of the Dublin Election Commission, amounting to £2300, is exhausted. O'Connell has paid £900 in London, out of his own pocket, for the same object. The weekly expenses hitherto had been £60, and were likely

to increase. This is the manner in which the Tories attempt to attain their ends, by ruining their opponents. Why do not the Reformers establish a joint-stock purse, to defeat such machinations?

LORD MULGRAVE has made a journey to the North of Ireland, and has been everywhere well received. At Belfast a public dinner was given him, which was attended by all the principal inhabitants. The toast—"Lord Mulgrave and his Majesty's Ministers," was received with the utmost enthusiasm—the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs being three several times renewed. Mr Emerson Tennent, M.P. for Belfast, refused to attend the meeting, because this toast was to be given.

POOR LAWS.—At a public meeting in Limerick, O'Connell said he had come there to advocate a provision for the poor; but not a poor law, as he had, on many occasions, opposed that, from seeing the manner it worked in England. This system would only embrace the aged, the sick, and the infirm, and those who could get no employment for the labour they were willing to bestow. The tax should be made to fall lightly on the resident, and heavily on the absentee, who draws away the resources which ought to be expended in the country.

THE CLEARING SYSTEM.—Twenty-six families, comprising upwards of two hundred persons, have been driven, by Lord Beresford, off his estate, simply because they are Catholics; for they had no votes. They are, of course, left to starve.—A poor law would check such atrocities.

O'CONNELL AND RAPHAEL.—Mr Ex-Sheriff Raphael, a retired Jew confectioner, has published a long address to his late constituents in Carlow, detailing his negotiations with O'Connell, relative to obtaining a seat in Parliament, as one of the representatives for that county. What he complains of, is not very obvious.—O'Connell engaged to get him returned to Parliament for £2000, and performed his engagement; although it was with great difficulty that Raphael could be induced to perform his part of it, by paying the money. The election was afterwards set aside by a committee of the House of Commons; but Raphael does not assert that O'Connell guaranteed him against the consequences of an attempt to overturn the election. O'Connell has shewn, in his answer, that Raphael has been guilty of many gross mistatements in his address; and Mr Vigors, who was the other candidate for Carlow, has certified, "that the whole of the sum handed you by Mr Raphael, to cover the expenses of the contest in which he was returned for this county, was transmitted by you to the county, through me, to the uttermost fraction." One would think this sufficient; but the Tories have, of course, taken advantage of the matter, for the purpose of calumniating O'Connell.

THE DUBLIN ELECTION COMMISSION proceeds very slowly, and excites little interest; the general opinion being, that Parliament will be dissolved before its labours are terminated. Mr Commissioner Joy continues to distinguish himself by his barefaced hostility to the sitting Members.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—Louis Philippe and his Ministers appear to be wholly engrossed by the persecution of the press. Already have many journals been overwhelmed by the numerous prosecutions to which they have been exposed, and the heavy fines which have been inflicted; and freedom of the press is entirely at an end. The present state of France shews, in an unparalleled and striking manner, the necessity of watching narrowly and jealously all Governments—even those which have been established by the people themselves. The first act of the Citizen King was to secure a settlement of £700,000 annually, as the amount of his civil list, while ours is only £510,000. He increased the army from 300,000 to 420,000, and it still remains at 380,000; while the expense of its maintenance has, in like manner, increased from nine to above twelve millions sterling. Notwithstanding his promises, the people have never yet obtained a full and fair system of representation. The number of electors at present in all France, which has a population of thirty-three millions, is only 170,000; the qualification being payment of 200 francs, about £8 sterling, in direct taxes. In Scotland, with a population of two and a half millions, we have between 70 and 80,000 electors. This comes of the French placing on the throne a branch of their old tyrants, instead of establishing a Republic. But another opportunity of asserting their freedom cannot be far distant; and they will not again fall into the same blunder.

Mr Barton, the American Charge d'Affaires, has left Paris, in consequence of non-payment of the indemnity money; but it is still expected that the matter will be settled without warfare.

SPAIN.—The accounts from the north of Spain are so contradictory that no reliance can be placed on them. Colonel Evans' British brigade now consists of 7000 men, and he is actively engaged in bringing them into a proper state of discipline. Mendizabel, the new minister, is raising a numerous army, in order to put down the insurgents. There is no doubt that the English Tories are supplying Don Carlos with ammunition and money. A vessel, laden with ammunition and stores, and commanded by a Captain in the English navy, has been captured on her voyage from England to Spain.

GERMANY.—Nothing whatever has transpired regarding the conferences at Kalisch. It is said the Czar has been completely foiled in his efforts to form a stricter alliance among the despotic powers.

AGRICULTURE.

The agriculturists are attempting, in various parts of the country, to raise the cry of agricultural distress; although it is undeniable that the soil never yielded more exuberant crops than it has done of late years, and they have had the entire monopoly of the home market. At agricultural meetings, the spokesmen are generally land proprietors; and they have been exerting all their ingenuity to deceive the farmers as to the cause of the distress. Last year it was the malt-tax; now it is the alteration of the currency sixteen years ago. The land proprietors in Parliament cannot agree what is the cause. The reason is quite obvious: they are determined not to see it. We shall tell them. It is high rents. Prices of produce have fallen to what they were forty years ago, and rents have been increased threefold what they were then. A reduction of rents is the only remedy. No doubt, a depreciation of the currency would be equally effectual, and much more agreeable to the landlords, as it would enable them to cheat their creditors, by repaying them in a debased, what they had borrowed in a sound currency; but a Reformed Parliament will never countenance such a fraud.

In East-Lothian, the bulk of the stack-yards is fully equal to that of ordinary seasons; and the produce will turn out an average in quantity, but the quality of part of the crop—wheat in particular—is very inferior. Turnips and potatoes are both a defective crop. Wheat sowing has, in consequence of the wet weather, been greatly retarded. In Berwickshire and Roxburghshire, wheat is a fair average crop, but is deficient in bulk, and inferior in the quality of the grain, to the crop of last year. Potatoes are not more than half an average crop, and turnips are small in the bulb.

Feeding stock has been disposed of from 25 to 30 per cent., and lean stock from 10 to 15 per cent. under the prices of last year. At All-Hallow Fair, held on the 10th November, there were about 15,000 black cattle on the ground. Prices were from 5 to 7½ per cent. under those of last Falkirk Tryst, and probably not one-half of the cattle were sold. Other fairs have also been very dull.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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